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Adios, Señor!

EXPLORATIONS IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

By Carl Lumholtz.

LAST year, in the month of June, I found myself in San Francisco, preparing for a scientific expedition which I was about to undertake to the Sierra Madre, in northern Mexico. Before I could enter upon my field of exploration it was, however, necessary to go to the city of Mexico, to secure the goodwill of the Mexican Government for my undertaking.

As I was also anxious to visit the village Indians of the Southwest of the United States, that I might be able to compare their culture with the tribes which it was my purpose to study in Mexico, I laid my way over the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico, visiting the Navajo, Zuñi, and Moqui Indians, the latter especially being attractive from an ethnological point of view. I was only wishing that time would have allowed of a more prolonged sojourn among these interesting people.

Their astonishing villages, planted on high mesas, are comparatively within easy reach of the railways, and it seems strange that they should be so seldom visited by tourists; but, for the sake of ethnology, it is to be hoped that they will long be passed by, and that the curiosity of civilized men will continue to be satisfied with the admirable photographs which may be seen at the National Museum at Washington.

After three weeks profitably employed, I proceeded to the city of Mexico. The Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine, had done everything to open the way for my work in Mexico, and I was received with the utmost courtesy by that enlightened man, President Diaz, who gave me an hour's audience at the Pálacio Nacionál,

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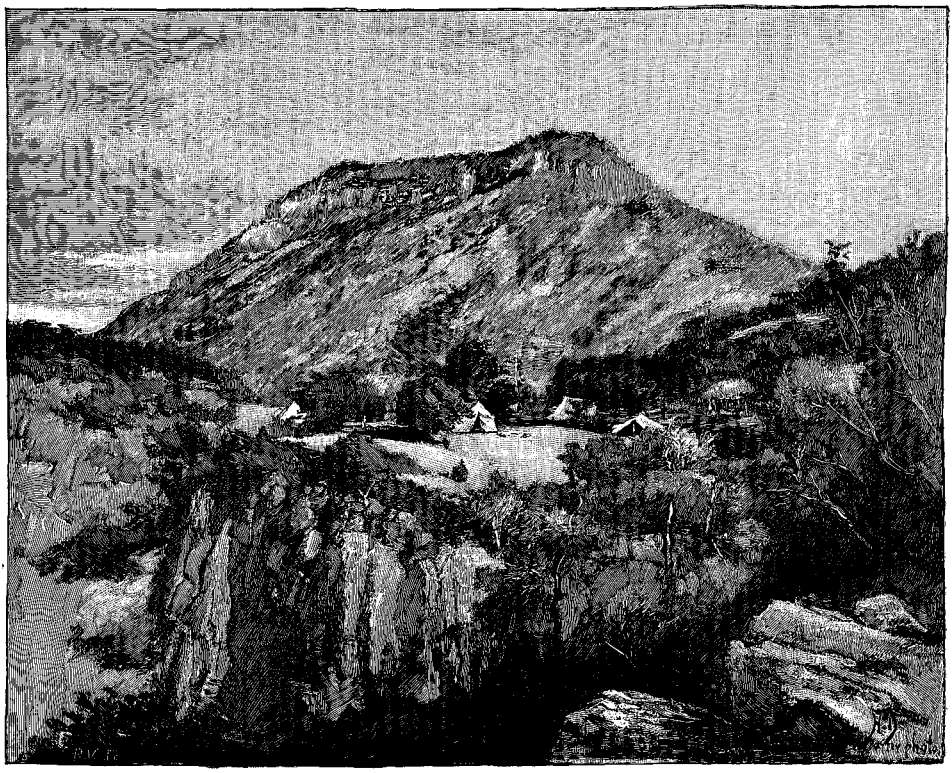

Camp No. 40.

as well as by the members of his cabinet. Having been granted everything that was necessary to the success of the expedition — free passage through the custom-house for my baggage and supplies, to be given a military escort whenever needed, and furnished with numerous letters of recommendation to prominent people in northern Mexico to render me assistance, I hurried back to the United States to organize the expedition.

Heavy floods in the southern part of Arizona and New Mexico interfered with my plans for a couple of weeks, but at last, in the beginning of September, 1890, I was able to make a start from Bisbee, Ariz., for Sonora, Mexico, travelling in a southerly direction. My explorations, which I have the honor to conduct under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History of New York and the American Geographical Society of New York, have, as their main object, to make ethnological and archæological researches in the Sierra Madre region of northern Mexico. This extensive mountainous country, which has never been scientifically explored, may be called a continuation of the Rocky Mountains, and is an extremely rich field for prehistoric research, as well as for ethnology, mineralogy, zoölogy, and botany. Its northern part used to be the favorite haunt of the Apache Indians, who, for about two centuries, have been the actual masters of all that district, devastating the valleys at the foot of the Sierra Madre both to the east and west. Only since General Crook, some eight years ago, made his memorable campaign among these angels of destruction, has it been at all possible for any peaceful expedition to contemplate penetrating into this unknown portion of the country. The Mexicans never entered the Sierra Madre, being entirely paralyzed by that powerful tribe, who so long held the neighboring pueblos in abject subjection. Crosses on stone heaps are yet seen in many places, and mark the sites

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where lie buried the victims of Apache massacres. Such is the dread inspired by those savages, that the Mexicans to-day consider it no crime to shoot an Apache on sight.

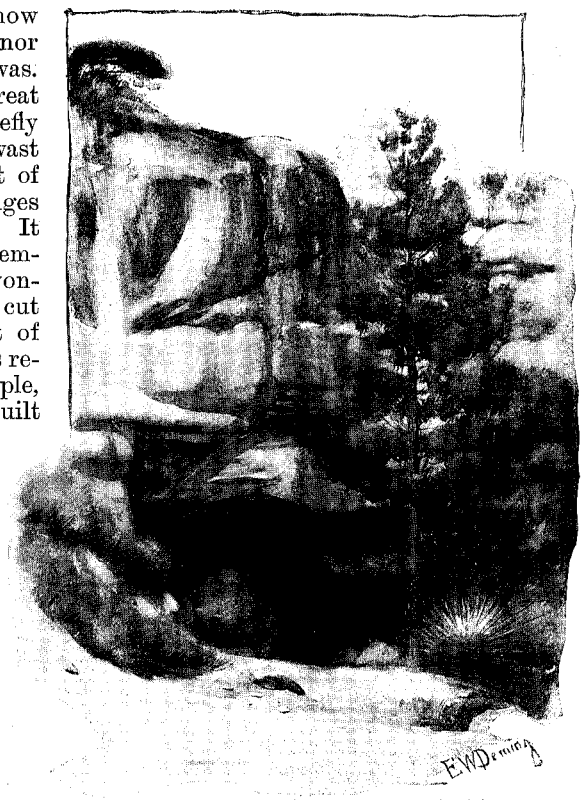
It is difficult to induce any Mexican to go singly into these mysterious regions, about which still linger such memories of terror and bloodshed. Small roaming bands of Apaches are yet left, and others are constantly breaking away from the San Carlos reservation in Arizona, who keep alive the fearful traditions of the past. At Las Cuevas we saw fresh tracks of such a band, and when halting at Cave Valley, in the eastern part of the Sierra Madre, the Mexican Colonel Kosterlitzky, with eight soldiers, called one day at my camp in search of a party of savages, from whom he, but a short time before, had succeeded in capturing twelve horses.

The most prominent man in Opata, Sonora, a town which is hardly thirty-five miles from the Sierra Madre, told me, on inquiry, that he did not know how far it was to the Sierra Madre, nor was he able to say exactly where it was. What the Mexicans know of their great mountains of the north may be briefly summed up thus: That it is a vast mountainous district, most difficult of approach. Some of the highest ridges would take eight days to climb. It contains extensive pine forests teeming with life; deer, bears, and wonderful large woodpeckers, able to cut down whole trees. In the midst of this wilderness still exist numerous remains of a long-ago vanished people, who tilled the soil, lived in towns, built monuments, and even made bridges over some of the cañons.

When the Mormons came to colonize parts of northern Mexico, an American, called Apache Bill, who had lived for a number of years with the Apaches, told them of a large, fertile valley showing many evidences of former cultivation. To-day ruins of buildings, and fruit-trees still bearing fruit, alone remain to indicate the seat of a once dense and thriving population, now passed away.

There are also vague traditions of two famous mines, once worked by the Jesuits, who, before their expulsion from Mexico, were in possession of nearly all the mines in the country. According to tradition, the Apaches killed every soul in these two mines, Vajnopa and Tayopa, and so these were forgotten until recent times, when ancient church records and other Spanish documents revealed the record of their existence. Several expeditions have been sent out, one I believe by the government, for the purpose of locating them; but being apparently situated in the roughest and most inaccessible parts of the vast Sierra Madre region, they are still awaiting their rediscoverer, and the Governor of Chihuahua, to whom I am indebted for many of these details, felt very hopeful that I should be the lucky one, encouraging me by saying that Tayopa alone would be worth fifty millions of dollars.

I am quite as anxious as most people



Cave in Cave Valley (showing position of large vessel illustrated on p. 535).

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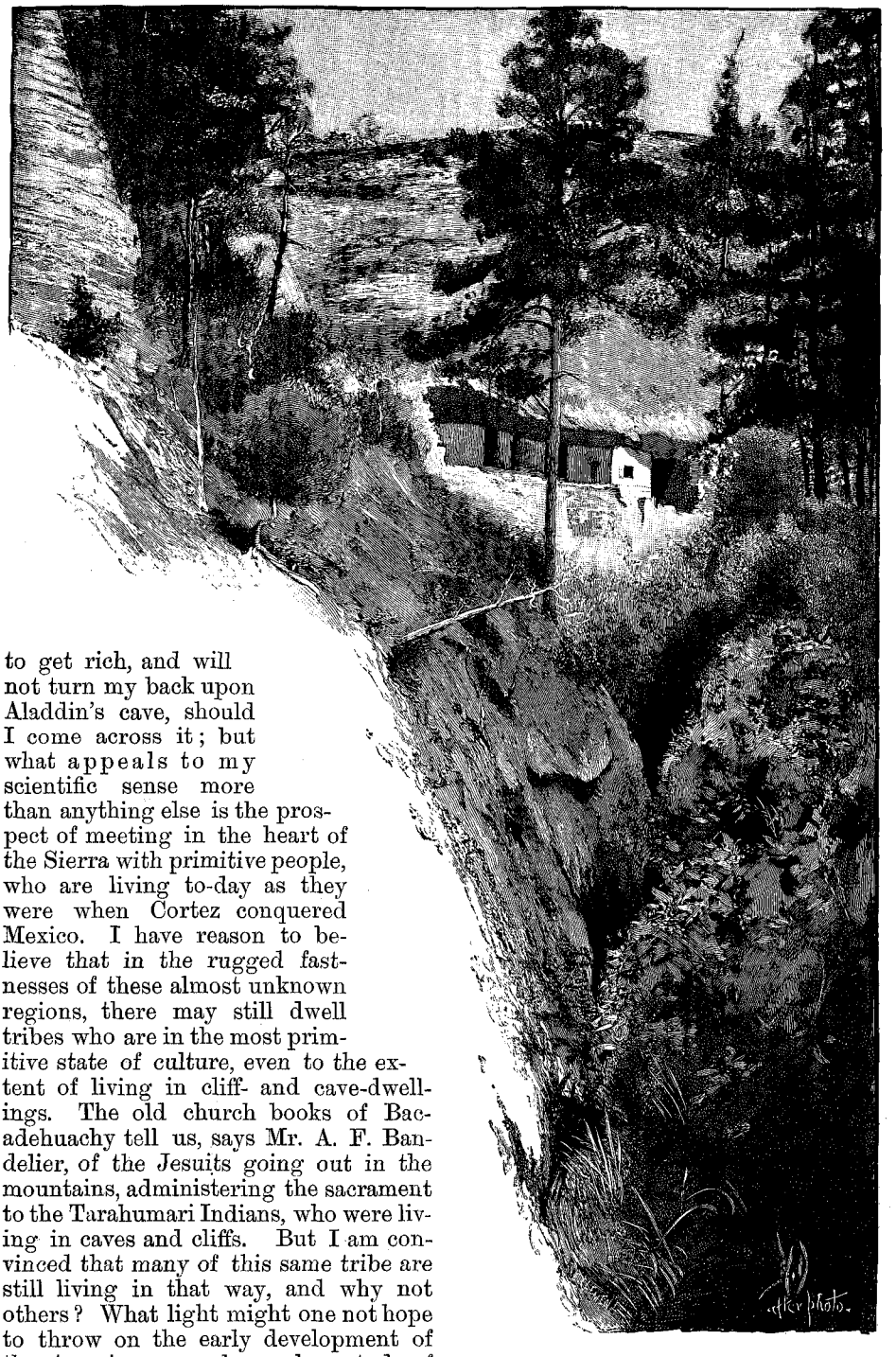

Cliff Dwellings, Strawberry Valley.

to get rich, and will not turn my back upon Aladdin's cave, should I come across it; but what appeals to my scientific sense more than anything else is the prospect of meeting in the heart of the Sierra with primitive people, who are living to-day as they were when Cortez conquered Mexico. I have reason to believe that in the rugged fastnesses of these almost unknown regions, there may still dwell tribes who are in the most primitive state of culture, even to the extent of living in cliff- and cave-dwellings. The old church books of Bacadehuachy tell us, says Mr. A. F. Bandelier, of the Jesuits going out in the mountains, administering the sacrament to the Tarahumari Indians, who were living in caves and cliffs. But I am convinced that many of this same tribe are still living in that way, and why not others? What light might one not hope to throw on the early development of the American race by a close study of the culture, manners, and modes of life of such primitive people!

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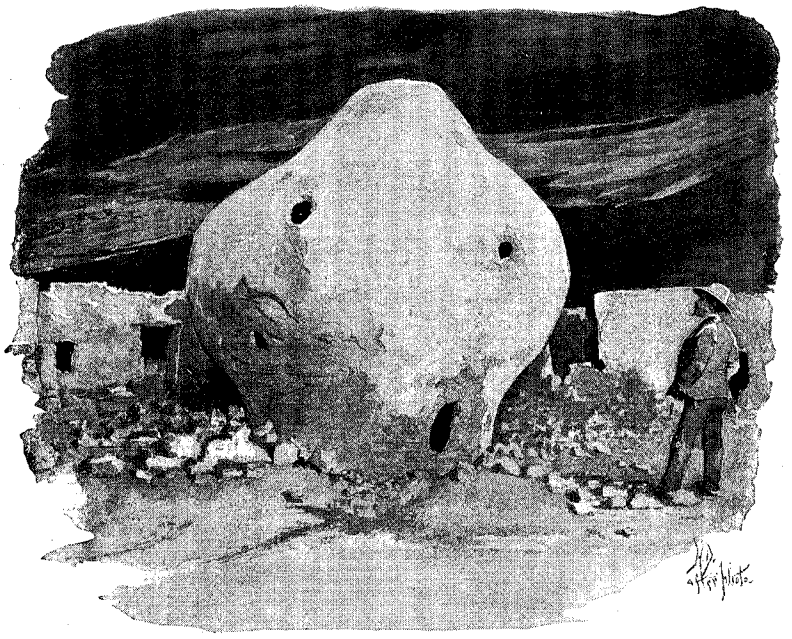
Thinking that valuable discoveries in other branches of science than my own might be expected in this new and interesting field, I brought with me eight scientists and assistants, representing archæology, zoölogy, botany, geology, and mineralogy. Professor W. Libbey, of Princeton, also joined my party as physical geographer, bringing his laboratory man with him. We were well equipped and provided with all that is necessary to insure the success of this kind of an expedition, and we brought with us several photographic apparatuses, anthropometric, meteorological, and geodetic instruments, assaying outfit, spirit cans, etc.



Remarkable Vessel in Cave, probably used for the Storage of Corn.—Page 547.

How beautifully green the country looked after the rain as we travelled southward through northern Sonora. The dreary plains of Arizona soon gave way to a more varied landscape, broken up by hills and creeks, and studded with trees, among which the cotton-wood is especially to be observed along the rivers. These are also lined with abundant wild grapes. Of all the flowers noticed on the banks of the streams, the most remarkable was the exquisitely beautiful *datura metalloides*. Its white gorgeous crown is six inches long by four inches in breadth. We saw one cluster of this creeping plant fifty feet in circumference. It is well known on account of the disfavor with which it is looked upon by the better class of the Navajo Indians, its root being made into a powerful stimulant, the use of which often results in madness or death. Among birds were most commonly seen doves and fly-catchers, one species of the latter frequently dazzling our eyes with its gorgeous vermilion plumage.

The first pueblo we passed of any importance was Fronteras. It is built on the summit and slopes of an elevated plateau, and looks extremely picturesque at a distance. When seen close, however, it turns out to be a wretched little village. Not only the town, but all the ranches in the neighborhood, are erected on elevations, a precaution of former days against attacks of the Apaches.

Long ago Fronteras was quite an important town, numbering some 2,000 inhabitants. But the Apaches, by their incessant attacks, carrying off women

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and children, as well as the cattle of the villagers, made their life so miserable that the place became depopulated; indeed it was once even temporarily abandoned.

Many stories of their constant fights

Mexican from Opata.

with these bloodthirsty savages were related to me by the survivors of these struggles. Never was it safe in those days to venture outside the limits of the town. Yet the conflict did not always end in one way, and the Mexicans sometimes got the better of their torturers; although it may perhaps be doubted whether the methods employed by them would come under the rules of modern warfare. But men who have had their wives and daughters torn away, and their fathers and brothers mutilated and then slowly roasted alive, may readily be excused if they are not always parliamentary in their dealings with the perpetrators of such deeds.

One bright moonlight night, the oldest inhabitant of the village, who had himself taken part in many an Apache fight, led me to a deep gorge where seven Apaches had met their doom. The story he told was the following:

A large band of warriors came threateningly into the town; they had killed two hawks and were on the war-path in full feather. As they were in such numbers, the Mexicans felt it useless to attempt resistance, and therefore sued for peace, which was granted. A peace-banquet followed, during which "mescal" (Mexican brandy) flowed freely, distributed without stint to the warriors by their wily hosts, who were abiding their time.

When the Apaches were thoroughly intoxicated, the villagers fell upon them, and although most of the band managed to escape, they captured seven men.

Next day the prisoners were taken to the ravine and speared, being deemed unworthy of a charge of powder. The "capitan," however, pointing to his head, requested as a special favor to be shot; which was done. Where they fell among the rocks their bodies remained unburied, and so long a time had already elapsed since the event, that I was unable to secure the specimens for which I had been on the lookout for my collections. However, I was led to believe by the inhabitants that the ground about the town was so thickly filled with Apache remains, that I might hope to gain my object in other places close by. I accordingly, next day, set some men to work. Our efforts were soon rewarded by the exhuming of eight skulls, in perfect condition, besides many typical bones.

Passing Cochuta to the south, we saw many traces of former habitation in the shape of ruined pueblos and remarkable groupings of stones. On one occasion we met with stones arranged so as to form a parallelogram 50 by 25 feet. No foundation-wall supported these stones. Sometimes they were set in a circle.

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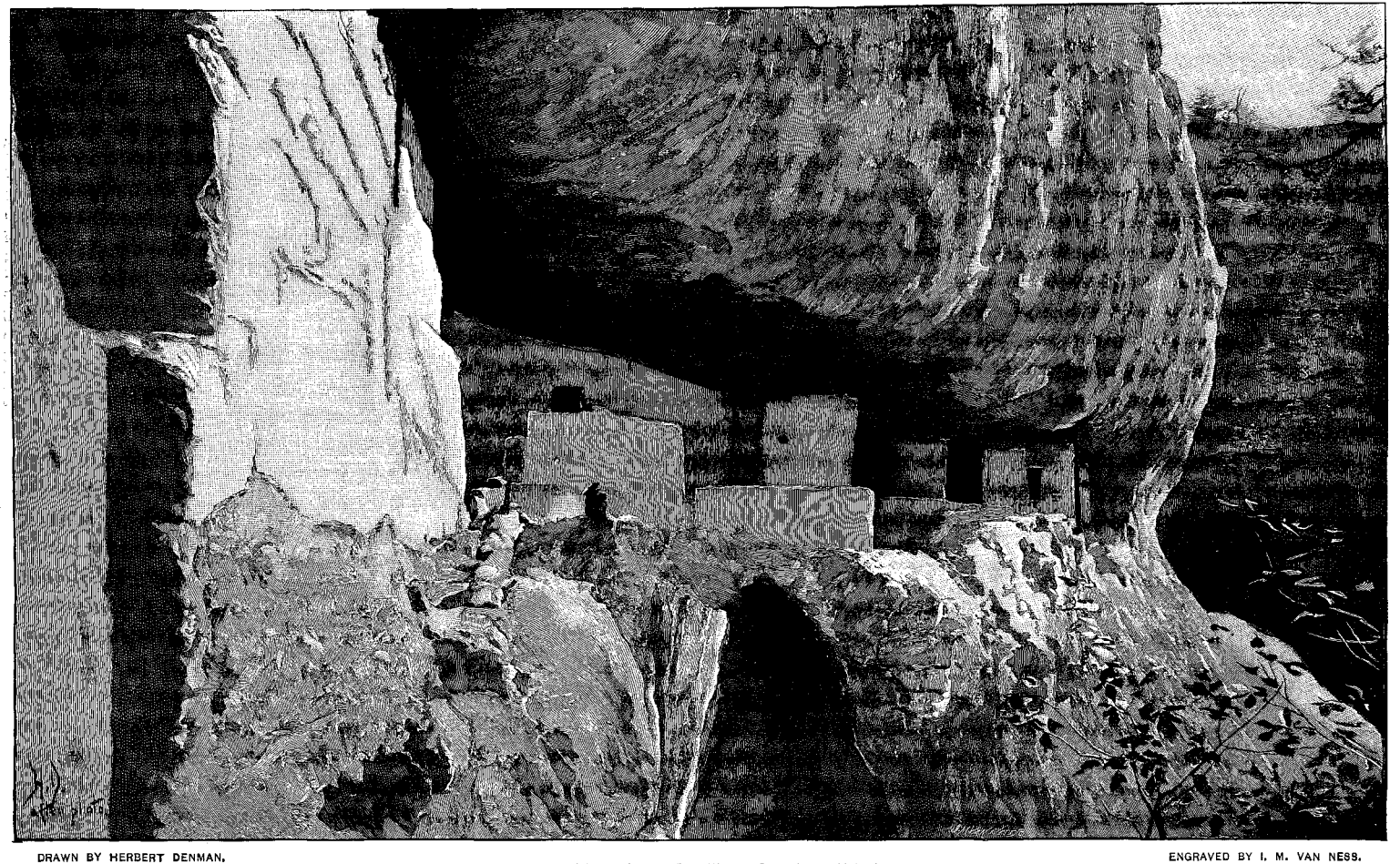

DRAWN BY HERBERT DENMAN.

Exterior View of Cliff Dwellings, Strawberry Valley.

ENGRAVED BY I. M. VAN NESS.

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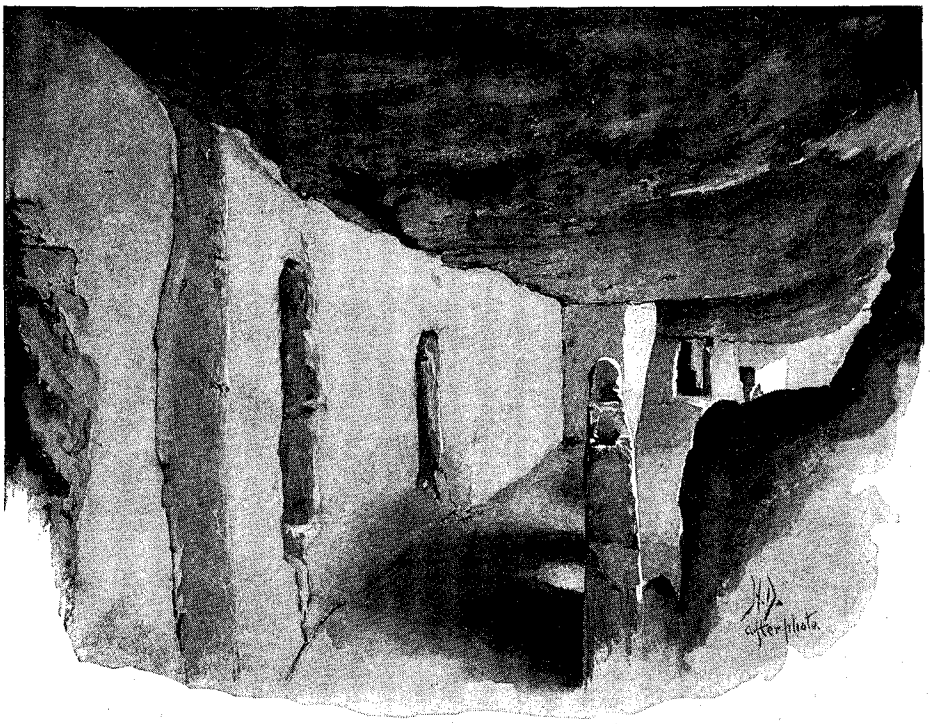
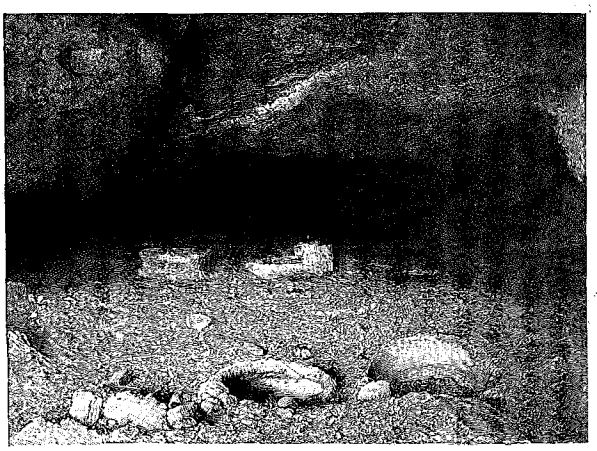


Interior of Cave Dwellings shown on p. 537.

Among the ruins, in which the whole country abounds, we gathered a quantity of broken pottery and numerous arrow-heads. Gold and coal we found on several places in this district, but not in sufficient quantity to make them an object of mining. Some forty miles south of Cochuta, we turned in a southeasterly direction, ascending a hilly plateau 3,200 feet above sea-level. The rocks continue to show a volcanic and metamorphic formation. Here we observed the first yellow orchids, which filled the air with delightful fragrance, and in the cañons below we met with the first palms.

We gradually descended to the Bavispee River, a name borne here by the Upper Yaqui River, according to a singular custom which the Mexicans have, in common with people in other parts of the world, of giving a river different names in its course through different districts.

We followed this stream toward the south, passing on our way the towns of Opata, Guasabas, and Granados. The country along the banks is extremely fertile—sugar-cane, orange-, lime-, and fig-trees grow abundantly in the orchards, but the climate is hot and dry. Even



Bases of Circular Vessels, Cave Valley.

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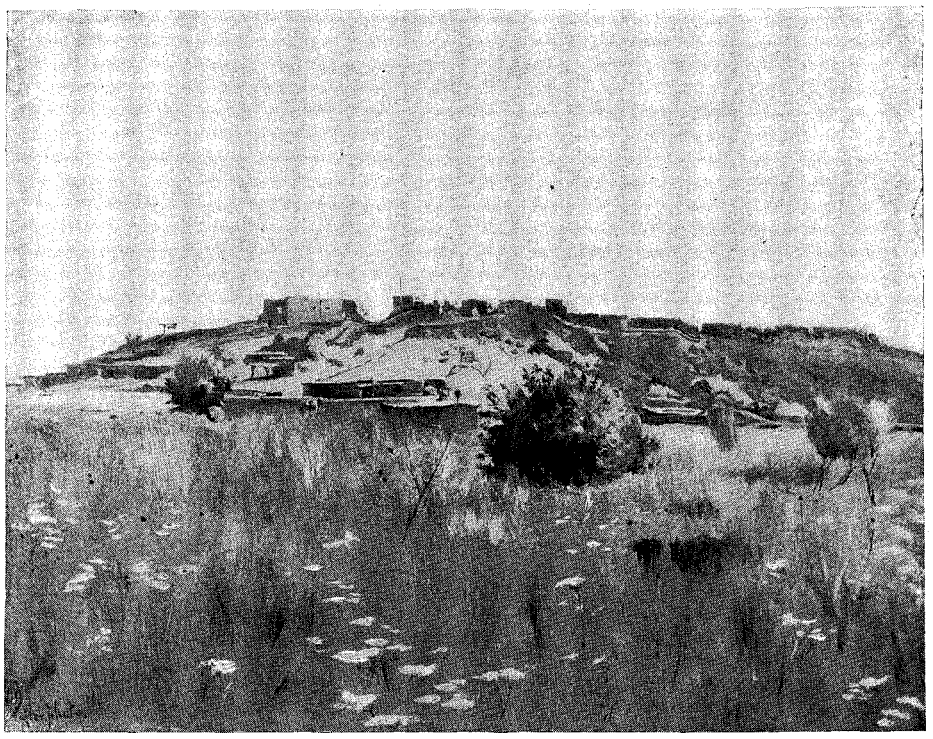
at the end of October we sometimes experienced a temperature of nearly 100 F. in the shade. The grass now assumed a scorched appearance, and it was but with difficulty that we could keep our animals in condition.

As we passed the pueblos on the Bavispee River, our large party and outfit created quite a sensation, and the people—who here are very much mixed with Opata Indians—were aroused from the uneventful routine of their daily existence.



Fronteras.

When we encamped near a village my tent was soon surrounded by the inhabitants, who flocked to consult me about their ailments. There was no use telling them that I was not a medical man nor had I any medicine to give them. The fact is that had I given them all they wanted, our store would have been exhausted in a day. In order to tempt my cupidity, they sent me molasses, sugar-cane, and similar valuables, and one poor woman, who was suffering from a cancer, offered me her donkey if I only would cure her! It was as though a Wall-Street magnate had offered me his millions, for that donkey was its owner's sole possession on earth.

They requested me to feel their pulses, and thus to tell them how long they were going to live, what was the matter with them, etc. I only hope that my practical advice, and the little medicine I could spare, may have relieved somewhat their backache and sideache, their felons, croup, fever and ague, and, above all, their indigestion, which is the prevailing trouble in that section of the country. In consequence of constant intermarriages there are many deaf and dumb persons among them, and epilepsy and insanity are by no means rare. On the other hand, I was assured that such a character as a thief was here unknown. However this may be, it is certain that the Mexicans of eastern Sonora are a nice class of people. They are pleasant to deal with, very active and obedient, and

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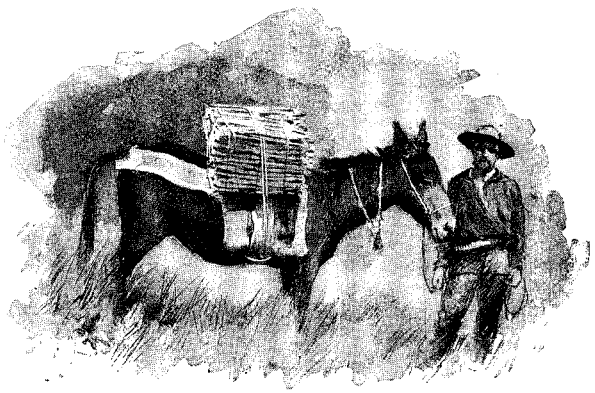
I never wish for better men than those I have at present in my camp, nearly all of whom are from these parts. They are poor, but very hospitable. They are also ignorant, and will, for instance, not recognize the value of a check unless it is green. But in each town I found one or two men comparatively rich, who knew more than the others, and who helped me out in my difficulties by going from house to house, collecting all the available cash in town, or all the coffee and sugar that could be spared to make up for it. One thing is certain, that I should not have gotten on so well had it not been for the friendly and obliging attitude the Mexicans everywhere assumed. I had of late suffered considerable annoyance and losses by having a supply of provisions stopped at a frontier custom-house by a travelling inspector. The Mexican Government showed me, however, their goodwill by punishing him very severely for going beyond orders.

From Granados we took an easterly course, being at last able to cross the Bavispee River, which for some time had been overflowing, owing to heavy rains. From this point the ground gradually rises, and after a fortnight's march through mesquites and oaks, we reached Nacory, a poor village at the foot of the Sierra Madre. We passed on our way Bacadehuachy, also a small place, remarkable for the great size of its cathedral, built of adobe, but in grand style, although its massive structure looks somewhat out of proportion in these lonely mountains. In this region Mr. C. Hartman, our botanist, found a new species of agave, which is strikingly beautiful, with delicate stripes of white running in concentric circles on the rosette of lanceolate leaves that constitute the plant. The flower-stalk is twelve or thirteen feet high, and I should not wonder if this century-plant some day became fashionable in the greenhouses. At



"McGinty."

Nacory we halted for a while, making excursions into the surrounding country, and preparing for the crossing of the mighty mountain ranges that spread themselves before our wondering eyes, one after the other stretching from north to south, as though defying us to scale their seemingly perpendicular heights, if we would reach the promised land. I sent back to Granados for additional provisions, and as the journey through the Sierra was described as so arduous a task, owing to the bad grass and the cold weather, which would most likely interfere seriously with the already poor animals, I deemed it prudent to secure a few more men. Among my new recruits was an Opata Indian, who joined the camp one evening, clad in thin, white, and wide cotton clothes. He carried in his hand a small bundle, which contained his wife's petticoat and a pair of scissors—his whole outfit for a winter campaign in the Sierra Madre. I also hired two guides. One, Agustin Rios, was a very intelligent man about sixty-five years of age, who had already been half-way through the mountains,

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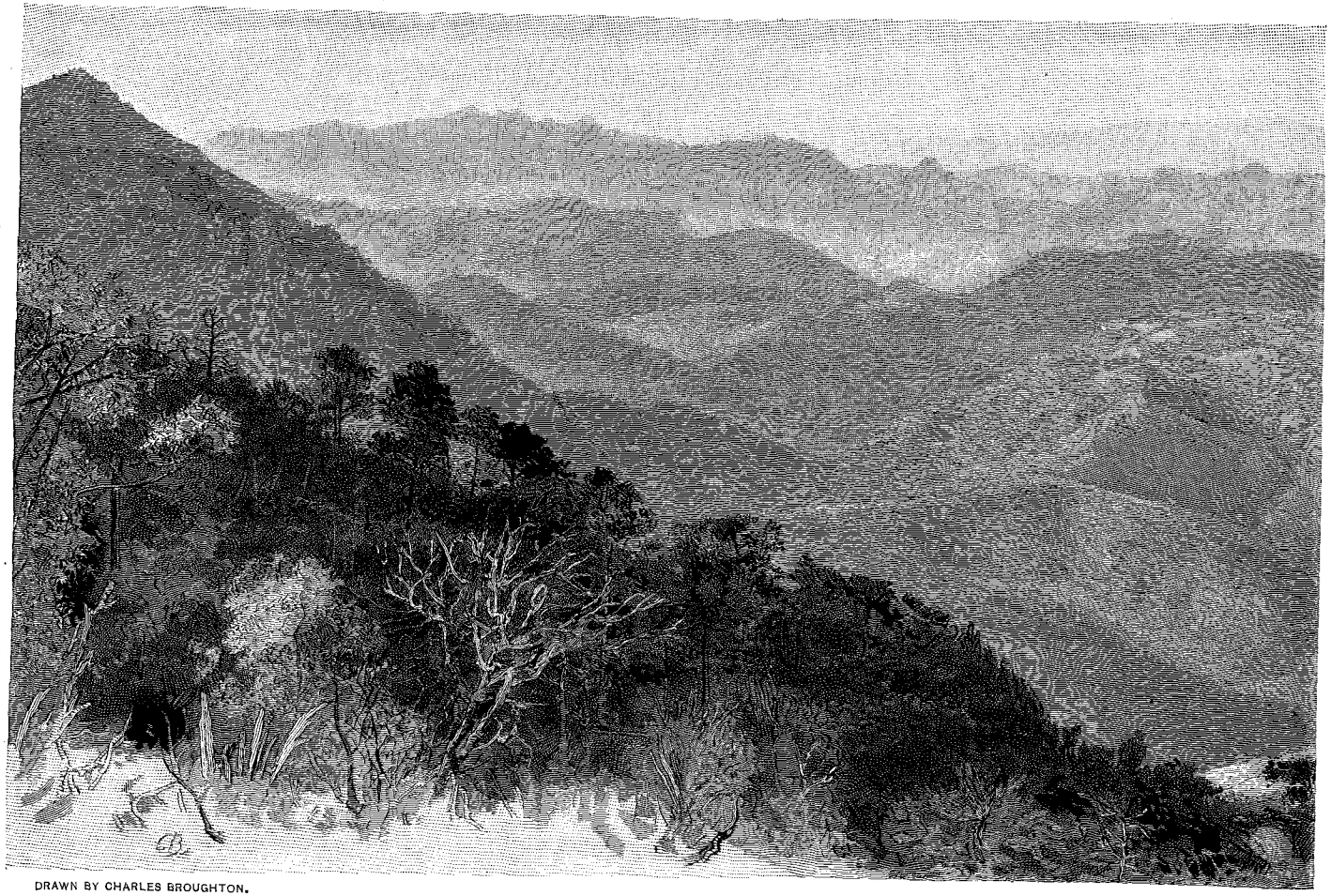

DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON.

View in the Sierra Madre.

ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

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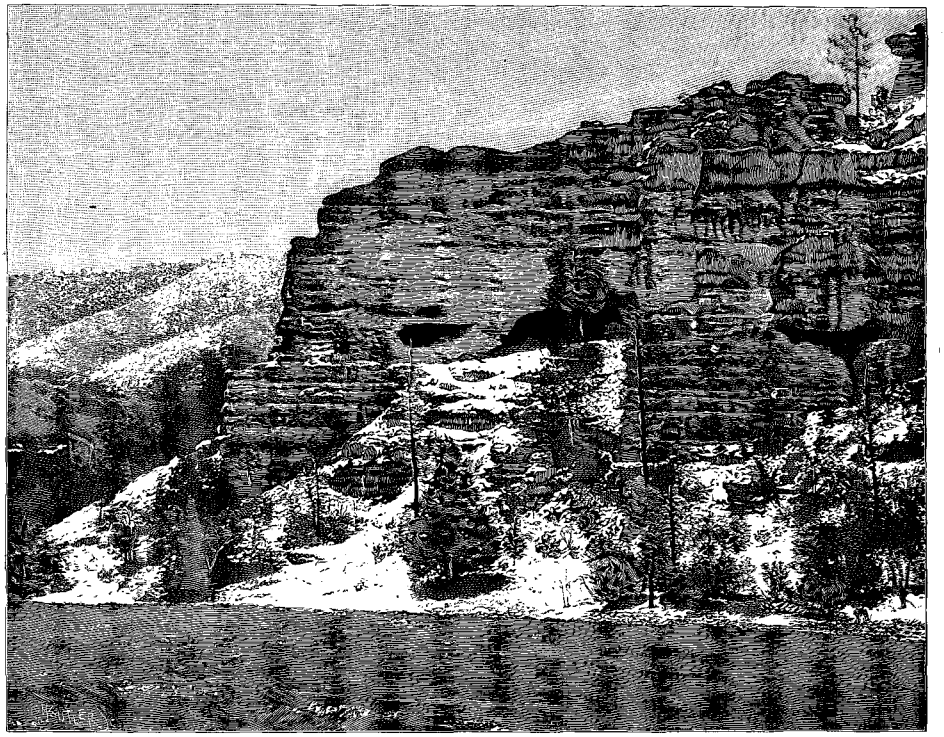
where, some years before, he had lost himself, when he came across an ancient, deserted pueblo which he described as of considerable size. The second man was an old soldier, who had fought the Apaches some forty years ago, and who, although somewhat distrustful of his memory, thought that, with the help of Agustin, he might guide us to our destination.



Burial Caves, Cave Valley.

While at Nacory I found out from the inhabitants that, at no great distance to the south, there were several deposits containing *"huésos giganteos"* (giant bones), the name given to fossils in this part of the world, people imagining that the large fossils are remains of giants. I had then neither time nor men to make excavations of any importance, but Mr. White, the mineralogist of the expedition, whom I sent to look into the matter, and who devoted a week to the examination of the deposits, reported that one of them, which lay in a valley sixteen miles south of Nacory, was a bed of clay thirty feet thick and about one and a half mile long. On the edge of this deposit he discovered what he took to be a horn, six feet eight inches long, twenty-six inches at its widest circumference, and having almost the curve of a circle. It was not petrified, had no bone core, and its color was a rich mahogany. Having since described this specimen to Professor O. C. Marsh, to whom I was able to give the measurements, but no sample of the find, he expresses as his opinion that it most probably is the tusk of a mammoth. Thus it would be the first time that this proboscidian was found so far south.

At last, on December 2d, I began the ascent of the Sierra Madre with a party of thirty men (including the scientific corps, the guides, cooks, etc.), and with a train of seventy pack-mules and burros. It was a beautiful day. The atmosphere was clear and warm, and the sun shone bright, as it always does at this time of the year in this favored region. The air was as soft and balmy as at springtime,

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and snow, frost, and scarcity of grass seemed like far-removed contingencies. Everything looked promising. As I came out of the town, following my party, after making the last settlements with the natives, I passed a small hamlet, the last sign of habitation on this side of the Sierra Madre. In front of a simple hut stood a handsome girl, her hand raised to shade her eyes against the rays of the sinking sun. She had watched the expedition go by, and seemed much excited by all she had seen. Her skirt was of a checked material, fashionable some twenty years ago; so long a time had it taken for the fashions to reach these out-of-the-way regions. The girl, with her fine dark eyes and her loose, waving hair presented a charming sight, and as she called out in her sweet Mexican accent, "*Adios, Señor!*" I took this kindly greeting from a handsome woman as a good omen for my journey. I also immediately dismounted and tried to fix the pretty scene by the means of a kodak which I always carry on my saddle. These people are very fond of being photographed, and were it possible for me to do so, I should like to send her this one in return for her pleasant good-by.

There were before us four great sierras to cross, at an elevation varying from seven to nine thousand feet, and, as may be imagined, the country was at times extremely rough. Unfortunately, we had not gone far before our intelligent guide, Agustin Rios—who was suffering from an incurable disease, of which he had told me nothing—became desperately ill. I decided to send him back, with four of my best men; but the poor fellow died before reaching home. This sad event was a great loss to us, as the other guide seemed to remember nothing, and was of little or no use.

We now made our own trails, three or four men going two days ahead of the main body, occasionally guided by Apache tracks. Instead of adopting the Mexican method of going straight up the hills like a goat, I had the trails cut zigzag; and to this I attribute being able to pull through at all, as it saved the animals an immense amount of extra strain. In some places these had to be led, one by one, along the edge of yawning chasms. Many a time the poor brutes lost their footing and rolled down the mountain sides. Generally the pack followed the animal, and as soon as some obstacle stopped the fall, the Mexicans, with characteristic alertness, ran down like cats to the scene of the accident, and swiftly unpacking the cargo, relieved the fallen beast. After a few minutes' rest it would be reloaded, and would resume its journey as though nothing had happened.

I had a very fine mule, raised on the plains of Arizona, which, having become giddy, met with such a mishap three times in one day, tumbling down from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, and still remaining unhurt. In consequence of its eventful career it was forthwith photographed and given the illustrious name of McGinty.

The Largest Woodpecker in the World (Campephilus imperialis).

On one occasion, when on watch behind the party, I heard a noise coming from above, without at first being able

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to discover what produced it. A few stones came tumbling down, and presently were followed by a burro, which, pack and all, came rolling over and over with great velocity. When it reached a perpendicular rock, some twenty feet in height, the animal cleared it, and landing at its base, rolled over twice more, and then, to my stupefaction, quietly rose to its feet in the midst of its scattered cargo. And can the reader guess what that donkey carried? The large tool-chest and—our box of dynamite!

I was at first greatly shocked at seeing the animals falling thus over and over, with their burdens, down the mountains, with ever-increasing speed, never stopping until checked by some tree or large stone, sometimes two hundred feet below. The Mexicans, however, appeared quite accustomed to such accidents, and, in fact, they seemed to be in the regular line of Mexican travel. Strange as it may seem, I never lost one animal in that way, but, from December to February, thirteen of them died from exhaustion, or from sickness caused by the cold weather or the poor quality of the grass.

Travelling under Difficulties.

The scenery had become magnificently wild, with its towering mountains and its deep, dark chasms, or again, with seemingly infinite successions of ridges and plateaus, covered with huge pine forests never touched by an axe. The steep slopes in the valleys and crevices are covered with slippery pine-needles, eight to twelve inches long, while the pines tower up to a height of one hundred feet. The forests have a remarkably young and fresh look about them. Now and then, on exposed places, trees are met with split like matches, telling us what terrific storms may sometimes blow over these solitary regions. In the cañons, at an elevation of six thousand feet, resurrection-plants (*selaginella sempervivens*) spread like a mat over the damp rocks and shady cliffs. Various species of ferns, such as the graceful "maiden-hair," were also seen; and the maples, with their richly tinted autumn leaves, carried back the thoughts of the Americans to their northern homes. *Bambusa* forms here frequently a thick, light-green undergrowth, of beautiful contrast to the dark shade of oak, elder, and palms.

These now solitary regions were once inhabited by races of whom history as yet knows nothing. Many ruins are everywhere found, generally consisting of square buildings of stone, or occasionally of stone, clay, and plaster, which causes them to look white at a distance (*casas blancas*). Deserted pueblos, consisting of square stone houses, are frequently met with. They are generally found on top of the hills and mountains, and are sometimes surrounded by fortifications in the shape of stone walls. The most interesting remains, however, are in the caves, which contain houses, at times three stories high, with small windows and cross-like doors, in the ordinary conventional Indian way; even stone staircases are once in a while met with. There, and everywhere through the Sierra, we found *trincheras*,

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or stone terraces built across small valleys, evidently intended for agricultural purposes. On every steep mountain-side these extraordinary terraces of solid large stones, constructed in the cyclopean style of masonry, arose to a height of fifteen, nay, twenty feet. We observed them even at an altitude of seven thousand four hundred feet. At one point we counted eight of them within a space of one hundred and fifty feet, the aborigines having gained, by the enormous amount of labor expended, three thousand five hundred square feet of additional surface ground; in other words, they had only made room for five or six hundred "hills" of maize.

We had several falls of snow, and on the coldest night (January 10th) the thermometer went down to 6° F. In the daytime the rays of the sun partly melted the snow, however, and the animals could then make a meagre meal.

On Christmas-day the black bulb thermometer rose in the sun to 150° F., although that very night the temperature had fallen to 22.9° F.—a difference of 130°. The warmth was such that even a rattlesnake was deceived and coaxed out by it.

We celebrated the day on the upper course of the Bavispee River, and made every effort to do so in a manner worthy of our surroundings.

We were unable to procure fish for our banquet, as, strangely enough, not one was to be found in the large stream near which we were encamped. The game was also very scarce at this point, but notwithstanding this, one of the Mexicans had the good luck to shoot four turkeys. Then our Chinese cook, with the thrift so typical of his race, had, in our days of plenty, saved enough of material to make a plum-pudding, the merits of which baffle description.

It may interest housewives to hear the recipe of this wonderful culinary achievement: deer fat, dried peaches, raisins, and orange-peel. The sauce was actually made of white sugar, which he had saved for the purpose, and mescal. I may venture to add that few plum-puddings, among the many thousands eaten on that day, could boast of having had the success that this one obtained. This was a very different Christmas from the one I spent in Australia in 1882, when the weather was very hot and the larder empty. The Mexicans seemed particularly enthusiastic. "*Caramba! que bueno el ultimo!*" (My word, that last dish was a good one!) they exclaimed, smacking their lips with gusto; and they told my boy Francisco that they wanted this new dish every day; but there was nothing to make it with. While in this valley we had to halt and wait for a party that I had been obliged to send back to Nacory for provisions — which in this case meant "*pinole*," *i.e.*, the finest cracked wheat, ground by hand by the women on their millstones.

The animals began to fall off because the nights were cold and the grass was poor and little nourishing. I found it, from now on, necessary to leave behind half of our cargo, thus lightening the loads by half, and then in a week or a fortnight later I sent back the animals for the remaining burdens. In this manner we proceeded laboriously, during the balance of the journey, through an inhospitable country, where for the first days not even deer were to be found, so that we were without meat until we reached the top of the next mountain range, when the pine forests seemed to be simply alive with game.

In the early part of January we arrived at an old Apache ranch, where we halted for three weeks. It was situated in a very sheltered spot, at the foot of a perpendicular rock some thousand feet high. Here, one morning our best marksman, a Mexican named Figueroa, brought in three specimens of the superb bird *campephilus imperialis*, the largest woodpecker in the world. This splendid specimen of the feathered tribe is nearly two feet in length, with black and white plumage, and the male is provided with a gorgeous scarlet crest, which seemed especially brilliant seen against the winter snow. They go in pairs and are not very shy, but are difficult to kill and must be shot with a rifle. (See page 543.)

One of their peculiarities is that they will feed upon one tree for as long as a fortnight at a time, thus at last causing the decayed trees to fall down. These

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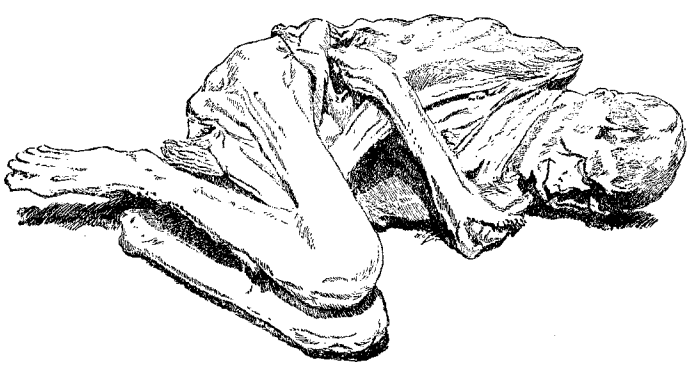
birds, which are exceedingly rare in museums, are only to be found in the Sierra Madre, and I frequently observed them in the eastern part of this range. Mr. Robinette, our ornithologist, shot here a great many specimens of the rare Mexican titmouse and some beautiful varieties of the duck tribe.

In the river Gabianos, an affluent of the Bavispee, some four miles south of our camp, the fish which had gone up to spawn were thick in all the pools. As the difficulty of feeding thirty men in these wild regions is by no means a trifling one, I resolved to procure as many fish as possible, and to this end resorted to the cruel but effective device of killing them by dynamite. I trust that the scarcity of provisions in the camp will serve as my excuse to sportsmen for the method I employed.

No one ever interferes with the fish, and their number was here simply overwhelming. In two hours three of us gathered one hundred and ninety-five from one single pool. Most of them were big suckers, but among them were also many large trout; all were fat and of delicate flavor. We salted and dried them, and used them for a long while.

After crossing the next sierra we reached the Atlantic side of the watershed and encamped near the head-waters of the Piedras Verdes River, 6,850 feet above sea-level. Here one night we had seven inches of snow. From this point I sent most of the animals to San Diego, which lies on the plains at the foot of the mountains, and where an American, Mr. Galvin, received us very kindly on his ranch.

With a small party, and the least exhausted of our animals, I followed the course of the Piedras Verdes River down to Cave Valley, where there are some very remarkable caves, although not essentially different from those found farther north, in the United States. On a stretch of twenty miles I counted some fifty cave or cliff dwellings. They are all made in natural caves and cliffs. Some of these contain small villages or groups of houses, which are well built, showing that the inhabitants attained a comparatively high culture. The rock formation in which these caves occur is porphyry, that in time has disintegrated into a dust, which in some places covers the floor of the cave up to the knee. This dust was made into a pulp and used by this singular people in the construction of their dwellings. The caves stand from one hundred to two hundred feet above the bottom of the cañon; their openings vary from twenty to fifty feet in height, and their depth in one cave reached one hundred and forty feet. In the deepest caves the houses were built at the entrance, while in the smaller ones these were found at the back. The most noticeable feature of these structures is that the walls, which are about a foot and a half thick, present a solid surface of as much as eight feet in height, all of one piece, and whitewashed. In one cave we found thirteen coats of whitewash on the walls, from which we inferred that the dwelling had been inhabited for a long period of time.



A Mummified Skeleton.

This was the finest and most interesting of all the caves we visited. It contained a whole village, and at its entrance

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we were amazed to come upon a gigantic, balloon-shaped vessel, twelve feet in height and twelve feet in diameter, with a three-feet wide opening at the top. The Mexicans called it an "olla," and insisted that it was a water-jar; but I believe that it was built for the storage of grain, and openings symmetrically made in the sides of the vessel, as well as a hole three feet high at its base, favor this hypothesis. The framework of this "olla" was composed of coils of grass-ropes, plastered inside and out to a thickness of about eight inches, with the same porphyry pulp of which the dwellings themselves are constructed. The interior of the vessel was as fresh as though it had been made a week ago.

Upon entering another cave I was strongly reminded of a cider factory. This impression was caused by the curious appearance produced by the bases of several circular vessels, evidently once put to the same use as the one above described, but they were of smaller size. Two were entirely sunk into the floor of the cave, and as inside of these we found seeds and grain, there can be no doubt as to their original purpose.

The houses were all very smoky, and at the back of the caves it was so pitch-dark that we had to light candles in order to find our way from house to house. The pictures on the walls were mostly of comparatively recent origin. Even the Apaches had left their drawings, besides other unmistakable evidence of a subsequent occupancy by this tribe. In one instance we found stone stairways of three steps.

Among the smaller objects recovered in these dwellings were bone needles, a complete fire-drill, mats and baskets, mat girdles, threads of fibre or hair sandals; but the most interesting of our finds at this point was the throwing-stick, or boomerang, used to-day by the Moqui village Indians for killing rabbits; also some smooth pieces of iron, probably used for ceremonials. We also discovered a bow that had been hidden away on a ledge.

The former inhabitants of these cliffs must have been agriculturists, as Mr. Hartman identified beans, corn, and three species of gourds among the remains.

As for datems—a green, sweet fruit still found in Mexico—we identified it everywhere in the dwellings.

On the side of the cañon, where the sun rarely shines, were a number of burial caves. At first sight there was nothing to indicate that they had ever been used, but after digging to a depth of three feet below the hard substance that composed the floor of the cave, we fortunately struck a skull, then came upon the whole body of a man. After this followed that of a mother holding her child in her arms, and then two more bodies, all lying on their left sides facing the west, with their knees half drawn up, and all in a marvellous state of preservation, owing to the presence of saltpetre in the dust. This imparted to the dead a mummy-like appearance. Their features were very well preserved; some had retained their eyebrows and part of their hair, and even their intestines had not all disappeared.

The hair of these people was very slightly wavy, and softer than that of the modern Indian—almost silky in fact. They were of low stature, and bear a marked resemblance to the Moqui village Indians, who, as well as the Zuñis, have a tradition that their ancestors came from the south, and who to this day speak of their southern brethren.

I afterwards brought to light several more bodies which had been interred under similar conditions. They wore no ornaments of metal, but ornamental shells, and round their ankles and wrists were found anklets and bracelets of beautifully plaited straw, which, however, crumbled to dust when handled. Their only clothing consisted of three layers of wrappings wound around the loins: first came a coarse cotton cloth, then a piece of matting, and over that again another cloth wrapping. Underneath was a large piece of cotton batting, mixed with the feathers of the turkey and the large woodpecker. In a few instances the cotton cloth was dyed red or indigo blue. Near the head of each body was a small "olla" jar of simple design; and buried with one we found a bundle of "devil's claws" (*marthynia*). These are used by the Mexicans of to-day for the purpose of mending broken pot-

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tery. They drill holes through the fragments to be joined, and pass into them one of these claws, just as we should a rivet. The claw is elastic and strong, and answers the purpose very well. My Mexicans understood at once to what use they had been put.

Some ten miles higher up, in the Strawberry Valley, we met with some more very interesting cave or cliff dwellings. These structures were similar to those mentioned above; one, however, presented the anomaly of being built in a circular shape. Some were fortified and turned into almost impregnable strongholds, and one was protected by an outside gallery.

Bells at Opata.

We spent about six weeks on the Piedras Verdes River, where, of late years, some Mormon settlements have been established at the outposts of civilization. They seem to be doing well enough, high up in the mountains, although they complain of the climate, which is too severe for their crops; they are gradually retreating to the plains at the foot of the sierra, where they have very prosperous communities, in the fertile Casas Grandes Valley. Having thoroughly investigated the caves, we turned our attention to the mounds, which are numerous in this part of the country.

Our excavations here brought to light ancient houses, from the ruins of which we obtained many valuable stone implements and jars. We have gathered three hundred jars of various kinds, most of which are decorated, and many of which present very odd shapes. Some of the mortars are double, others resemble those found in California, and the stone axes are identical with those met with in the Indian villages of the United States. Several specimens of a large stone wheel and of a stone cylinder fitting into it, probably used for some kind of a game, are also worthy of mention.

Invariably, upon penetrating beneath the ground floor we came upon skulls and skeletons. Indeed, an archæologist might with profit devote several years to the excavations of these Chihuahua mounds alone. The inhabitants of these mounds must have preceded the cliff and cave dwellers, but who these races were it would yet be premature to say. My intention is to investigate accurately the language, habits, and customs of the primitive people of the Sierra Madre by living with them, as I did with the natives of Australia; and thus I may hope to do my share in the noble work of elucidating the history of the native race of this great continent. The present paper has taken me only to the threshold of these investigations, in a succeeding one I hope to enter into the new regions which they open.

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THE FEDERATION OF AUSTRALIA.

By Alfred Deakin.

The interest taken in the proceedings of the National Australasian Convention, outside the colonies immediately interested, is not merely flattering but significant of the closeness of the bonds which now unite civilized peoples. Reports of the debates in Sydney, in March and April last, have been communicated to the press of the world; and the political fortunes of a continent, of whose existence Europe was scarcely aware a century ago, have furnished matter for the familiar comment of its publicists, the chit-chat of its capitals, and the sermons of those who preach the solidarity of humanity. The comments have varied considerably, and even when best informed have necessarily exhibited that lack of local atmosphere and coloring which, as Mr. Bryce has noted, can only be caught after direct personal acquaintance with the country, and cannot be conveyed except by a comprehensive study of the people and their environment. Any sketch of political development must imply and assume much as to the social system of which it is a part and the spirit that animates it. This condition aside, the most prominent feature of outside criticism has been its good-will. Great Britain has exhibited a maternal pride, not unmixed with maternal solicitude, in viewing an effort toward union among its vigorous offspring. A certain insularity renders the average Briton prone to sudden seizures of apprehension when coteries with a craze now and then attain a brief notoriety by amazing discoveries as to colonial policy, and apocalyptic prophecies of its terrible consequences; but the general disposition of the mother country toward her children is full of generous consideration, and displays a sincere desire for their welfare. The continental critic has been friendly too, but as a rule his experience does not assist him to interpret events with the same readiness as those of our own race. The prevailing tone abroad is consequently one of surprise and curiosity: surprise at the freedom enjoyed and independence exhibited by dependent communities; more surprise at the moderation displayed under such conditions; and considerable curiosity as to the possible effective value in future combinations of this new scion of the British stock. Will it alter the relation of the colonies to the mother country, or will it imply a new policy in the Pacific? The foreign statesman cannot but note that the ostensible occasion of the late Convention was a sense of the need of combination for purposes of mutual defence, and having the despatch of the Soudan contingent in his mind, doubtless regards the new development with an expectancy akin to that of "some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken."

In the United States of America the kindliest and most sympathetic feeling has been manifested toward the young provinces which are following a path resembling in so many respects that which the founders of the great Republic trod a century ago. Its thoughtful citizens have observed with interest the attempt of colonists of their own blood and temper to create pacifically under the crown a large and organic system of self-government, such as came to them as the prize of long suffering, fierce conflict, and anxious debate, amid the ruins of an established order, and the throes of insurrectionary revolution. Nor has the sentiment been unreciprocated in Australia, or its relationship to the great Anglo-Saxon Republic ignored. At the Convention copies of the "Federalist" were in every hand, the names of Hamilton, Madison, Adams, and Jefferson were upon every lip; while the most effective peroration at the Melbourne conference, in 1890, was couched in the words of Washington.

To the students of political institutions everywhere, whose name to-day is legion, the federal movement has necessarily offered a rare opportunity of noting the process by which a new con-

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stitution is being evolved under their very eyes. The theorists, who are still more numerous, are fastening upon it already in support and illustration of every conceivable hypothesis. To both of these classes an elaborate technical history of the event will be a desideratum. But outside of the ranks of specialists and doctrinaires stand a large body of persons given to the general survey of current affairs, to whom the plain tale of its development may be not without attraction, provided it be brief. The occasion is unique. Should the constitution be accepted as drafted, or with minor amendments, it will be in all probability the last in the world's history which a civilized people will erect of their own motive, without the disestablishment or overthrow of a pre-existing form of government, free from all compulsion, and upon virgin soil.

It is not inconceivable that some of the foreign expectancy discovered as to the shape which the federal organization would take has been due to a half-conscious anticipation of a likeness between the social and natural history of the country. Australia having been noted for the number of missing links with which it has startled the science of its time, for the composite and apparently contradictory character of its forms of life, and for the strangeness of its vegetation, has been looked to for equally startling developments in its politics. The rapidity of its national unfoldment, the romance of its enterprises, the opulence of its prosperity, have promoted forecasts of a sensational character, and there must be a certain number of onlookers rather disappointed at the sobriety of constitution-builders born in the land of the platypus and the moa, or bred beside the apteryx and the kangaroo. An orderly sequence of growth is apt to appear tame in itself, while the fortunate absence of the pomp and circumstance of war deprives the federal climax of much picturesqueness. Then again, the fact that the constitution has been drafted in the full light of day leaves no room for mystery, or for the future introduction of miracle or fable. The parentage of every one of its provisions is obvious, and the purpose of every clause unmistakable. Most, if not all, of its omissions are intentional; there have been few stirring passages in the debates prior to its adoption, and from the first line to the last the measure bears upon its face the impress of the chastening influence of compromise. On the other hand, the bill produced may be fairly claimed to be the necessary outcome of the political experience of the colonies up to date, and will be the more commended on that ground to the reflective. To make what may be termed the inevitableness of its form comprehended, a swift glance at the circumstances out of which it has arisen, and the stages by which it has taken shape, will be essential. Prosaic in the circumstances of its birth, the new commonwealth, unstained with blood and unadorned by romance, makes its appeal to the reason and patriotism of its people.

Among the tacit misconceptions into which distant critics are most likely to fall about antipodean affairs is that which is based upon ignorance of the enormous area and possibilities of the colonies. Especially is this likely in the United States, where the assumption may be that, as the population of Australia is about the same as that of the thirteen original seaboard colonies of America, the surface over which they are distributed is also approximately the same. As a matter of fact there is no such proportion. New South Wales alone is as large as they were; Tasmania, the Rhode Island of Australia, is as large as that State with New Jersey, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts added; Victoria, the smallest colony of the continent, is equal in size to Great Britain; Queensland surpasses the united areas of Austria, France, and Germany; South Australia, one-third greater than Queensland, is nearly as large as Western Australia, which of itself has nearly four times the extent of Texas, while the two colonies together are larger than the whole of Europe without Russia. The seven colonies between them occupy a territory greater than that of the United States, excluding Alaska. It is true that at present Australia has barely four million inhabitants, but these immense areas rep-

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resent a potential population to which it is impossible to set bounds. No part of the continent is so hot and so unhealthy as to forbid white settlement, and if the strip of low-lying coastlands in the north be omitted, there is no part of it yet colonized in which Europeans cannot work. Port Darwin, the country about the Gulf of Carpentaria, and an indefinite belt toward the northwest lie within the tropics, and are suitable for tropical productions; but the high plateau of northern Queensland, which runs close to the sea, is found thoroughly healthy for English miners and graziers, and enjoys a bracing winter. The back country, though waterless by comparison with the Mississippi Valley, is able to carry stock well in most seasons, and with wells, tanks, and dams may be made to do so in all years. The desert country of eastern Australia has yet to be found. A squatter's fence to-day runs by the spot where Burke and Wills lay down to die in 1861, and the area of country taken up for stock is still pushing steadily westward. Tasmania, New Zealand, and Victoria have delightful climates, corresponding to those of Maryland, central France, and California. Whether or not we accept the estimate of the government statist of Victoria, that fifty years hence there will be twenty million souls within the bounds of Australasia, it is at least certain that colonies with a greater area than states in the new world, or empires in the old, will eventually support more millions than they have hundreds of thousands to-day. Their present commercial status may be indicated by a very few figures. In 1890 they imported £66,000,000 worth of foreign goods, exported produce to the value of £62,500,000, and spent upon public purposes £28,000,000. When the new commonwealth commences its career it will enjoy (if all the colonies come in, and, as anticipated, adopt the Victorian tariff) a revenue of £8,680,000 from customs, and after having provided for the administration of justice, defence, government, and the collection of revenue at an estimated cost of £2,226,000, will have six millions and a half sterling to divide among them in proportion to their contributions.

The next condition requiring to be realized is that every colony is an independent state so far as its fellows are concerned. The British Constitution is the basis of government in all, so that each has its parliament of two Chambers, its responsible ministers, and its governor, as if it were the only country in these seas. The governor appointed by the Secretary of State for the Colonies acts upon the advice tendered to him as the Queen does, and is therefore Her Majesty's representative in fact as well as in name. With the exception that a few special measures, such as those relating to marriage, are always reserved for the Queen's assent; that there is a general power of disallowance two years after the passing of a local act; and that communications with foreign nations must be made through the British Cabinet, the colonies are, within their own borders, independent even of the mother country. But they are absolutely independent of each other without any qualification whatever. Each pursues the path of legislation which it prefers; taxing its neighbors' imports or offering bonuses upon its own exports just as it pleases. At their good-will and pleasure the colonies make treaties with each other on such subjects as they desire, but there is not a vestige of compulsion possible. Each meets the other as a free contracting party. In their commercial relations they possess a greater latitude than the States of the American Union, because they are not yet an union. *Inter se* they are sovereign states, and indeed, except in the power to declare war with one another, are as separate and distinct as France, Germany, and Russia.

The difficulties and dangers of creating upon a new continent a series of communities without any common political bond or means of joint action was perceived in Great Britain so long ago as 1849, when a committee of the Privy Council, appointed at the instance of Earl Grey, recommended the selection of one of the governors as Governor-General, with power to convene a General Assembly of Australia capable of federal legislation. This body was to be elected by the legislatures of the colonies so soon as two of them should

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have petitioned for its creation. A bill was introduced into the British Parliament in 1850 to give effect to this scheme, but abandoned in consequence of the opposition with which it was met.

In 1851 Governor Fitzroy was appointed Governor-General, but no further step was taken to make the title more than a nominal distinction.*

In 1853 constitutional committees of the Victorian and New South Wales Legislative Councils incidentally referred to the subject, the former advocating the occasional convocation of such a General Assembly as had been suggested in 1849; the latter, under the leadership of Wentworth, more emphatically and precisely declaring for a complete federation. The great colonist, to whom New South Wales is chiefly indebted for its earliest impulses toward political freedom and for self-government, was the first statesman to embrace the cause of union with vigor and earnestness. Born in Norfolk Island, he has claims to be considered the first Australian, and is unquestionably the first great figure in our history. During a visit to England, in 1857, he presented a memorial in favor of federation to the British Ministry, but though the Victorian Legislature had evinced its interest in the question by appointing another committee upon the question in January of the same year, the proposal found no support in England. In November the Victorian Parliament invited the other colonies to meet in conference to consider federal possibilities; but in New South Wales a similar proposition, warmly supported by Mr. Deas Thomson, fell to the ground owing to political changes. South Australia and Tasmania agreed to attend, but no further action was taken owing to the want of response from New South Wales. In 1860, on the initiative of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who was, after Wentworth, the most active and capable supporter of the cause, a third Victorian committee was appointed, and again invitations were sent to the other colonies to discuss a basis for federation, but without success. In the same year it is true the veteran Dr. Lang obtained a committee in Sydney, but it brought up no report. As the main movement did not make definite progress, the colonies whose interests were becoming more and more involved each year, fell back upon conferences at which each ministry was represented by two or three of its members. Common interests were discussed and agreements arrived at as to the action to be taken in regard to postal contracts, telegraph cables, custom duties, and similar issues. Nine such intercolonial conferences, of which six have met in Melbourne and three in Sydney, have been held since 1863, besides a certain number of departmental meetings at which special departments of the several colonies have conferred together. Unquestionably they have not been without results; but the general experience is that political changes have supervened in one or more of the colonies, and that the concerted action agreed upon has generally failed. After nearly thirty years' trial of a system of ministerial treaties made in conference, the unanimous verdict is that it has broken down badly, and that, save as a means for the interchange of ideas and maintenance of friendly relations between public men who are in power at the time, such assemblages are almost worthless.

The fiscal issue presented itself as an intercolonial problem even in the earliest days. The first agreement arrived at appears to have been that under which goods for New South Wales or Victoria, introduced by the Murray River, having paid South Australian duties, obtained free admission to the other colonies, which received annually from the latter government a proportion of the sums collected. As the tariffs of the three colonies differed considerably, the inconveniences of such an arrangement are obvious. At a later date a formal treaty was made to meet the circumstances occasioned by the extension of the Victorian railway system to the New South Wales border. The former colony paid to the latter a lump sum of sixty thousand pounds a year on condition of enjoying the right of free importation across the Murray, from 1867 until 1873, when the treaty was

* Australian Year-book, 1891. Essay on Australian Federation. G. B. Barton, F. R. Hist. S., Barrister-at-law.

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abrogated. In 1884 a provisional agreement for commercial reciprocity was entered into between representatives of the Victorian and Tasmanian governments, but the proposal proved unpopular in the former colony, and was never even submitted for the sanction of its parliament. Meanwhile the trend of colonial opinion was everywhere toward protection. Victoria led the way in the sixties, and by the seventies was thoroughly committed to a high tariff on imports of manufactured goods; New Zealand followed suit, then Queensland, and then South Australia; while Tasmania and Western Australia both employed the custom-house as a means of raising revenue. New South Wales alone remained firm in its adherence to free trade, though in 1889 a step in the direction of protection was taken, only to be retraced by another ministry twelve months later. Parties in that colony have been very evenly balanced during the last few years, and seeing the result of the general election just concluded, it seems probable that very soon the last convert to the policy of assisting native industries will have been made. At present each colony, except New South Wales, has fenced in its markets against the world, levying duties impartially upon all goods, whether from the mother country or from other colonies. Individualism and independence have therefore been pushed to the utmost extent. The cattle and sheep of New South Wales cannot enter Victoria to-day without paying duty, nor can Victorian dairy products enter New South Wales without a similar toll. Reprisals have been threatened by excited politicians, and there is always a possibility of a war of tariffs between these young peoples of the same race, in the same territory, and under the same flag.

In the early eighties a stimulus of another kind was imparted to public opinion in Australia, principally in Victoria. Vast as the unoccupied area on the continent still is, the people of the colony named had always felt the French occupation of New Caledonia as a menace, had hailed the annexation of Fiji with satisfaction, and had kept a jealous eye upon the progress of European settlement in the South Seas. The deportation policy of the French Republic passed almost unchallenged so long as political prisoners only were sent to Noumea; but when, instead of communists and radicals, the sweepings of prisons, jail-birds, often convicted and regarded as irreclaimable, or felons guilty of horrible offences against society, were arriving by hundreds, the colonies became thoroughly alarmed. The distance of New Caledonia from Australia is upward of seven hundred miles, but at certain seasons the ocean is calm, and escapees in open boats have repeatedly reached the shores of Queensland and New South Wales in safety. Some of these no sooner found their way to the great cities than they recommenced the careers of crime which had been cut short in Paris or Marseilles. The prospect of a continuous invasion of this kind filled the minds of the Australian householders and of the unprotected classes with anxiety, and protests against what was regarded as an abuse of international relations echoed from north to south. Contemporaneously with this agitation occurred the attempted annexation of eastern New Guinea by the Queensland ministry, of which Sir Thomas McIlwraith was chief—a step suddenly taken because they were apprehensive of German designs upon the part of that island which is beyond the Dutch boundary and lying nearest to our mainland. Annexation was disavowed by the British Government, Lord Derby, the then Colonial Secretary, treating the colonial fears of foreign aggression with cold contempt and polite ridicule. When immediately after his assurance of the impossibility of such a step the northern portion of the great island was actually annexed by Germany, the angry sentiments of Australia rose to white heat, and a spasm of indignation at the supineness of the Gladstone cabinet roused passions which were threatening, except so far as they found vent in the aspiration after federation.

About this time, too, the French, who had long been casting covetous eyes upon the New Hebrides, a fine group lying immediately to the north of their possessions, sent a detachment of soldiers which disembarked and camped at

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the chief harbor, ostensibly to protect the interests of their settlers, but in reality as an advance-guard of occupation. The government at Paris opened negotiations with London, for the recession of the treaty by which both powers had bound themselves to maintain the independence of these islands. Add to this the movements in Samoa, which culminated eventually in the seizure of the native king and his exile to Germany, and the bitterness created in Australia may be conceived. Animosity against the recidivous influx was universal, but on other questions the colonies were divided. The public men of New South Wales appeared indifferent to events in the South Seas, which in Victoria exasperated both the public and their leaders to an extreme degree. This may have been because the smaller area of the latter colony had led to a desire for territorial expansion, and also because a premier was in power, above the stress of party politics, who was a man of large ideas and indomitable courage, and who boldly seized the opportunity to express aspirations which he had long cherished. Probably this epoch will be recognized in the future as the awakening of Australia to a national life, for certainly it was now for the first time that the colonies, recognizing their common interest and need of unity, spoke and acted together, more or less imperfectly; for the first time they found themselves face to face with foreign powers, and developing a foreign policy.

The Honorable James Service, to whom Australia owes the first practical grasp of its position as a people, of its obligations abroad, and of its influence in England, was also the man who made use of their recognition to lay the foundation for federal union. A Scotchman, gifted with the enthusiasm as well as with the foresight and canniness of the race, he had come to the front in Victorian politics in the early days, had soon made his reputation as a financier, a debater, and a party leader, and from 1883 to 1886 was the chief of a coalition ministry never even challenged by a vote of want of confidence. At his instigation and invitation the federal issue was once more raised, and a conference of all the colonies assembled in Sydney in November, 1883, at which it was agreed that federation of some kind was possible and necessary, and that with a view to preparing the way for an ultimately closer union a federal council should be at once created. This was to consist of two representatives from each colony, who should have power to deal with those matters of common interest with which no local parliament could deal single-handed, and also with any other matters that might be referred to it by two or more members of the group. New South Wales and New Zealand declined to approve of this proposal, and though concessions were made to their views, steadfastly refused to accept its jurisdiction. An act was obtained from the British Parliament permitting the council to be called into existence at the request of any three colonies. This condition was duly complied with, and its first meeting was held at Hobart, in 1886, under the presidency of Mr. Service. Representatives from Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania, Western Australia, and Fiji attended, but little more was attempted at this meeting than to inaugurate the council. Its founders felt that it was at least an outward and visible sign of Australasian unity, and trusted to time and conciliation to bring the absent members of the group into the fold.

In 1887 a conference of an unprecedented kind was held in London, at which all the colonies of the British Empire were represented on the invitation of the British Government. It is not too much to say that the chief place at the gathering was allotted to Australia, because the only practical results of that conference were Australian. First there was the agreement to contribute to the cost of an additional imperial squadron in Australasian seas, and next the unequivocal assurance which the Marquis of Salisbury received, and upon which he acted, that under no circumstances would the colonies consent to the cession of the New Hebrides to France. In point of fact, the decisive ultimatum of the British Government, withheld until then, went to Paris immediately after this expression of opinion, and the French evacuation of the

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New Hebrides followed in due course. But even at the council table in the Colonial Office, the want of unanimity among the delegates discovered itself at every turn. The terms upon which the squadron was agreed to be built, though fair, were less favorable than they would have been if the colonial representatives had acted together cordially. There was sufficient general agreement to impress the minds of imperial ministers, who, like Lord Knutsford, proved themselves considerate and generous friends to the colonies; but there might have been a much deeper impression upon the people and government of Great Britain if there had been unanimity. We might have seen the first step taken toward the practical adoption for the Australasian Pacific of a policy akin to that expressed by the Monroe doctrine in America.

The Federal Council sat in 1888, but for diplomatic reasons refrained from taking decisive action of any kind. Its president that year was Sir Samuel Griffith, a very able young Welshman, educated in the colonies, who rose rapidly to the leadership of the Queensland bar, and of one of its political parties, who drafted the Federal Council act of 1883, and is chiefly responsible for the form of the Commonwealth Bill now under consideration. In 1889 the session opened under more cheering auspices, since South Australian representatives appeared for the first time. The Council then spoke for the whole of Australia with the exception of New South Wales. It was resolved that its constitution should be amended, so as to increase the number of representatives according to a scale with a maximum of six for the most populous colonies, so that if all joined it would comprise thirty-six members. This step being gained, it was intended that subsequently the powers of the enlarged Council might be correspondingly enhanced. These projects were never regarded as final, but merely as another step toward complete federation. In this third session the presidency fell to the Honorable Thomas Playford, then and now prime minister of South Australia, a politician of long experience and great acumen, whose integrity of character had assisted to give him his influence in parliament, and who has always taken a large view of his Australian responsibilities. The last sitting of the Council took place in January of this year, when, owing to an unseemly piece of partisanship on the part of the South Australian Upper House, that colony was excluded. In view of this and other changes in the situation, the meeting was robbed of most of its interest. The Federal Council, however, was and is a real union, possesses an authority which though undefined is already wide, and which is capable of indefinite expansion. Its measures, though but seven in all, have been practical and useful, and it is still available for national emergencies, and if by any chance the greater scheme now afoot should unfortunately miscarry.

The stumbling-block to the success of the Council has always been the abstention of New South Wales, or it might be almost as correct to say, of Sir Henry Parkes, the political leader of that colony. English by birth and Australian by adoption, this statesman, now in his seventy-seventh year, is a man of remarkably robust intellect and physique, with a catholic taste in literature and art, an unrivalled knowledge of politics and political tactics, and a power of speech which has enabled him to win and retain a position of paramount influence in his own colony. He has always been an advocate of federation, and at one time drafted a bill which anticipated the measure establishing the Federal Council in many points. But, up till 1889 he declined to attach himself to the movement of which it was the outcome. The report of General Edwards, who visited the colonies at their request to criticise their military forces, pointed of course to centralization of control as an essential for effective defence. After its perusal Sir Henry Parkes at once invited the colonies to consider the wisdom of an immediate union. His opponents urge that his apprehensions of a protectionist victory in New South Wales led him to take this way of escape from an impending free-trade defeat; but it is probable that the proposed enlargement of the Federal Council had much more to do

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with the alteration of his demeanor. He foresaw that with such a council in action New South Wales would be isolated and overshadowed, if not compelled to seek admission. The veteran politician, by making this new departure, took a step which at all events mitigated that danger. Accordingly in January, 1890, there assembled in Melbourne a preliminary conference, composed of two delegates from each colony. The Honorable Duncan Gillies, prime minister of Victoria, upon whom had fallen the mantle of Mr. Service, presided at the sittings. A Scotchman, like his former chief, and like him identified with the early history of the colony, Mr. Gillies has proved his title to be the first parliamentarian of his colony, and its best debater. His eminence is illustrated by the great personal influence which he has enjoyed for nearly a quarter of a century, and the fact that he was head of an administration which lasted for five years. The conference under his presidency unanimously agreed that the time for complete federation had come, and decided that the parliaments of the colonies should be invited to appoint delegates to a convention, twelve months later, to draft a constitution which could be submitted to the people and legislatures of the group.

The National Australian Convention called in obedience to this determination sat in Sydney in March and April of this year. It was certainly the most important political body which has ever assembled in Australia. Imposing in mere numbers, it embraced seven representatives each from New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania, with three from New Zealand, a colony not proposing to enter the Union at once, but desiring to be heard on the ground that it might seek entrance at a later date. The prime minister and the leader of the opposition of every other colony were present. There were thirteen members of existing administrations, two speakers, and twenty-five others who had been at some time ministers of the crown. One of these, Sir George Grey, K.C.B., was also formerly governor of New Zealand. Only five members of the Convention had not held office, and four of these came from Western Australia, where responsible government has only just been attained. All were members of parliament, and each colony made its choice from both chambers of the legislature. The Convention therefore embodied the ripest political knowledge of the whole group, and though there were men whose absence was regretted, it is improbable that the aggregate could have been much improved, or that even a convention directly elected by the people, though it would then have possessed a higher sanction and a fuller authority, would have been more capable of accomplishing its task.

The Convention sat for twenty-two days, under the presidency of Sir Henry Parkes, and for six days a majority of its members were engaged in committee. But the twenty-eight formal sittings do not by any means include all the time devoted to their task. It may safely be said that, with no more than necessary intervals, the delegates devoted themselves to their work day by day, and every day, as well as a good many nights, for six weeks. The Hansard report of the public discussions, though it does not include committee work, makes a bulky volume of nearly a thousand pages royal octavo. It is thought that there are few arguments for or against the bill not educed in some speeches, though many were elaborated and all were reviewed in committee. The discussions were often warm, and at times impassioned, and so strongly did feeling run that at one stage of the proceedings there were many prophecies that the assembly would break up without accomplishing anything. At last, by mutual concession and with much persuasion, the opposite parties were blended sufficiently in committee to secure a majority in favor of a particular scheme, which was duly drafted in the form of a bill, and after a short struggle adopted by the whole body with but trifling amendments. Twenty-three divisions were taken, but if the bill as a whole had been put to vote at the last moment, it is doubtful if a single member would have been opposed to it. So far as the conduct of its proceedings was concerned,

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the Convention therefore may fairly be pronounced a success. It was composed of men whose political experiences were wholly Australian; some had travelled two thousand miles to be present, and many had never met before. They were under no compulsion to concede anything to each other, and with but the vaguest instructions from those for whom they spoke; they were of all shades of political opinion, of all ages, and of all varieties of British nationality, about one-fourth of them having been born in the colonies. The mere fact of their general agreement testifies to a certain fitness for self-government and experience of its working.

The important question of the sacrifices to be made by the local governments, for the endowment of the central government, was settled with comparatively little difficulty. Practically all the powers of Congress, save that of making war, and all the prohibitions of anti-federal State action in the American Constitution have been settled upon the commonwealth. Practically all the authorities specifically assigned to the Canadian Parliament, except those relating to the criminal law, its courts, and penitentiaries, are included within the charter of the Federal Parliament. Following the United States model, and in contrast to that of Canada, the undefined margin of legislative authority not precisely surrendered to the central government is retained by the local legislatures. The commonwealth will have exclusive control of defence, customs, and excise, postal and telegraphic services, navigation, shipping, and lighthouses, marriage and divorce, banking, coinage, aliens, and external affairs. It will have a general and unlimited right of taxation in national emergencies. The privileges peculiar to it are the power to deal with islands of the Pacific; river navigation with respect to the common purposes of two or more states; the control of railways with respect to transport for the purposes of the commonwealth; matters referred to the parliament of the commonwealth from the parliaments of states desiring a common law, and the affairs of people of any race, excluding aboriginals and Maories, with respect to whom it is deemed necessary to make special laws not applicable to the general community. While therefore the colonies will still control their lands, mines, forests, railways, irrigation, and other public works, education, the administration of justice, municipal affairs, and general legislation, the commonwealth will be no insignificant or dependent estate, but will possess all the potentialities of the Swiss, Canadian, and United States federal governments. The provision as to references from the local to the central legislature will enable them to be increased in the future according to the necessities of time.

This point apart, the Convention debates may be briefly summarized, because as a matter of fact the whole of the differences of opinion clustered about a single issue. It was evidently agreed at once that the new Parliament must, like that of the United States, comprise two chambers, one elected by the people on the basis of numbers, and the other elected by the colonies, in which each should have the same numerical strength. The separation of the executive from the legislative, which obtains in the American republic, was not in favor, though there was a leaning on the part of a minority to the Swiss method of electing ministers by both chambers, thus abolishing party government and responsible government, as it exists in Great Britain and in the colonies. This innovation never reached a formal proposition; nor did the Canadian plan, by which the separate colonies are subordinated to the central government, receive support from any quarter. A proposition to make the governor-general elective was rejected as inconsistent with our political system, under which the head of the state is not permitted to be a partisan or to act except upon the advice of his ministers. The battle raged around one point only, and was practically concluded by its decision. The all-important question was, Should the Senate be allowed equal powers with the House of Representatives?

At first sight this may seem a matter of secondary importance, but the fact that by the second day it had divided

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the Convention into two distinct and hostile parties, indicates its vital nature. To make the Senate the superior body, as in the United States, implied the subordination of the populous and wealthy colonies of New South Wales and Victoria to communities not one-quarter as developed. On the other hand, to unduly limit senatorial authority meant that the smaller states would be absolutely at the mercy of the majority of people residing in the largest colonies. The advocates of the lower chamber took their stand upon the British practice, which forbids the House of Lords to amend bills raising or expending the public funds, declaring that the people would never submit to be taxed by a Senate to which they did not send representatives directly. On the other hand, their opponents insisted that unless the Senate were enabled to amend money bills, the smaller colonies might fail to receive their due share of expenditure, or be made the victims of unfair levies. The Liberals leant naturally enough to the side of popular Houses, while the Conservatives for the most part favored the Senate. Again, those who wished to see Australia most closely federal, and federated on most topics, supported the larger House, as representing the people of Australia without distinction as to colony; while those who preferred a loose kind of federation or confederation, and jealously guarded state autonomy at every point, clove to the Upper Chamber. At the outset the Senate party were in a majority of five to one, and, indeed, there were opposed to them, out of the whole Convention, only the prime ministers of New South Wales, South Australia, and the five members of the Victoria Assembly. After a keen debate in the Convention and a prolonged struggle in the Committee, it was agreed that in general legislation the two Houses should be co-ordinate, but that the Senate could not be permitted to originate or amend money bills. It might make suggestions for their amendment, and these the House of Representatives could consider, accepting or rejecting them at pleasure; but after having made its suggestions, the Senate, like the House of Lords, must either take the bill as returned to it, or reject it altogether. This has been the practice in South Australia for some time, and has therefore received a certain trial, but the strain upon a Federal Legislature is likely to be more severe. Collisions between local chambers have occurred at times in the colonies and have been settled more or less satisfactorily. The good sense and self-restraint which have sufficed in the smaller area must be relied upon in future struggles on a larger field.

Americans may not unnaturally exhibit some surprise that this particular question should have been so hotly contested; for with them the Senate amends money measures freely, a disagreement of the two Houses evokes no special comment, and does no positive injury: the machinery of government proceeds as usual. The situation is totally changed, however, when responsible government is introduced, for it is then as if the President and his cabinet were ranged among the members of the directly elected Chamber, when pitted against a Senate which has been deprived of all executive control. A majority of the electors, a majority of their representatives, and the administration with all its ramifications united in this way, must form an almost irresistible attacking force. The American Senate might sustain the shock, and an Australian Senate under the new constitution would have a formidable power of resistance; but public opinion under a responsible government takes a much more precise shape, takes it more rapidly, and is enabled to compel its leaders in the popular House to take aggressive action much more effectively than in America. By its control of the administration the House of Representatives will possess powers of coercion unknown in the United States. The prohibition against the amendment of money bills is not in itself very coercive, but it is at least a means of attack which can be employed at times. Its real significance is that it gives priority and superiority to the popular chamber, as well as additional prestige. Englishmen would probably marvel at the power entrusted to the Upper Chamber, but the fact that it is a Federal House distinguishes it

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entirely from an hereditary chamber like the House of Lords, and even from the elective Upper Houses of Victoria and South Australia. The distinctive characteristic of the commonwealth will be that it associates a responsible government, dependent upon one chamber alone, with a second chamber strengthened by its federal origin and a kind of inviolable independence in its constituencies which will remain in some aspects, as they are now in all aspects, sovereign states. This combination is original, constitutes a type, and may properly be styled Australian.

One strong argument for the adoption of responsible government in the commonwealth is that this is the system already in force and likely to be maintained in the several colonies. Just as the central government of the United States is a copy on a large scale of the constitution in force in each State, except so far as the Senate is concerned, so the central government in Australia is to be a copy of the constitution now in force in Australia, with the exception of that of the Upper Chamber. In each country manhood suffrage is the basis of the House of Representatives, a body elected for three years, but in Australia capable of being dissolved at any time. By means of its general election it makes and unmakes administrations and new policies at uncertain intervals. The ministry, nearly all of whose members belong to the House, depends on its majority in the House, and the House depends upon the constituencies, thus forming a direct chain for the transmission of the popular will from the electoral to the executive. The second chamber in some colonies is composed of nominees appointed by successive ministries, and in others is elected upon a property franchise. Governments are represented in it only by one or two of their number, for it neither makes nor unmakes ministries, rarely takes the initiative in legislature, and has only a general veto on financial proposals. The governor is theoretically able to summon and dismiss ministries at his pleasure, but as parliament possesses the power of granting or refusing supplies, he could readily be compelled to accept the leaders and the policy favored by the legislature. As a matter of fact, he invariably does so without demur, and the control of the country remains in their hands. The one occasion when a governor is called upon to take part in current politics is when he accepts or rejects the advice tendered to him by ministers to send the House of Representatives to its constituents before its term has expired. In this case, should he decline to act as advised, he must find new advisers who agree with him in his refusal and take the responsibility of it to the House. Unless they can command a majority there, they will be promptly ousted, so that in the solitary instance in which a governor can intervene in politics he can only delay the determination which, under all circumstances and in all cases, rests with parliament. In Canada parliament means the House of Representatives; for the Senate consists of nominees. Even the States of which the North American Federation is composed are subject to that body in all their legislation. But in Australia Parliament will always consist of two Houses, with states as supreme as those of the great Republic behind the Upper Chamber.

In working their British constitutions with chambers which are either nominee or directly elected, the colonies have made a considerable departure from their model. The commonwealth departs even more decisively from the familiar lines both in the appointment and authority of the Senate. In both respects its founders have confessed the influence of American example. The same influence is again apparent in the machinery provided for the alteration of the constitution, which requires that any amendment must be endorsed not only by both Houses, which would be sufficient in Great Britain or in Canada, but also by a majority of the voters in a majority of the states. The difference between this and the United States practice is, that while the will of the people of the American republic may be expressed either by their State legislatures or by conventions elected for the purpose, and has in fact been always expressed by the State parliaments, in Australia the legislatures are entirely

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excluded and the issue is required to be submitted to conventions in all cases.

The alternative method by which the legislatures of two-thirds of the United States may cause a convention to be summoned to draft and submit constitutional amendments, finds no parallel in the commonwealth, perhaps because it has never been employed in America. The colonial method, while jealously preserving state demarcations, brings the central legislature and the people closer together without the intervention of the local parliaments. This interesting combination of British with American constitutional forms is also distinctively Australian, and will undoubtedly develop on different lines to any existing state. It would be difficult to find any constitutions more liberal in their general principles, or more capable of being thoroughly liberalized, than are those now enjoyed in Australia. That proposed for the commonwealth is in one respect an advance upon them all, since a majority of the members of its Senate must be elected by the popular chambers of the several colonies, always numerically much stronger than their legislative councils. This not only renders the constitution more democratic, but more workable than those of the several colonies. As the local assemblies are returned by universal suffrage, we must look to the electors to insist upon their choice of senators of like mind with the members of the commonwealth House of Representatives, and thus harmonize two chambers which are endowed with co-ordinate powers on most questions, and authorities which may conflict in all.

The immediate prospects of federation depend upon the politics and politicians in each colony, and as a rule the outlook is not promising. The first body consulted has been the New South Wales Assembly, in which an attack was immediately made upon the proposed bill. This was defeated, but the free-trade government, which has never had more than a bare majority, was instantly faced by an opposition motion of want of confidence, and leading to a dissolution in June, at which the federal issue was submitted to the electors. As invariably happens, the verdicts of the various constituencies were not given on the same grounds. In a few the free trade or protection bias of the candidates determined their fate, but in most a new labor party swept the polls, bearing down free-traders, protectionists, federalists, and anti-federalists indifferently before them. They have returned a sufficient number of members to hold the balance of power between ministry and opposition. Their views upon the bill are not known, but their general feeling is understood to be antagonistic to one or two of its chief provisions.

The Victorian Parliament is at the time of writing engaged in discussing resolutions generally approving of the measure, and proposing to remit it after debate, and possibly after amendment, to the people. This will take place at the next general election, which must be held within the next seven or eight months, and may occur much earlier. The remission will not be, as in New South Wales, by means of candidates seeking seats in the new parliament, who declare themselves on this and other questions, but to a separate vote in separate ballot-boxes, which will render it an equivalent of the Swiss Referendum. Two amendments hostile to federation having been almost unanimously rejected, it appears probable that Victoria will adopt the bill pending its submission to the people. Mr. Munro, the present prime minister, has always declared in favor of federation, and some ten years since challenged the opinion of parliament upon it. Mr. Gillies, the leader of the opposition, maintains his former attitude, so that on this point both parties in the colony are already united. In South Australia the debate upon similar resolutions is just about commencing, and is expected to result in favor of the convention scheme, though there is a likelihood of one or two amendments. The adherence of Queensland is anticipated, with a probable remission of the bill to a local convention, and the adhesion of Tasmania is considered sure. On the other hand, it is certain that New Zealand will not join at present, and it is very probable that Western Australia will stand alone for a short time. If

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New South Wales consents, the probability is that the whole continent will be federated in three years. If she stands apart, as she probably will, it is possible, but not probable, that Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, and Tasmania may form an union into which their neighbors on the mainland will come at a later day. Acceptance of the bill without amendment appears probable at present only in Victoria and Tasmania.

The objections taken to the measure so far proceed almost wholly from the radical ranks. There are those who desire that the limitation of each man to a single vote shall be made a condition precedent to the establishment of the new constitution; others foresee danger in the special powers of suggestion entrusted to the Senate; while a third party desire that the state representatives in the Upper Chamber shall be elected by the people directly. In New South Wales a few politicians oppose the scheme because they know it will necessarily imply an Australian system of protection; while a few protectionists in Victoria dread the operation of inter-colonial free-trade; but neither of these opinions is likely to prove of importance. The conservative aspiration for a supreme Senate seems to have been abandoned, and dislike to the republican ring of the name commonwealth to have died away. The labor party suspect the bill more because of the men who support it than from any definite apprehensions, so that if the federal issue could be fairly and separately submitted to the people in all the colonies it would in all likelihood result in a majority on the side of union.

Whatever may be the outcome of the party struggles which now, as always, occupy the chief place in the local parliaments, and may be the means of obscuring or temporarily defeating federation, the power that makes for union is certain ultimately to accomplish its end. Nor should it be many years before this consummation is reached, seeing that the whole subject has now been thrashed out, and a practical scheme submitted upon which criticism can exhaust itself so as to educate public opinion. It cannot be set aside without discussion by even the most narrow party men, and criticism is likely to commend it in the long run to thoughtful citizens. The bill is not perfect, but whatever its faults when judged by an ideal standard, it is the crown and culmination of a long effort after union, which partly blind, and partly conscious, partly occasioned by the pressure of external need, and partly inspired by a deep national aspiration, has produced in its due time a birth which must be reckoned with for the future, no matter what its immediate fate may be. The draft constitution is at least a landmark, and in all likelihood very much more than that, even under most adverse circumstances. It is an embodiment of a great principle which may be superseded, but cannot be effaced or ignored. All sections of the population have contributed in their turn to the task of preparing for it. The Australian-born Wentworth, who led the way, is followed by an earnest throng of his countrymen, who, through their special association, have done much to maintain and extend the ambition for union. From his time to the present hour leaders of the movement have risen indifferently from the several nationalities and the several colonies: the Englishmen Parkes and Playford, the Scotchmen Service and Gillies, the Irishmen Duffy and Macrossan, and the Welshman Griffith. The press is all but unanimous in its favor, and it is at least as able and influential here as in the other Anglo-Saxon communities. The cause of union, sacred to the hearts of tens of thousands now, will continue to grow upon them and to inspire others until it attains its exalted aim. When its commonwealth is established, Australia will have acquired an august political organization, capable of responding to the fullest demands of national life; within which all the latent forces of its people may expand without difficulty or danger, peacefully attaining their free fruition under the shelter of a citizen army and an effective fleet, without peer or rival in the southern seas.

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IN NOVEMBER.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

The ruddy sunset lies
  Banked along the west,
In flocks with sweep and rise
  The birds are going to rest.

The air clings and cools,
  And the reeds look cold
Standing above the pools
  Like rods of beaten gold.

The flaunting golden-rod
  Has lost her worldly mood,
She's given herself to God
  And taken a nun's hood.

The wild and wanton horde
  That kept the summer revel
Have taken the serge and cord
  And given the slip to the Devil.

The winter's loose somewhere,
  Gathering snow for a fight;
From the feel of the air
  I think it will freeze to-night.

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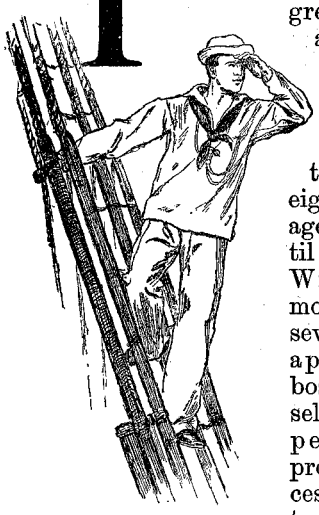
THE UNITED STATES NAVAL APPRENTICE SYSTEM.

By Lieutenant A. B. Wyckoff, U.S.N.



THE first attempt to establish an apprentice system was in 1837, when Congress passed an act making it "lawful to enlist boys for the navy, not being under thirteen nor over eighteen years of age, to serve until twenty-one." Within a few months there were several hundred apprentices on board naval vessels, and the experiment gave promise of success. The secretary directed that the boys were to be "thoroughly instructed so as to best qualify them to perform the duties of seamen and petty officers." The law of Congress was enacted eight years before the establishment of the United States Naval Academy, and the impression seems to have gone abroad that the apprentices would eventually receive commissions as officers. In consequence, many boys from influential families enlisted. But when only two of their number received appointments as midshipmen, the remainder became dissatisfied and brought such pressure to bear on the Secretary of the Navy that their requests for discharges were granted. In 1843 the attempt to keep the act of Congress in force was abandoned.

Twenty years thereafter Captain S. B. Luce and the officers of the practice ship Macedonian had an opportunity to thoroughly examine the English apprentice system at Portsmouth and Plymouth. Upon their return they made such favorable reports to Secretary Welles as led to the revival of the law of 1837. It was in the midst of the Civil War, and patriotic impulse influenced many boys of superior position to enlist. A few of these were admitted to the Naval Academy, and, as soon as this was known, the training ship Sabine was thronged with ambitious boys, who could not gain appointments through the members of Congress or the President. This annual selection of a few of the apprentices for the Naval Academy continued for several years; but it was found that this rendered the remainder discontented, and the majority either deserted or secured their discharges through political influence. The apprentice system was again declared to be a failure.

For ten years after the close of the war our officers contended with extreme difficulties in keeping up the well-deserved reputation of our naval vessels, because of the very bad class of men that composed the crews. The percentage of Americans in the service was small, and it was no unusual circumstance to have the powder division of a ship made up almost entirely of foreigners, who could neither speak nor understand English. The intelligent officers of our navy could not rest content with this anomalous condition of affairs, and constantly suggested improvements. Several of these were adopted, but the amelioration of the character of our men-of-wars men was very gradual.

The success of the apprentice system in the European navies pointed to the only effective solution of the question. This fact was so fully impressed upon Secretary Robeson, that, notwithstanding the former failures, he issued a circular, April 8, 1875, again reviving the law of 1837, but avoiding previous mistakes in the details of execution. The circular distinctly states that the education of the boys will comprise only the elements of an English education, alternating with practical seamanship and other professional occupations designed to prepare them for *sailors in the navy.*

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The frigates Minnesota and Constitution, and the sloops Portsmouth and Saratoga were commissioned as "school" and "training" ships. The qualifications for admission as apprentices, at present, are almost identical with those in the circular of 1875, except an increase in the age limit, which is now from fourteen to eighteen. Each boy must satisfy the examining board of officers that he is of robust frame, intelligent, of perfectly sound and healthy constitution, and that he is able to read and write. In special cases, where the boy shows general intelligence and is otherwise qualified, he may be enlisted when his reading and writing are imperfect. Upon presenting himself for enlistment, he must be accompanied by a parent or guardian. When these reside at a distance, however, printed forms will be sent them by which the enlistment can be perfected. Boys of bad character will not be received, and no allowance is made for travelling expenses.

If the boy is found to be qualified in every way, he signs an agreement to serve continuously until he is twenty-one years of age. He then receives an outfit of clothing, which must not exceed $45 in value. If afterward discharged at his own request this amount must be refunded. His pay is $9 per month, and one ration. If deserving, he may be promoted to $10 and $11 per month, while serving on the training ships. After the first six months on a cruising vessel, his pay can be advanced to $19, and after one year to $24, if a board of officers is satisfied as to his physical and professional qualifications. When he has $30 on the books he can allot a portion of his pay to his family. If recommended for an honorable discharge, when he becomes of age, he will receive a continuous service certificate, which, upon re-enlistment within three months, entitles him to pay during that time, and an addition of one dollar per month to that of his rating. After his re-entry into the service he will be eligible for the position of a petty officer, with increased pay, at the discretion of his commanding officer. Those injured in the service, or having contracted disease in the line of duty, will be given a pension. Boys are enlisted on the receiving ships at the navy yards on the Atlantic coast, on the Michigan at Erie, Pa., and the Minnesota, at New York. They must be sent to the training station as soon after enlistment as practicable.

This training station is at Coaster's Harbor Island, near Newport, R. I. On December 20, 1880, the people of Newport ceded "Woonachasset," or Coaster's Harbor Island, to the State, and on March 2, 1881, Rhode Island ceded title and jurisdiction to the United States, for the purpose of a training station. On August 7, 1882, Congress accepted "the cession by the State of Rhode Island to the United States of said island for use as a Naval Training Station."

Coaster's Harbor Island contains ninety acres of land, and is less than two miles from the city. Its surface is rolling and of pleasing aspect, and the whole marine activity of the bay is visible from it. A causeway connects it with Rhode Island, so that free access to the city of Newport can be had, even when ice and fog interrupt the trips of the ferry-boats. The island is in every way an admirable location for a training station, except for the long and severe winters, which interfere seriously with the open-air drills and exercises.

The old double-deck frigate New Hampshire was brought to Newport in August, 1881, and was eventually moored to a large quay extending out from Coaster's Harbor Island. She was housed in, heated with steam, and lighted by electricity. A large reservoir on the highest part of the island, kept filled by pumps from deep drive-wells, furnished an abundant supply of pure water to the ship, for cooking, washing, and bathing purposes. The New Hampshire comfortably accommodated five hundred apprentices. They slept in hammocks, assisted in keeping the ship clean, and in various ways were gradually accustomed to a nautical life. The daily routine began at 5.30, when "reveille" was sounded and all hammocks were lashed and stowed. After an early breakfast of hot cocoa and bread, they washed their clothes, scrubbed decks, and bathed. Three "square" meals were given them,

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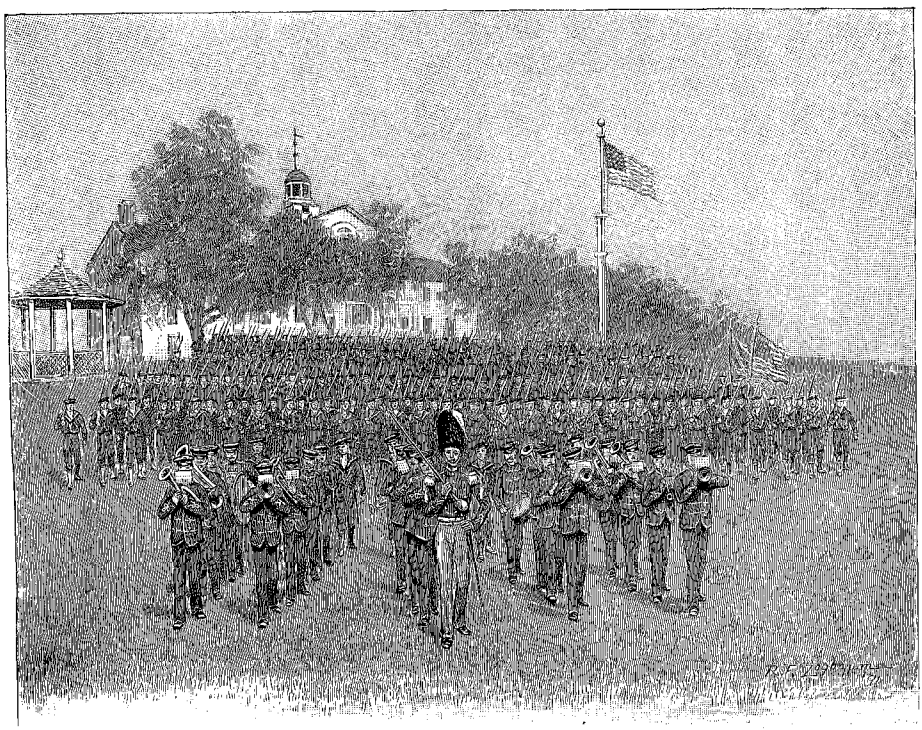

The Battalion.

and about six hours daily were occupied with studies and drills. "Tattoo" was sounded at 9 P.M., when all had to be in their hammocks and keep quiet.

An epidemic of typhoid fever some time since caused the temporary removal of the comfortable old New Hampshire to New London, where she was "frozen out" to eliminate any traces of the disease. The boys were taken on shore and quartered in the gymnasium. The Richmond was sent to take the place of the New Hampshire, but being a much smaller vessel, could only accommodate a portion of the boys at a time. They have had, therefore, the benefits of both the barrack and ship systems of training, each of which has its earnest advocates among the officers of the service. The same routine is practically enforced.

Many kinds of games are furnished the boys, and they have free access to a splendid library. The hours after supper and Saturday afternoons are entirely given up to recreation. They have their ball clubs, and the large area of the island gives plenty of room for athletic exercises. Those whose conduct admits of the privilege, are allowed to visit the city at least one afternoon each week, and large squads are frequently sent to the theatre. Entertainments are also given in the drill-hall every Friday evening during the winter months. The boys settle down very quickly to the prescribed routine, and, as a rule, are quite contented. Their surroundings are probably more comfortable than at home, and the food is abundant and of excellent quality. The drills and exercises are not severe, and the rapidity of the boys' physical development, under such auspicious circumstances, is very remarkable. Their fine, healthy appearance was particularly commented upon by the public press when they took part in the inaugural parade in 1889.

There are three departments of instruction, viz., seamanship, gunnery, and English. The latter includes read-

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In Battery.

ing, spelling, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, and singing. The instruction in the professional branches is made as practical as possible. The lessons in gunnery seem particularly interesting to the boys, and they soon acquire a considerable knowledge of magazines, projectiles, fuses, primers, torpedoes, etc. All boys love a gun, whether big or little, and their military ardor makes it a pleasure to drill them as infantry or at the great guns. Instruction is also given in fencing, boxing, and gymnastics.

Most of the boys show considerable aptitude in learning all a sailor's duties aboard ship. The compass, lead, and log are stumbling-blocks to some, and at first there is a timidity about work aloft. But they soon delight in being in the tops, and become as nimble as squirrels in climbing the rigging. They take naturally to boats and swimming, and the boy who has once slept in a hammock never again desires a bed.

The apprentices are divided into gun crews, and the gun captains are selected for good conduct, military bearing, and general proficiency. These petty officers are required to preserve order and discipline in their crews at all formations, and in marching to and from the recitation-rooms. It is very noticeable how quickly this little authority develops the bearing and habit of command in the boy, and furnishes a valuable suggestion as to what would be the result on board all of our men-of-war if the petty officers were trusted and given more responsibility.

The apprentices are generally very amenable to discipline, notwithstanding the fact that the majority of them come from the tenement-house districts of cities. The change of surroundings, and the orderly routine of the ship and barracks have an instant effect. A new chapter has opened in the life of the street gamin, and frequently he develops into a reliable, energetic man. Of course, many vicious boys are shipped, and some of them give considerable trouble. But as the apprentice is constantly under the oversight of an officer or schoolmaster, his character is soon known, and the incorrigible boy is summarily dismissed from the service. The most difficult boy to instruct and discipline, however, is the one who comes from a family in good circumstances, but who has grown up without any home training. When their son is found to be beyond their control, the parents seize upon the opportunity of placing him

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under naval discipline. There is no thought of his remaining permanently in the navy, and in a few weeks or months he either deserts, or his parents relent and secure his discharge. The poorer and more friendless the boy, the greater the chance of his making a competent and contented man-of-wars man.

The apprentice is supposed to remain at the training station for at least six months. During that time, even with the very limited number of instructors, the average boy learns more about his future profession than the average "landsman" on a man-of-war does in a three years' cruise.

The instructors or schoolmasters are all ex-apprentices, who have re-entered the service upon the expiration of their enlistments. They are well qualified for their positions and, having been given a certain amount of authority, and are the drill-masters at all except general exercises. As in the case of the gun-captains, so with these schoolmasters; they show what petty officers in the service might become, if uniformed, given some authority, and inspired with confidence and self-respect.

There are several line-officers attached to the training station, who supervise the discipline and instruction. Their number is always inadequate to give that thorough attention to details which would still further improve the efficiency of the school. Four warrant officers are supposed to give technical instruction in their specialties, but the limited number of watch officers usually causes their assignment to that duty. A chaplain looks after the moral training of the boys, and is always ready with

Boat Exercise.

through the school, appreciate the essentials both in drills and discipline. They have a uniform different from the blue-jackets, consisting of a coat with brass buttons and a cap. They are friendly counsel and sympathy to inspire them with higher ideals of manhood. He conducts a service every Sabbath, and, with the assistance of the officers and some benevolent ladies, a

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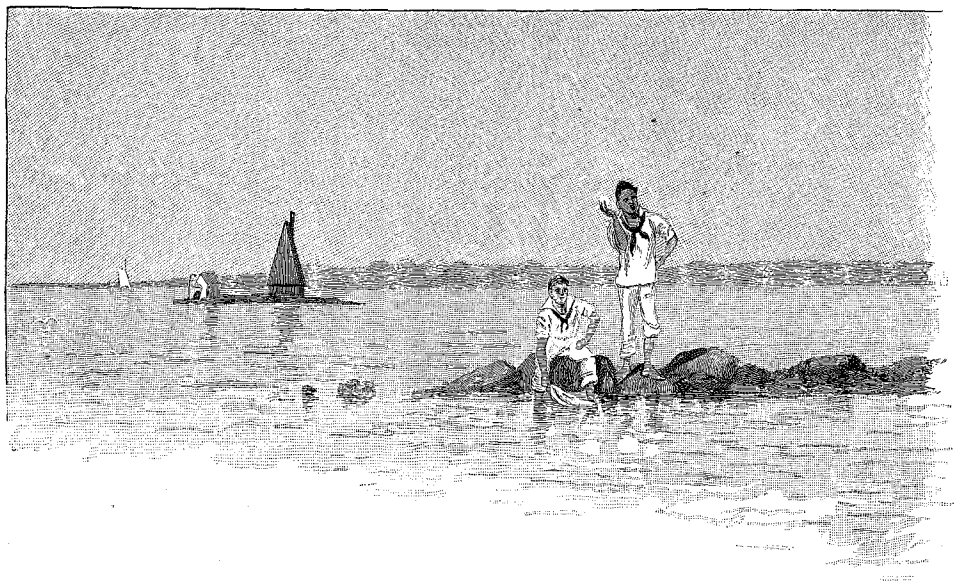

Wash Day.

successful Sunday-school. The Catholics are permitted to attend their own church, and the chaplain and the parish priest work together in entire harmony in their efforts for the moral welfare of the boys.

A sentence in a daily paper, which has just caught my eye, expresses volumes regarding the conduct of the apprentices: "Mayor Coggeshall, of Newport, R. I., in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, says, in regard to the apprentice boys at the naval training station: 'The boys are uniformly well behaved; courteous to our citizens; and it is an exception when reproof is necessary. It is due to these lads, without home influence, to assure you of their manliness when in our city.'" It is often asserted that the apprentices are "coddled" too much at the training station, and that their generous treatment there makes them immediately discontented when transferred to the necessary hardships incident to their positions on the training ships and cruisers. This may be true to a certain extent, but the changes to assimilate their condition to what it will be in actual service should be undertaken with extreme care.

Twice annually the sloops Jamestown and Portsmouth appear at Newport, and about seventy boys are drafted to each. The capacity of these vessels being insufficient, the Monongahela is soon to be added to the training fleet. The training ships make a summer cruise to Europe, and a winter cruise to the West Indies. Only half of the crews are changed at a time, and each apprentice remains on board a year. This year is supposed to transform the boy into a deep-water sailor. Their former instruction is continued, but the principal result is a splendid development of physique, a thorough knowledge of a sailing ship, and perfect fearlessness and activity aloft.

There has been some criticism of these "obsolete" ships, but the consensus of opinion in the service is decidedly in favor of this year of training on a sailing vessel, because of the general result to character and the physical condition of the apprentice. A very proper criticism upon both the training school and ships is the entirely obsolete materials which are provided for the drills and exercises. Both should be furnished with the most recent great guns and machine guns, so that while the apprentice is being made a sailor, he can also be trained in the use of the weapons which he must eventually handle. It would no doubt save some excellent boys to the service, and perhaps produce other beneficial results, if the train-

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ing ships came to Newport only once each year. They could then take their full complement and make a cruise of eleven months to Europe and the West Indies, always arranging to keep in warm climates. The old sloops of war are very uncomfortable in cold weather, and the drills aloft must be curtailed or expose the boys unnecessarily to inclement conditions. In addition, they are rendered discontented, while in the home ports, by frequent communication with their friends, which leads many to desert or procure their discharges. If they were kept abroad they would not desert, and would probably become so accustomed to their surroundings as to imbibe a liking for their new profession.

When the year on the training ship is completed, the apprentice is transferred to a regular man-of-war. Here his education is still continued, and the remainder of his enlistment is none too long for him to become thoroughly acquainted with a modern ship and her armament.

After re-enlistment, such ex-apprentices as have shown a proper aptitude can be sent to the Washington Navy-yard for a six months course of instruction in gunnery. A limited number of these are afterward detailed to Newport, R. I., for an equal length of time, to be given a practical knowledge of electricity and torpedoes. They then graduate into the service as seamen-gunners, which insures them petty officer's billets and better pay. The ram Alarm is being fitted out for the more complete instruction of gun-captains, to meet a positive necessity.

After a description of our own apprentice system, it will be instructive to glance at those of foreign countries.

Until the year 1853 the war vessels of Great Britain were manned by volun-

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teers for the commission, and they were paid off when the ship returned from a cruise. It was anticipated that there would be a sufficient number of volunteers should an emergency occur requiring a large number of men. But the exigency having arisen in 1850, it was found impossible to secure crews for the vessels ordered into commission. Several months would elapse before men-of-war could be gotten to sea, although the merchant marine of England numbered fully two hundred and fifty thousand men at that time. Notwithstanding the special inducements offered, the difficulty continued until careful consideration led to the adoption of an apprentice system in 1853. England has since had many failures of ships and guns, but there has never been any trouble in keeping all her war vessels fully manned by efficient crews.

Boys of over fourteen will be enlisted as apprentices in England if they meet the physical requirements and can produce evidence of good character. After signing an engagement to serve until thirty years of age, they are sent to a training ship and are given an outfit of clothing. At the end of a year they may be promoted to first-class boys, and when eighteen can, if qualified, obtain the higher rating of ordinary seamen. Their future advancement then depends upon character and their aptitude for the profession. The positions of petty and warrant officers are open to them, when their annual pay would range from $400 to $800, besides a number of allowances for special qualifications. Apprentices receive regular instruction in primary studies, and great attention is paid to their physical education. Careful records are kept, which insure to merit its reward. The drills and exercises on the training brigs make seamen of them, and develop that nerve and contempt of danger which are such essential characteristics of a good sailor. When drafted to a regular man-of-war the systematic training in gunnery and torpedoes is continued, until an extensive practical technical knowledge is obtained. The allowance of increased pay for special acquirements is a very great incentive to earnest application, and will always produce beneficial results. If a man has twenty-two years of good service, when he reaches the age of forty, he can retire with a respectable pension. If he chooses to remain in active service until he is fifty, his pension is correspondingly increased.

The system of securing men for the French navy is radically different from that of the English. While the training of boy volunteers is relied upon to a certain extent, the acceptance of the principle of compulsory service greatly simplifies the problem. The number of apprentices is not fixed by law, and fluctuates with the voluntary enlistments and the demands of the service. Boys are accepted on the training ships, for preliminary instruction, between fourteen and fifteen years of age. When sixteen they must either enlist for five years or refund the expense of their previous maintenance. The apprentices who show special aptitude are sent to the training schools, and are there thoroughly instructed. These afterward receive preference in the service, and eventually fill the positions of specialists and principal petty officers. Those selected for seamen-gunners are given fifteen months of practical training. After passing the required examinations, they become the gun-captains of the fleet.

In addition to the regular apprentices, boys from the maritime population, between sixteen and eighteen, may be shipped for two years. They receive similar training to the apprentices, and, at the expiration of their enlistments, must either re-enter for five years, or be subjects to the naval inscription. These two classes are the trained men of the service. The remaining men needed are obtained by the maritime inscription, and the military conscription. The former serve five years afloat, and two in the reserve. The men transferred from the army have five years in active service, and four in the reserve.

There is a close resemblance between the German and French systems of manning their respective navies. The German boys enter the service at fifteen or sixteen, and are educated for three years. After passing the school they enlist for nine years. The apprentices are very carefully trained in all the spe-

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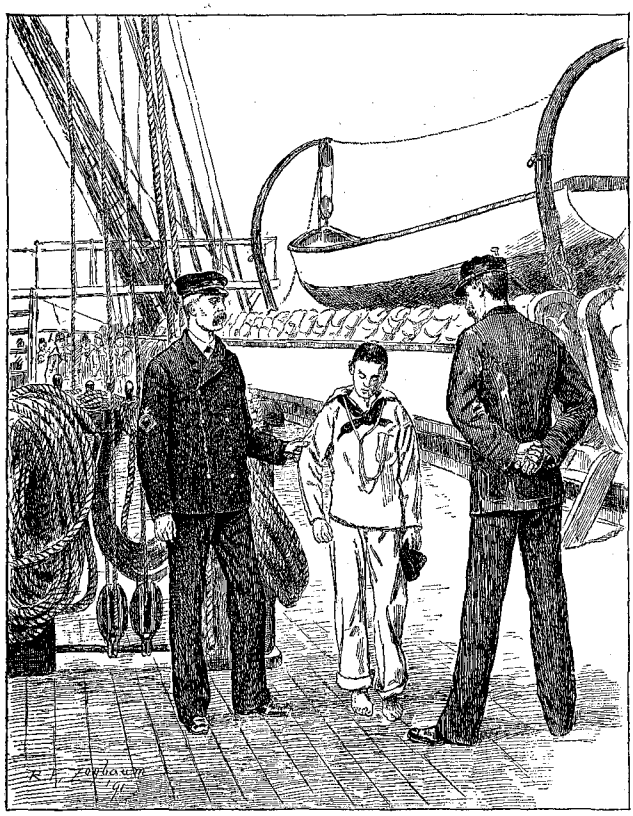
cialties, and are the main reliance for the supply of superior petty officers.

The same may be said of all European navies. While the majority of the men in each service except the English are secured by conscription, and volunteers of mature age are admitted, the apprentice system alone is trusted to furnish the skilled petty officers.



In Trouble.

In former times the ideal man-of-wars man was a good sailor, of strong, active physique. It was not necessary that he should be educated or have a high order of intelligence. His training was entirely practical. The best sailors were supposed to be careless, reckless men, who defied danger in every form at sea, and courted the worst slums of cities when on shore.

Ships were handled under sail with marvellous skill, and seamanship was a perfect science. But seamanship, considered as the science of handling a sailing ship, is a thing of the past. The developments, since the battle between the Monitor and Merrimac, have been so great that we have practically reached a new era. As the old-time battle-ship has been relegated to history, so must be the old-time man-of-wars man. An English admiral has fittingly remarked, that, "a seaman of to-day must know as much as the lieutenant of forty years ago."

After a long period of inertness and apparent indifference, our country has recently awakened to the imperative necessity of a navy, sufficient, at least, for defence. With practical unanimity the people and press have urged Congress to make the requisite appropriations. As a consequence, the progress of the construction of a new navy, during the last six years, has been very rapid. The severe tests prescribed by our naval authorities have spurred on our protesting steel manufacturers until their product is equal to any in the world. Already superior gun forgings are produced, and within two years two private establishments, which have been wisely fostered by large orders from the Government, will turn out armor-plates of any size. Many other steel works are steadily enlarging their plants. Our cruisers are well built, and those which have been tried have proved equal to any afloat of their class, in speed, facility of manœuvring, steadiness of platform, and seaworthiness. Our naval guns, also, compare favorably with those manufactured at the several celebrated private factories in Europe.

We have reason to congratulate our-

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selves as a nation upon such a result, so quickly attained. It has shown how great is American creative genius. We now have the experience, the required designs, and the plants ; only money is necessary to place the material of our navy on an equality with any in existence. But the felicitations of our people are somewhat premature. While Congress has been so generous in legislating the new navy into existence, the personnel—both officers and men—has been almost entirely neglected. The majority of the officers are struggling manfully to keep abreast of the times. The requirements of naval science are now so great, and its developments so rapid, that they must apply themselves diligently during every spare moment. The student age is long past for most of them, but in spite of their years, the *esprit de corps* is such that they will not be found wanting when the hour of trial comes.

With the men it will be different, unless some change of policy occurs. Our crews are still largely composed of the dregs of all nations. The necessities of the service prevent any but a physical standard for enlistments : and nationality, intelligence, age, and moral character are not considered. Congress should realize that new vessels and new guns are incompetent to defend the national honor, unless they are efficiently manned. The ability of our officers cannot bring success in the next naval war, unless there is more trained intelligence among their subordinates.

In former wars we looked to the merchant marine and fishing fleet for our needed volunteers, and they were an efficient reliance. But with the modern war ship the fisherman and the merchant seaman would not be any more valuable as a recruit than a landsman of greater intelligence, who could be more quickly trained as a gunner or torpedoist.

There is a consensus of opinion among naval officers regarding our unfortunate position ; but they seem to differ widely as to the manner of improving it. Logical reasoning, and the experience of foreign navies, should convince us that there is but one solution. *We must take intelligence in the formative period and train it to meet our necessities. We must have an efficient apprentice system.* Granting this, three questions arise : How shall we get a sufficient number of apprentices, how shall we train them, and how retain them in the service? The first question can be answered if Congress will authorize the enlistment annually of fifteen hundred apprentices, and make the necessary appropriations for the recruiting and training service. At present we rely upon two or three large cities to furnish the majority of our apprentices. Even in these localities we make no special effort to attract the boys. They accidentally hear of the opportunity to enlist, and then with difficulty ascertain where to present themselves. And in these cities, the boys who are homeless and friendless are hardened little sinners, as a rule, disliking all restraint, and accustomed to take care of themselves. If they are of a roving disposition, they can always ship on a merchant vessel for a short cruise, and soon have their freedom again. The boys born and bred in the country are radically different. They know little of the world, and are afraid to venture away from their family surroundings. But let the Government say to them : I will clothe you, feed you, educate you, advance you to a position of good pay and some honor and responsibility when competent, and after twenty years' service retire you on a fair pension, and there will be no difficulty in getting numbers of them to enlist. In every agricultural State there are hundreds of boys who would rejoice at such a chance. Every village would furnish its quota of poor boys, who otherwise must be bound out, or labor for very scanty wages. Compare such material for moulding into seamen with vagrants, vicious productions of tenement-houses in the cities. The rural youth would enter the navy as a profession, and not as a temporary expedient. And he would neither have the inclination nor the nerve to desert and face the uncertainties of life in a seaport.

The ignorance regarding the navy in the interior States is stupendous. The only idea, if any, the country boy has of the service was obtained from a novel of Marryat's, when his blood was curdled by the terrible brutality of

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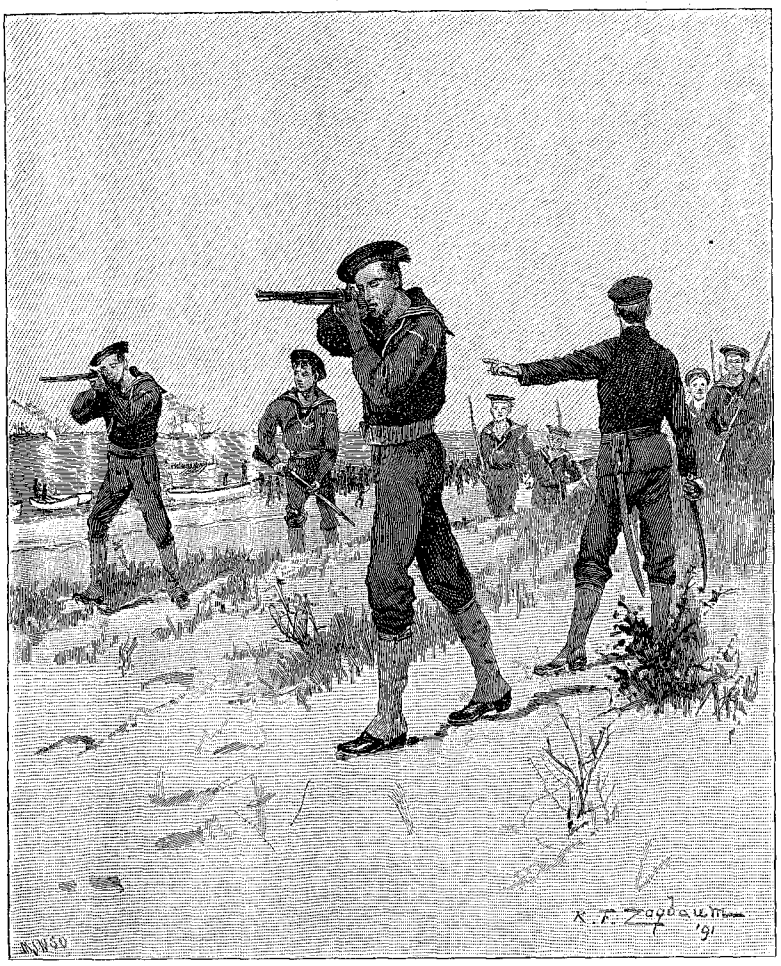
naval officers and the terrific dangers of the sea. To get this class of recruits, you must inform them of the existence



A Landing—the Advanced Skirmishers.

of the apprentice system, and the advantages it offers. The army has its recruiting stations scattered throughout the country. Why should not the navy? It is equally important to the United States, and, in an emergency, might prove more so. Why should the navy be confined to the seaports, and not have representatives of all parts of the country? Recruiting offices could be moved from place to place, advertising thoroughly in advance, and remain only a few weeks in each town. The personnel needed could be restricted to three or four persons, and the expense of each party would be small. When a dozen boys had been enlisted, they could be sent to the nearest rendezvous. In this way the navy could be Americanized and popularized, for the poor boys of every State would have an equal chance.

How should apprentices be trained? Enlist them for eight years. Give them six months' preliminary instruction, and one year on the training ships, as previously outlined. Furnish both training schools and ships with the most modern war material, and have plenty of instructors. Next send the apprentice to a cruiser for three years, and finally to a battle ship for an equal

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length of time. Throughout his entire service his instruction should be special and progressive. An individual record should be kept, and promotion given according to merit.

How shall we keep apprentices in the service? It is said that nine-tenths of the apprentices fail to re-enlist when they become of age. Many officers consider the system a failure for this reason. I do not agree with them. The Government has had three years' efficient service from the apprentices on board war vessels, where they fully earned their pay as members of the crew. The one-tenth who continue in the navy become our most intelligent petty officers. Those who decline to re-enlist would no doubt enrol themselves in the Naval Reserve, and would be the first to volunteer in the event of war.

The proportion of apprentices who remain in the service could be greatly increased if better treatment were vouchsafed them. The pay of the seamen is sufficiently large, and the navy ration is excellent. But it is very poorly cooked, and great improvement in this respect is necessary. The men's quarters have always been bad, and are much worse on the new ships than on the old ones. It does seem that very little attention is paid to their comfort in designing the modern war ships. Rectify this as far as possible. Largely increase the pay of the petty officers, and give them a uniform. Men should be promoted to petty officers only after a careful scrutiny of their record, and a satisfactory examination by a board of officers. Then they should not be reduced, except by sentence of a court-martial. Give them more authority, and make them drill-masters under the supervision of the officers. Put them in a position where they will respect themselves and have the obedience and respect of the men. They should have separate messes and quarters, and be treated as well as the non-commissioned officers in the army. Under these circumstances they will not lightly leave the service, and the apprentices will always have the stimulus of these favored billets before their eyes.

The men should be retired when they reach the age of forty, if they have had twenty years of continuous service. The English recognize that twenty years' service practically renders a man physically incompetent to perform longer the arduous duties on a man-of-war. Congress should realize this fact, and give adequate pay and pensions for the privations and hardships of a life at sea.

The Navy Department is doing all that is possible, with its limited means, to improve the efficiency of the apprentice system. If Congress would constitute a joint committee of both Houses to thoroughly investigate the personnel of the navy, it would certainly result in lasting benefit to the service.

The Bugle School.

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THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH THE CREW VANISH.

At the door of the exchange, I found myself alongside of the short, middle-aged gentleman who had made an appearance, so vigorous and so brief, in the great battle.

"Congratulate you, Mr. Dodd," he said. "You and your friend stuck to your guns nobly."

"No thanks to you, sir," I replied, "running us up a thousand at a time, and tempting all the speculators in San Francisco to come and have a try."

"Oh, that was temporary insanity," said he; "and I thank the higher powers I am still a free man. Walking this way, Mr. Dodd? I'll walk along with you. It's pleasant for an old fogy like myself to see the young bloods in the ring; I've done some pretty wild gambles in my time in this very city, when it was a smaller place and I was a younger man. Yes, I know you, Mr. Dodd. By sight, I may say I know you extremely well, you and your followers, the fellows in the kilts, eh? Pardon me. But I have the misfortune to own a little box on the Saucelito shore. I'll be glad to see you there any Sunday—without the fellows in kilts, you know; and I can give you a bottle of wine, and show you the best collection of Arctic voyages in the States. Morgan is my name—Judge Morgan—a Welshman and a forty-niner."

"Oh, if you're a pioneer," cried I, "come to me, and I'll provide you with an axe."

"You'll want your axes for yourself, I fancy," he returned, with one of his quick looks. "Unless you have private knowledge, there will be a good deal of rather violent wrecking to do before you find that—opium, do you call it?"

"Well, it's either opium, or we are stark, staring mad," I replied. "But I assure you we have no private information. We went in (as I suppose you did yourself) on observation."

"An observer, sir?" inquired the judge.

"I may say it is my trade—or, rather, was," said I.

"Well, now, and what did you think of Bellairs?" he asked.

"Very little indeed," said I.

"I may tell you," continued the judge, "that to me, the employment of a fellow like that appears inexplicable. I knew him; he knows me, too; he has often heard from me in court; and I assure you the man is utterly blown upon; it is not safe to trust him with a dollar; and here we find him dealing up to fifty thousand. I can't think who can have so trusted him, but I am very sure it was a stranger in San Francisco."

"Some one for the owners, I suppose," said I.

"Surely not!" exclaimed the judge. "Owners in London can have nothing to say to opium smuggled between Hong Kong and San Francisco. I should rather fancy they would be the last to hear of it—until the ship was seized. No; I was thinking of the captain. But where would he get the money? above all, after having laid out so much to buy the stuff in China. Unless, indeed, he were acting for some one in 'Frisco; and in that case—here we go round again in the vicious circle—Bellairs would not have been employed."

"I think I can assure you it was not the captain," said I; "for he and Bellairs are not acquainted."

"Wasn't that the captain, with the red face and colored handkerchief. He seemed to me to follow Bellairs's game with the most thrilling interest," objected Mr. Morgan.

"Perfectly true," said I; "Trent is deeply interested; he very likely knew Bellairs, and he certainly knew what he was there for; but I can put my hand in the fire that Bellairs didn't know Trent."

"Another singularity," observed the judge. "Well, we have had a capital forenoon. But you take an old lawyer's ad-

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"Mamie . . . sat, an apparent queen, among her rude surrounding and companions."

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vice, and get to Midway Island as fast as you can. There's a pot of money on the table, and Bellairs and Co. are not the men to stick at trifles."

With this parting counsel, Judge Morgan shook hands and made off along Montgomery Street, while I entered the Occidental Hotel, on the steps of which we had finished our conversation. I was well known to the clerks, and as soon as it was understood that I was there to wait for Pinkerton and lunch, I was invited to a seat inside the counter. Here, then, in a retired corner, I was beginning to come a little to myself after these so violent experiences, when who should come hurrying in, and (after a moment with a clerk) fly to one of the telephone boxes but Mr. Henry D. Bellairs in person? Call it what you will, but the impulse was irresistible, and I rose and took a place immediately at the man's back. It may be some excuse that I had often practised this very innocent form of eavesdropping upon strangers, and for fun. Indeed, I scarce know anything that gives a lower view of man's intelligence than to overhear (as you thus do) one side of a communication.

"Central," said the attorney, "2241 and 584 B" (or some such numbers) —"Who's that?—All right—Mr. Bellairs—Occidental; the wires are fouled in the other place—Yes, about three minutes—Yes—Yes—Your figure, I am sorry to say—No—I had no authority—Neither more nor less—I have every reason to suppose so—Oh, Pinkerton, Montana Block—Yes—Yes—Very good, sir—As you will, sir—Disconnect 584 B."

Bellairs turned to leave; at sight of me behind him, up flew his hands, and he winced and cringed, as though in fear of bodily attack. "Oh, it's you!" he cried; and then, somewhat recovered, "Mr. Pinkerton's partner, I believe? I am pleased to see you, sir—to congratulate you on your late success." And with that he was gone, obsequiously bowing as he passed.

And now a madcap humor came upon me. It was plain Bellairs had been communicating with his principal; I knew the number, if not the name; should I ring up at once, it was more than likely he would return in person to the telephone; why should not I dash (vocally) into the presence of this mysterious person, and have some fun for my money? I pressed the bell.

"Central," said I, "connect again 2241 and 584 B."

A phantom central repeated the numbers; there was a pause, and then "Two two four one," came in a tiny voice into my ear—a voice with the English sing-song—the voice plainly of a gentleman. "Is that you again, Mr. Bellairs?" it trilled. "I tell you it's no use. Is that you, Mr. Bellairs? Who is that?"

"I only want to put a single question," said I, civilly. "Why do you want to buy the *Flying Scud?*"

No answer came. The telephone vibrated and hummed in miniature with all the numerous talk of a great city; but the voice of 2241 was silent. Once and twice I put my question; but the tiny, sing-song English voice, I heard no more. The man, then, had fled? fled from an impertinent question? It scarce seemed natural to me; unless on the principle that the wicked fleeth when no man pursueth. I took the telephone list and turned the number up: "2241, Mrs. Keane, res. 942 Mission Street." And that, short of driving to the house and renewing my impertinence in person, was all that I could do.

Yet, as I resumed my seat in the corner of the office, I was conscious of a new element of the uncertain, the underhand, perhaps even the dangerous, in our adventure; and there was now a new picture in my mental gallery, to hang beside that of the wreck under its canopy of sea-birds and of Captain Trent mopping his red brow—the picture of a man with a telephone dice-box to his ear, and at the small voice of a single question, struck suddenly as white as ashes.

From these considerations I was awakened by the striking of the clock. An hour and nearly twenty minutes had elapsed since Pinkerton departed for the money; he was twenty minutes behind time; and to me who knew so well his gluttonous despatch of business and had so frequently admired his iron punctuality, the fact spoke volumes. The twenty minutes slowly stretched into an hour; the hour had nearly ex-

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tended to a second; and I still sat in my corner of the office, or paced the marble pavement of the hall, a prey to the most wretched anxiety and penitence. The hour for lunch was nearly over before I remembered that I had not eaten. Heaven knows I had no appetite; but there might still be much to do—it was needful I should keep myself in proper trim, if it were only to digest the now too probable bad news; and leaving word at the office for Pinkerton, I sat down to table and called for soup, oysters, and a pint of champagne.

I was not long set before my friend returned. He looked pale and rather old, refused to hear of food, and called for tea.

"I suppose all's up?" said I, with an incredible sinking.

"No," he replied; "I've pulled it through, Loudon; just pulled it through. I couldn't have raised another cent in all 'Frisco. People don't like it; Longhurst even went back on me; said he wasn't a three-card-monte man."

"Well, what's the odds?" said I. "That's all we wanted, isn't it?"

"Loudon, I tell you I've had to pay blood for that money," cried my friend, with almost savage energy and gloom. "It's all on ninety days, too; I couldn't get another day—not another day. If we go ahead with this affair, Loudon, you'll have to go yourself and make the fur fly. I'll stay of course—I've got to stay and face the trouble in this city; though, I tell you, I just long to go. I would show these fat brutes of sailors what work was; I would be all through that wreck and out at the other end, before they had boosted themselves upon the deck! But you'll do your level best, Loudon; I depend on you for that. You must be all fire and grit and dash from the word 'go.' That schooner and the boodle on board of her are bound to be here before three months, or its B. U. S. T.—bust."

"I'll swear I'll do my best, Jim; I'll work double tides," said I. "It is my fault that you are in this thing, and I'll get you out again or kill myself. But what is that you say? 'If we go ahead?' Have we any choice, then?"

"I'm coming to that," said Jim. "It isn't that I doubt the investment. Don't blame yourself for that; you showed a fine, sound business instinct: I always knew it was in you, but then it ripped right out. I guess that little beast of an attorney knew what he was doing; and he wanted nothing better than to go beyond. No, there's profit in the deal; it's not that; it's these ninety-day bills, and the strain I've given the credit, for I've been up and down, borrowing, and begging, and bribing to borrow. I don't believe there's another man but me in 'Frisco," he cried, with a sudden fervor of self-admiration, "who could have raised that last ten thousand!—Then there's another thing. I had hoped you might have peddled that opium through the islands, which is safer and more profitable. But with this three-month limit, you must make tracks for Honolulu straight, and communicate by steamer. I'll try to put up something for you there; I'll have a man spoken to who's posted on that line of biz. Keep a bright lookout for him as soon's you make the islands; for it's on the cards he might pick you up at sea in a whaleboat or a steam-launch, and bring the dollars right on board."

It shows how much I had suffered morally during my sojourn in San Francisco, that even now, when our fortunes trembled in the balance, I should have consented to become a smuggler and (of all things) a smuggler of opium. Yet I did, and that in silence; without a protest, not without a twinge.

"And suppose," said I, "suppose the opium is so securely hidden that I can't get hands on it."

"Then you'll stay there till that brig is kindling-wood, and stay and split that kindling-wood with your penknife," cried Pinkerton. "The stuff is there; we know that; and it must be found. But all this is only the one string to our bow—though I tell you I've gone into it head-first, as if it were our bottom dollar. Why, the first thing I did before I'd raised a cent, and with this other notion in my head already—the first thing I did was to secure the schooner. The *Nora Creina*, she is, sixty-four tons, quite big enough for our purpose since

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the rice is spoiled, and the fastest thing of her tonnage out of San Francisco. For a bonus of two hundred, and a monthly charter of three, I have her for my own time; wages and provisions, say four hundred more: a drop in the bucket. They began firing the cargo out of her (she was part loaded) near two hours ago; and about the same time John Smith got the order for the stores. That's what I call business."

"No doubt of that," said I. "But the other notion?"

"Well, here it is," said Jim. "You agree with me that Bellairs was ready to go higher?"

I saw where he was coming. "Yes, —and why shouldn't he?" said I. "Is that the line?"

"That's the line, Loudon Dodd," assented Jim. "If Bellairs and his principal have any desire to go me better, I'm their man."

A sudden thought, a sudden fear, shot into my mind. What if I had been right? What if my childish pleasantry had frightened the principal away, and thus destroyed our chance? Shame closed my mouth; I began instinctively a long course of reticence; and it was without a word of my meeting with Bellairs, or my discovery of the address in Mission Street, that I continued the discussion.

"Doubtless fifty thousand was originally mentioned as a round sum," said I, "or at least, so Bellairs supposed. But at the same time it may be an outside sum; and to cover the expenses we have already incurred for the money and the schooner—I am far from blaming you; I see how needful it was to be ready for either event—but to cover them we shall want a rather large advance."

"Bellairs will go to sixty thousand; it's my belief, if he were properly handled, he would take the hundred," replied Pinkerton. "Look back on the way the sale ran at the end."

"That is my own impression as regards Bellairs," I admitted. "The point I am trying to make is that Bellairs himself may be mistaken; that what he supposed to be a round sum was really an outside figure."

"Well, Loudon, if that is so," said Jim, with extraordinary gravity of face and voice, "if that is so, let him take the *Flying Scud* at fifty thousand, and joy go with her! I prefer the loss."

"Is that so, Jim? Are we dipped as bad as that?" I cried.

"We've put our hand farther out than we can pull it in again, Loudon," he replied. "Why, man, that fifty thousand dollars, before we get clear again, will cost us nearer seventy. Yes, it figures up overhead to more than ten per cent. a month; and I could do no better, and there isn't the man breathing could have done as well. It was a miracle, Loudon. I couldn't but admire myself. O, if we had just the four months! And you know, Loudon, it may still be done. With your energy and charm, if the worst comes to the worst, you can run that schooner as you ran one of your picnics; and we may have luck. And, O, man! if we do pull it through, what a dashing operation it will be! What an advertisement! what a thing to talk of, and remember all our lives! However," he broke off, suddenly, "we must try the safe thing first. Here's for the shyster!"

There was another struggle in my mind, whether I should even now admit my knowledge of the Mission Street address. But I had let the favorable moment slip. I had now, which made it the more awkward, not merely the original discovery, but my late suppression to confess. I could not help reasoning, besides, that the more natural course was to approach the principal by the road of his agent's office; and there weighed upon my spirits a conviction that we were already too late, and that the man was gone two hours ago. Once more, then, I held my peace; and after an exchange of words at the telephone to assure ourselves he was at home, we set out for the attorney's office.

The endless streets of any American city pass, from one end to another, through strange degrees and vicissitudes of splendor and distress, running under the same name between monumental warehouses, the dens and taverns of thieves, and the sward and shrubbery of villas. In San Francisco, the sharp inequalities of the ground,

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and the sea bordering on so many sides, greatly exaggerate these contrasts. The street for which we were now bound took its rise among blowing sands, somewhere in view of the Lone Mountain Cemetery; ran for a term across that rather windy Olympus of Nob Hill, or perhaps just skirted its frontier; passed almost immediately after through a stage of little houses, rather impudently painted, and offering to the eye of the observer this diagnostic peculiarity, that the huge brass plates upon the small and highly-colored doors bore only the first names of ladies—Nora or Lily or Florence; traversed China Town, where it was doubtless undermined with opium cellars, and its blocks pierced, after the similitude of rabbit-warrens, with a hundred doors and passages and galleries; enjoyed a glimpse of high publicity at the corner of Kearney; and proceeded, among dives and warehouses, toward the City Front and the region of the water-rats. In this last stage of its career, where it was both grimy and solitary, and alternately quiet and roaring to the wheels of drays, we found a certain house of some pretension to neatness, and furnished with a rustic outside stair. On the pillar of the stair a black plate bore in gilded lettering this device: "Harry D. Bellairs, Attorney-at-law. Consultations, 9 to 6." On ascending the stairs, a door was found to stand open on the balcony, with this further inscription, "Mr. Bellairs In."

"I wonder what we do next," said I.

"Guess we sail right in," returned Jim, and suited the action to the word.

The room in which we found ourselves was clean, but extremely bare. A rather old-fashioned secretaire stood by the wall, with a chair drawn to the desk; in one corner was a shelf with half a dozen law books; and I can remember literally not another stick of furniture. One inference imposed itself: Mr. Bellairs was in the habit of sitting down and suffering his clients to stand. At the far end, and veiled by a curtain of red baize, a second door communicated with the interior of the house. Hence, after some coughing and stamping, we elicited the shyster, who came timorously forth, for all the world like a man in fear of bodily assault, and then, recognizing his guests, suffered from what I can only call a nervous paroxysm of courtesy.

"Mr. Pinkerton and partner!" said he. "I will go and fetch you seats."

"Not the least," said Jim. "No time. Much rather stand. This is business, Mr. Bellairs. This morning, as you know, I bought the wreck, *Flying Scud*."

The lawyer nodded.

"And bought her," pursued my friend, "at a figure out of all proportion to the cargo and the circumstances, as they appeared?"

"And now you think better of it, and would like to be off with your bargain? I have been figuring upon this," returned the lawyer. "My client, I will not hide from you, was displeased with me for putting her so high. I think we were both too heated, Mr. Pinkerton: rivalry—the spirit of competition. But I will be quite frank—I know when I am dealing with gentlemen—and I am almost certain, if you leave the matter in my hands, my client would relieve you of the bargain, so as you would lose"—he consulted our faces with gimlet-eyed calculation—"nothing," he added shrilly.

And here Pinkerton amazed me.

"That's a little too thin," said he. "I have the wreck. I know there's boodle in her, and I mean to keep her. What I want is some points which may save me needless expense, and which I'm prepared to pay for, money down. The thing for you to consider is just this: am I to deal with you, or direct with your principal? If you are prepared to give me the facts right off, why, name your figure. Only one thing!" added Jim, holding a finger up, "when I say 'money down,' I mean bills payable when the ship returns, and if the information proves reliable. I don't buy pigs in pokes."

I had seen the lawyer's face light up for a moment, and then, at the sound of Jim's proviso, miserably fade. "I guess you know more about this wreck than I do, Mr. Pinkerton," said he. "I only know that I was told to buy the thing, and tried, and couldn't."

"What I like about you, Mr. Bel-

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lairs, is that you waste no time," said Jim. "Now then; your client's name and address."

"On consideration," replied the lawyer, with indescribable furtivity, "I cannot see that I am entitled to communicate my client's name. I will sound him for you with pleasure, if you care to instruct me; but I cannot see that I can give you his address."

"Very well," said Jim, and put his hat on. "Rather a strong step, isn't it?" (Between every sentence was a clear pause.) "Not think better of it? Well, come—call it a dollar!"

"Mr. Pinkerton, sir!" exclaimed the offended attorney; and indeed, I myself was almost afraid that Jim had mistaken his man and gone too far.

"No present use for a dollar?" says Jim. "Well, look here, Mr. Bellairs: we're both busy men, and I'll go to my outside figure with you right away——"

"Stop this, Pinkerton," I broke in. "I know the address: 924 Mission Street."

I do not know whether Pinkerton or Bellairs was the more taken aback.

"Why in snakes didn't you say so, Loudon?" cried my friend.

"You didn't ask for it before," said I, coloring to my temples under his troubled eyes.

It was Bellairs who broke silence, kindly supplying me with all that I had yet to learn. "Since you know Mr. Dickson's address," said he, plainly burning to be rid of us, "I suppose I need detain you no longer."

I do not know how Pinkerton felt, but I had death in my soul as we came down the outside stair, from the den of this blotched spider. My whole being was strung, waiting for Jim's first question, and prepared to blurt out, I believe, almost with tears, a full avowal. But my friend asked nothing.

"We must hack it," said he, tearing off in the direction of the nearest stand. "No time to be lost. You saw how I changed ground. No use in paying the shyster's commission."

Again I expected a reference to my suppression; again I was disappointed. It was plain Jim feared the subject, and I felt I almost hated him for that fear. At last, when we were already in the hack and driving toward Mission Street, I could bear my suspense no longer.

"You do not ask me about that address," said I.

"No," said he, quickly and timidly. "What was it? I would like to know."

The note of timidity offended me like a buffet; my temper rose as hot as mustard. "I must request you do not ask me," said I. "It is a matter I cannot explain."

The moment the foolish words were said, that moment I would have given worlds to recall them: how much more, when Pinkerton, patting my hand, replied: "All right, dear boy; not another word; that's all done. I'm convinced it's perfectly right." To return upon the subject was beyond my courage; but I vowed inwardly that I should do my utmost in the future for this mad speculation, and that I would cut myself in pieces before Jim should lose one dollar.

We had no sooner arrived at the address than I had other things to think of.

"Mr. Dickson? He's gone," said the landlady.

Where had he gone?

"I'm sure I can't tell you," she answered. "He was quite a stranger to me."

"Did he express his baggage, ma'am?" asked Pinkerton.

"Hadn't any," was the reply. "He came last night and left again to-day with a satchel."

"When did he leave?" I inquired.

"It was about noon," replied the landlady. "Some one rang up the telephone, and asked for him; and I reckon he got some news, for he left right away, although his rooms were taken by the week. He seemed considerable put out: I reckon it was a death."

My heart sank; perhaps my idiotic jest had indeed driven him away; and again I asked myself, Why? and whirled for a moment in a vortex of untenable hypotheses.

"What was he like, ma'am?" Pinkerton was asking, when I returned to consciousness of my surroundings.

"A clean shaved man," said the woman, and could be led or driven into no more significant description.

"Pull up at the nearest drug-store,"

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said Pinkerton to the driver; and when there, the telephone was put in operation, and the message sped to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's office—this was in the days before Spreckels had arisen—"When does the next China steamer touch at Honolulu?"

"The *City of Pekin;* she cast off the dock to-day, at half-past one," came the reply.

"It's a clear case of bolt," said Jim. "He's skipped, or my name's not Pinkerton. He's gone to head us off at Midway Island."

Somehow I was not so sure; there were elements in the case, not known to Pinkerton—the fears of the captain, for example—that inclined me otherwise; and the idea that I had terrified Mr. Dickson into flight, though resting on so slender a foundation, clung obstinately in my mind. "Shouldn't we see the list of passengers?" I asked.

"Dickson is such a blamed common name," returned Jim; "and then, as like as not, he would change it."

At this I had another intuition. A negative of a street scene, taken unconsciously when I was absorbed in other thoughts, rose in my memory with not a feature blurred: a view, from Bellairs's doors as we were coming down, of muddy roadway, passing drays, matted telegraph wires, a Chinaboy with a basket on his head, and (almost opposite) a corner grocery with the name of Dickson in great gilt letters.

"Yes," said I, "you are right; he would change it. And anyway, I don't believe it was his name at all; I believe he took it from a corner grocery beside Bellairs's."

"As like as not," said Jim, still standing on the sidewalk with contracted brows.

"Well, what shall we do next?" I asked.

"The natural thing would be to rush the schooner," he replied. "But I don't know. I telephoned the captain to go at it head down and heels in air; he answered like a little man; and I guess he's getting around. I believe, Loudon, we'll give Trent a chance. Trent was in it; he was in it up to the neck; even if he couldn't buy, he could give us the straight tip."

"I think so too," said I. "Where shall we find him?"

"British consulate, of course," said Jim. "And that's another reason for taking him first. We can hustle that schooner up all evening; but when the consulate's shut, it's shut."

At the consulate, we learned that Captain Trent had alighted (such is I believe the classic phrase) at the What Cheer House. To that large and unaristocratic hostelry we drove, and addressed ourselves to a large clerk, who was chewing a toothpick and looking straight before him.

"Captain Jacob Trent?"

"Gone," said the clerk.

"Where has he gone?" asked Pinkerton.

"Cain't say," said the clerk.

"When did he go?" I asked.

"Don't know," said the clerk, and with the simplicity of a monarch offered us the spectacle of his broad back.

What might have happened next I dread to picture, for Pinkerton's excitement had been growing steadily, and now burned dangerously high; but we were spared extremities by the intervention of a second clerk.

"Why! Mr. Dodd!" he exclaimed, running forward to the counter. "Glad to see you, sir! Can I do anything in your way?"

How virtuous actions blossom! Here was a young man to whose pleased ears I had rehearsed *Just before the battle, mother,* at some weekly picnic; and now, in that tense moment of my life, he came (from the machine) to be my helper.

"Captain Trent of the wreck? O yes, Mr. Dodd; he left about twelve; he and another of the men. The Kanaka went earlier by the *City of Pekin;* I know that; I remember expressing his chest. Captain Trent's? I'll inquire, Mr. Dodd. Yes, they were all here. Here are the names on the register; perhaps you would care to look at them while I go and see about the baggage?"

I drew the book toward me, and stood looking at the four names all written in the same hand, rather a big and rather a bad one: Trent, Brown, Hardy, and (instead of Ah Sing) Jos. Amalu.

"Pinkerton," said I, suddenly, "have you that *Occidental* in your pocket?"

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"Never left me," said Pinkerton, producing the paper. I turned to the account of the wreck. "Here," said I; "here's the name. 'Elias Goddedaal, mate.' Why do we never come across Elias Goddedaal?"

"That's so," said Jim. "Was he with the rest in that saloon when you saw them?"

"I don't believe it," said I. "They were only four, and there was none that behaved like a mate."

At this moment the clerk returned with his report.

"The captain," it appeared, "came with some kind of a handcart, and he and the man took off three chests and a big satchel. Our porter helped to put them on, but they drove the cart themselves. The porter thinks they went down town. It was about one."

"Still in time for the *City of Pekin*," observed Jim.

"How many of them were here?" I inquired.

"Three, sir, and the Kanaka," replied the clerk. "I can't somehow find out about the third, but he's gone too."

"Mr. Goddedaal, the mate, wasn't here then?" I asked.

"No, Mr. Dodd, none but what you see," says the clerk.

"Nor you never heard where he was?"

"No. Any particular reason for finding these men, Mr. Dodd?" inquired the clerk.

"This gentleman and I have bought the wreck," I explained; "we wished to get some information, and it is very annoying to find the men all gone."

A certain group had gradually formed about us, for the wreck was still a matter of interest; and at this, one of the bystanders, a rough seafaring man, spoke suddenly.

"I guess the mate won't be gone," said he. "He's main sick; never left the sick-bay aboard the *Tempest;* so they tell *me*."

Jim took me by the sleeve. "Back to the consulate," said he.

But even at the consulate nothing was known of Mr. Goddedaal. The doctor of the *Tempest* had certified him very sick; he had sent his papers in, but never appeared in person before the authorities.

"Have you a telephone laid on to the *Tempest?*" asked Pinkerton.

"Laid on yesterday," said the clerk.

"Do you mind asking, or letting me ask? We are very anxious to get hold of Mr. Goddedaal."

"All right," said the clerk, and turned to the telephone. "I'm sorry," he said presently, "Mr. Goddedaal has left the ship, and no one knows where he is."

"Do you pay the men's passage home?" I inquired, a sudden thought striking me.

"If they want it," said the clerk; "sometimes they don't. But we paid the Kanaka's passage to Honolulu this morning; and by what Captain Trent was saying, I understand the rest are going home together."

"Then you haven't paid them?" said I.

"Not yet," said the clerk.

"And you would be a good deal surprised, if I were to tell you they were gone already?" I asked.

"O, I should think you were mistaken," said he.

"Such is the fact, however," said I.

"I am sure you must be mistaken," he repeated.

"May I use your telephone one moment?" asked Pinkerton; and as soon as permission had been granted, I heard him ring up the printing-office where our advertisements were usually handled. More I did not hear; for suddenly recalling the big, bad hand in the register of the What Cheer House, I asked the consulate clerk if he had a specimen of Captain Trent's writing. Whereupon I learned that the captain could not write, having cut his hand open a little before the loss of the brig; that the latter part of the log even had been written up by Mr. Goddedaal, and that Trent had always signed with his left hand. By the time I had gleaned this information, Pinkerton was ready.

"That's all we can do. Now for the schooner," said he; "and by to-morrow evening I lay hands on Goddedaal, or my name's not Pinkerton."

"How have you managed?" I inquired.

"You'll see before you get to bed," said Pinkerton. "And now, after all this backwarding and forwarding, and

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that hotel clerk, and that bug Bellairs, it'll be a change and a kind of consolation to see the schooner. I guess things are humming there."

But on the wharf, when we reached it, there was no sign of bustle, and but for the galley smoke, no mark of life on the *Norah Creina*. Pinkerton's face grew pale, and his mouth straightened, as he leaped on board.

"Where's the captain of this——?" and he left the phrase unfinished, finding no epithet sufficiently energetic for his thoughts.

It did not appear whom or what he was addressing; but a head, presumably the cook's, appeared in answer at the galley door.

"In the cabin, at dinner," said the cook deliberately, chewing as he spoke.

"Is that cargo out?"

"No, sir."

"None of it?"

"O, there's some of it out. We'll get at the rest of it livelier to-morrow, I guess."

"I guess there'll be something broken first," said Pinkerton, and strode to the cabin.

Here we found a man, fat, dark, and quiet, seated gravely at what seemed a liberal meal. He looked up, upon our entrance; and seeing Pinkerton continue to stand facing him in silence, hat on head, arms folded, and lips compressed, an expression of mingled wonder and annoyance began to dawn upon his placid face.

"Well!" said Jim. "And so this is what you call rushing around?"

"Who are you?" cries the captain.

"Me! I'm Pinkerton!" retorted Jim, as though the name had been a talisman.

"You're not very civil, whoever you are," was the reply. But still a certain effect had been produced, for he scrambled to his feet, and added hastily, "A man must have a bit of dinner, you know, Mr. Pinkerton."

"Where's your mate?" snapped Jim.

"He's up town," returned the other.

"Up town!" sneered Pinkerton. "Now I'll tell you what you are: you're a Fraud; and if I wasn't afraid of dirtying my boot, I would kick you and your dinner into that dock."

"I'll tell you something too," retorted the captain, duskily flushing. "I wouldn't sail this ship for the man you are, if you went upon your knees. I've dealt with gentlemen up to now."

"I can tell you the names of a number of gentlemen you'll never deal with any more, and that's the whole of Longhurst's gang," said Jim. "I'll put your pipe out in that quarter, my friend. Here, rout out your traps as quick as look at it, and take your vermin along with you. I'll have a captain in, this very night, that's a sailor, and some sailors to work for him."

"I'll go when I please, and that's to-morrow morning," cried the captain after us, as we departed for the shore.

"There's something gone wrong with the world to-day; it must have come bottom up!" wailed Pinkerton. "Bellairs, and then the hotel clerk, and now This Fraud! And what am I to do for a captain, Loudon, with Longhurst gone home an hour ago, and the boys all scattered?"

"I know," said I. "Jump in!" And then to the driver: "Do you know Black Tom's?"

Thither then we rattled; passed through the bar, and found (as I hoped) Johnson in the enjoyment of club life. The table had been thrust upon one side; a South Sea merchant was discoursing music from a mouth-organ in one corner; and in the middle of the floor Johnson and a fellow-seaman, their arms clasped about each other's bodies, somewhat heavily danced. The room was both cold and close; a jet of gas, which continually menaced the heads of the performers, shed a coarse illumination; the mouth-organ sounded shrill and dismal; and the faces of all concerned were church-like in their gravity. It were, of course, indelicate to interrupt these solemn frolics; so we edged ourselves to chairs, for all the world like belated comers in a concert-room, and patiently waited for the end. At length the organist, having exhausted his supply of breath, ceased abruptly in the middle of a bar. With the cessation of the strain, the dancers likewise came to a full stop, swayed a moment, still embracing, and then separated and looked about the circle for applause.

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"Very well danced!" said one; but it appears the compliment was not strong enough for the performers, who (forgetful of the proverb) took up the tale in person.

"Well!" said Johnson. "I mayn't be no sailor, but I can dance!"

And his late partner, with an almost pathetic conviction, added, "My foot is as light as a feather."

Seeing how the wind set, you may be sure I added a few words of praise before I carried Johnson alone into the passage; to whom, thus mollified, I told so much as I judged needful of our situation, and begged him, if he would not take the job himself, to find me a smart man.

"Me!" he cried. "I couldn't no more do it than I could try to go to hell!"

"I thought you were a mate," said I.

"So I am a mate," giggled Johnson, "and you don't catch me shipping noways else. But I'll tell you what, I believe I can get you Arty Nares; you seen Arty; first-rate navigator and a son of a gun for style." And he proceeded to explain to me that Mr. Nares, who had the promise of a fine barque in six months, after things had quieted down, was in the meantime living very private, and would be pleased to have a change of air.

I called out Pinkerton and told him. "Nares!" he cried, as soon as I had come to the name. "I would jump at the chance of a man that had had Nares's trousers on! Why, Loudon, he's the smartest deep-water mate out of San Francisco, and draws his dividends regular in service and out." This hearty indorsation clinched the proposal; Johnson agreed to produce Nares before six the following morning; and Black Tom, being called into the consultation, promised us four smart hands for the same hour, and even (what appeared to all of us excessive) promised them sober.

The streets were fully lighted when we left Black Tom's: street after street sparkling with gas or electricity, line after line of distant luminaries climbing the steep sides of hills towards the overvaulting darkness; and on the other hand, where the waters of the bay invisibly trembled, a hundred riding lanterns marked the position of a hundred ships. The sea-fox flew high in heaven; and at the level of man's life and business it was clear and chill. By silent consent, we paid the hack off, and proceeded arm in arm towards the Poodle Dog for dinner.

At one of the first hoardings, I was aware of a bill-sticker at work: it was a late hour for this employment, and I checked Pinkerton until the sheet should be unfolded. This is what I read:—

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE

WRECKED BRIG FLYING SCUD

APPLYING,

PERSONALLY OR BY LETTER,

AT THE OFFICE OF JAMES PINKERTON, MONTANA BLOCK,

BEFORE NOON TO-MORROW, TUESDAY, 12TH,

WILL RECEIVE

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

"This is your idea, Pinkerton!" I cried.

"Yes. They've lost no time; I'll say that for them—not like the Fraud," said he. "But mind you, Loudon, that's not half of it. The cream of the idea's here: we know our man's sick; well, a copy of that has been mailed to every hospital, every doctor, and every drug-store in San Francisco."

Of course, from the nature of our business, Pinkerton could do a thing of the kind at a figure extremely reduced; for all that, I was appalled at the extravagance, and said so.

"What matter a few dollars now?" he replied sadly. "It's in three months that the pull comes, Loudon."

We walked on again in silence, not without a shiver. Even at the Poodle Dog, we took our food with small appetite and less speech; and it was not until he was warmed with a third glass of champagne that Pinkerton cleared his throat and looked upon me with a deprecating eye.

"Loudon," said he, "there was a subject you didn't wish to be referred to. I only want to do so indirectly. It wasn't"—he faltered—"it wasn't be-

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cause you were dissatisfied with me?" he concluded, with a quaver.

"Pinkerton!" cried I.

"No, no, not a word just now," he hastened to proceed. "Let me speak first. I appreciate, though I can't imitate, the delicacy of your nature; and I can well understand you would rather die than speak of it, and yet might feel disappointed. I did think I could have done better myself. But when I found how tight money was in this city, and a man like Douglas B. Longhurst—a forty-niner, the man that stood at bay in a corn patch for five hours against the San Diablo squatters—weakening on the operation, I tell you, Loudon, I began to despair; and—I may have made mistakes, no doubt there are thousands who could have done better—but I give you a loyal hand on it, I did my best."

"My poor Jim," said I, "as if I ever doubted you! as if I didn't know you had done wonders! All day I've been admiring your energy and resource. And as for that affair——"

"No, Loudon, no more, not a word more! I don't want to hear," cried Jim.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I don't want to tell you," said I; "for it's a thing I'm ashamed of."

"Ashamed, Loudon? O, don't say that; don't use such an expression even in jest!" protested Pinkerton.

"Do you never do anything you're ashamed of?" I inquired.

"No," says he, rolling his eyes. "Why? I'm sometimes sorry afterwards, when it pans out different from what I figured. But I can't see what I would want to be ashamed for."

I sat a while considering with admiration the simplicity of my friend's character. Then I sighed. "Do you know, Jim, what I'm sorriest for?" said I. "At this rate, I can't be best man at your marriage."

"My marriage!" he repeated, echoing the sigh. "No marriage for me now. I'm going right down to-night to break it to her. I think that's what's shaken me all day. I feel as if I had no right (after I was engaged) to operate so widely."

"Well, you know, Jim, it was my doing, and you must lay the blame on me," said I.

"Not a cent of it!" he cried. "I was as eager as yourself, only not so bright at the beginning. No; I've myself to thank for it; but it's a wrench."

While Jim departed on his dolorous mission, I returned alone to the office, lit the gas, and sat down to reflect on the events of that momentous day: on the strange features of the tale that had been so far unfolded, the disappearances, the terrors, the great sums of money; and on the dangerous and ungrateful task that awaited me in the immediate future.

It is difficult, in the retrospect of such affairs, to avoid attributing to ourselves in the past a measure of the knowledge we possess to-day. But I may say, and yet be well within the mark, that I was consumed that night with a fever of suspicion and curiosity; exhausted my fancy in solutions, which I still dismissed as incommensurable with the facts; and in the mystery by which I saw myself surrounded, found a precious stimulus for my courage and a convenient soothing draught for conscience. Even had all been plain sailing, I do not hint that I should have drawn back. Smuggling is one of the meanest of crimes, for by that we rob a whole country *pro rata*, and are therefore certain to impoverish the poor: to smuggle opium is an offence particularly dark, since it stands related not so much to murder, as to massacre. Upon all these points I was quite clear; my sympathy was all in arms against my interest; and had not Jim been involved, I could have dwelt almost with satisfaction on the idea of my failure. But Jim, his whole fortune, and his marriage, depended upon my success; and I preferred the interests of my friend before those of all the islanders in the South Seas. This is a poor, private morality, if you like; but it is mine, and the best I have; and I am not half so much ashamed of having embarked at all on this adventure, as I am proud that (while I was in it, and for the sake of my friend) I was up early, and down late, set my own hand to everything, took dangers as they came, and for once in my life played the man throughout.

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At the same time, I could have desired another field of energy; and I was the more grateful for the redeeming element of mystery. Without that, though I might have gone ahead and done as well, it would scarce have been with ardor; and what inspired me that night with an impatient greed of the sea, the island, and the wreck, was the hope that I might stumble there upon the answer to a hundred questions, and learn why Captain Trent fanned his red face in the exchange, and why Mr. Dickson fled from the telephone in the Mission Street lodging-house.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH JIM AND I TAKE DIFFERENT WAYS.

I was unhappy when I closed my eyes; and it was to unhappiness that I opened them again next morning, to a confused sense of some calamity still inarticulate, and to the consciousness of jaded limbs and of a swimming head. I must have lain for some time inert and stupidly miserable, before I became aware of a reiterated knocking at the door; with which discovery all my wits flowed back in their accustomed channels, and I remembered the sale, and the wreck, and Goddedaal, and Nares, and Johnson, and Black Tom, and the troubles of yesterday, and the manifold engagements of the day that was to come. The thought thrilled me like a trumpet in the hour of battle. In a moment, I had leaped from bed, crossed the office where Pinkerton lay in a deep trance of sleep on the convertible sofa, and stood in the doorway, in my night gear, to receive our visitors.

Johnson was first, by way of usher, smiling. From a little behind, with his Sunday hat tilted forward over his brow, and a cigar glowing between his lips, Captain Nares acknowledged our previous acquaintance with a succinct nod. Behind him again, in the top of the stairway, a knot of sailors, the new crew of the *Norah Creina*, stood polishing the wall with back and elbow. These I left without, to their reflections. But our two officers I carried at once into the office, where (taking Jim by the shoulder) I shook him slowly into consciousness. He sat up, all abroad for the moment, and stared on the new captain.

"Jim," said I, "this is Captain Nares. Captain, Mr. Pinkerton."

Nares repeated his curt nod, still without speech; and I thought he held us both under a watchful scrutiny.

"Oh!" says Jim, "this is Captain Nares, is it? Good morning, Captain Nares. Happy to have the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir. I know you well by reputation."

Perhaps, under the circumstances of the moment, this was scarce a welcome speech. At least, Nares received it with a grunt.

"Well, Captain," Jim continued, "you know about the size of the business? You're to take the *Norah Creina* to Midway Island, break up a wreck, call at Honolulu, and back to this port? I suppose that's understood?"

"Well," returned Nares, with the same unamiable reserve, "for a reason, which I guess you know, the cruise may suit me; but there's a point or two to settle. We shall have to talk, Mr. Pinkerton. But whether I go or not, somebody will; there's no sense in losing time; and you might give Mr. Johnson a note, let him take the hands right down, and set to overhaul the rigging. The beasts look sober," he added, with an air of great disgust, "and need putting to work to keep them so."

This being agreed upon, Nares watched his subordinate depart and drew a visible breath.

"And now we're alone and can talk," said he. "What's this thing about? It's been advertised like Barnum's museum; that poster of yours has set the front talking; that's an objection in itself, for I'm laying a little dark just now; and anyway, before I take the ship, I require to know what I'm going after."

Thereupon Pinkerton gave him the whole tale, beginning with a business-like precision, and working himself up, as he went on, to the boiling-point of narrative enthusiasm. Nares sat and smoked, hat still on head, and acknowledged each fresh feature of the story with a frowning nod. But his pale blue eyes betrayed him, and lighted visibly.

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"Now you see for yourself," Pinkerton concluded: "there's every last chance that Trent has skipped to Honolulu, and it won't take much of that fifty thousand dollars to charter a smart schooner down to Midway. Here's where I want a man!" cried Jim, with contagious energy. "That wreck's mine; I've paid for it, money down; and if it's got to be fought for, I want to see it fought for lively. If you're not back in ninety days, I tell you plainly, I'll make one of the biggest busts ever seen upon this coast; it's life or death for Mr. Dodd and me. As like as not, it'll come to grapples on the island; and when I heard your name last night—and a blame' sight more this morning when I saw the eye you've got in your head—I said, 'Nares is good enough for me!'"

"I guess," observed Nares, studying the ash of his cigar, "the sooner I get that schooner outside the Farallones, the better you'll be pleased."

"You're the man I dreamed of!" cried Jim, bouncing on the bed. "There's not five per cent. of fraud in all your carcase."

"Just hold on," said Nares. "There's another point. I heard some talk about a supercargo."

"That's Mr. Dodd, here, my partner," replied Jim.

"I don't see it," returned the captain, dryly. "One captain's enough for any ship that ever I was aboard."

"Now, don't you start disappointing me," said Pinkerton; "for you're talking without thought. I'm not going to give you the run of the books of this firm, am I? I guess not. Well, this is not only a cruise; it's a business operation; and that's in the hands of my partner. You sail that ship, you see to breaking up that wreck and keeping the men upon the jump, and you'll find your hands about full. Only, no mistake about one thing: it has to be done to Mr. Dodd's satisfaction; for it's Mr. Dodd that's paying."

"I'm accustomed to give satisfaction," said Mr. Nares, with a dark flush.

"And so you will here!" cried Pinkerton. "I understand you. You're prickly to handle, but you're straight all through."

"The position's got to be understood, though," returned Nares, perhaps a trifle mollified. "My position, I mean. I'm not going to ship sailing-master; it's enough out of my way already, to set a foot on this mosquito schooner."

"Well, I'll tell you," retorted Jim, with an indescribable twinkle: "you just meet me on the ballast, and we'll make it a barquentine."

Nares laughed a little; tactless Pinkerton had once more gained a victory in tact. "Then there's another point," resumed the captain, tacitly relinquishing the last. "How about the owners?"

"Oh, you leave that to me; I'm one of Longhurst's crowd, you know," said Jim, with sudden bristling vanity. "Any man that's good enough for me, is good enough for them."

"Who are they?" asked Nares.

"M'Intyre and Spittal," said Jim.

"Oh, well, give me a card of yours," said the captain; "you needn't bother to write; I keep M'Intyre and Spittal in my vest-pocket."

Boast for boast; it was always thus with Nares and Pinkerton—the two vainest men of my acquaintance. And having thus reinstated himself in his own opinion, the captain rose, and, with a couple of his stiff nods, departed.

"Jim," I cried, as the door closed behind him, "I don't like that man."

"You've just got to, Loudon," returned Jim. "He's a typical American seaman—brave as a lion, full of resource, and stands high with his owners. He's a man with a record."

"For brutality at sea," said I.

"Say what you like," exclaimed Pinkerton, "it was a good hour we got him in; I'd trust Mamie's life to him to-morrow."

"Well, and talking of Mamie?" says I.

Jim paused with his trousers half on. "She's the gallantest little soul God ever made!" he cried. "Loudon, I'd meant to knock you up last night, and I hope you won't take it unfriendly that I didn't. I went in and looked at you asleep; and I saw you were all broken up, and let you be. The news would keep, anyway; and even you, Loudon, couldn't feel it the same way as I did."

"What news?" I asked.

"It's this way," says Jim. "I told

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her how we stood, and that I backed down from marrying. 'Are you tired of me?' says she: God bless her! Well, I explained the whole thing over again, the chance of smash, your absence unavoidable, the point I made of having you for the best man, and that. 'If you're not tired of me, I think I see one way to manage,' says she. 'Let's get married to-morrow, and Mr. Loudon can be best man before he goes to sea.' That's how she said it, crisp and bright, like one of Dickens's characters. It was no good for me to talk about the smash. 'You'll want me all the more,' she said. Loudon, I only pray I can make it up to her; I prayed for it last night beside your bed, while you lay sleeping—for you, and Mamie and myself; and—I don't know if you quite believe in prayer, I'm a bit Ingersollian myself—but a kind of sweetness came over me, and I couldn't help but think it was an answer. Never was a man so lucky! You and me and Mamie; it's a triple cord, Loudon. If either of you were to die! And she likes you so much, and thinks you so accomplished and distingué-looking, and was just as set as I was to have you for best man. 'Mr. Loudon,' she calls you; seems to me so friendly! And she sat up till three in the morning fixing up a costume for the marriage; it did me good to see her, Loudon, and to see that needle going, going, and to say 'All this hurry, Jim, is just to marry you!' I couldn't believe it; it was so like some blame' fairy story. To think of those old tintype times about turned my head; I was so unrefined then, and so illiterate, and so lonesome; and here I am in clover, and I'm blamed if I can see what I've done to deserve it."

So he poured forth with innocent volubility the fulness of his heart; and I, from these irregular communications, must pick out, here a little and there a little, the particulars of his new plan. They were to be married, sure enough, that day; the wedding breakfast was to be at Frank's; the evening to be passed in a visit of God-speed aboard the *Norah Creina;* and then we were to part, Jim and I, he to his married life, I on my sea-enterprise. If ever I cherished an ill-feeling for Miss Mamie, I forgave her now; so brave and kind, so pretty and venturesome, was her decision. The weather frowned overhead with a leaden sky, and San Francisco had never (in all my experience) looked so bleak, and gaunt, and shoddy, and crazy, like a city prematurely old; but through all my wanderings and errands to and fro, by the dock side or in the jostling street, among rude sounds and ugly sights, there ran in my mind, like a tiny strain of music, the thought of my friend's happiness.

For that was indeed a day of many and incongruous occupations. Breakfast was scarcely swallowed, before Jim must run to the City Hall and Frank's about the cares of marriage, and I hurry to John Smith's upon the account of stores, and thence, on a visit of certification, to the *Norah Creina.* Methought she looked smaller than ever, sundry great ships overspiring her from close without. She was already a nightmare of disorder; and the wharf alongside was piled with a world of casks, and cases, and tins, and tools, and coils of rope, and miniature barrels of giant powder, such as it seemed no human ingenuity could stuff on board of her. Johnson was in the waist, in a red shirt and dungaree trousers, his eye kindled with activity. With him I exchanged a word or two; thence stepped aft along the narrow alleyway between the house and the rail, and down the companion to the main cabin, where the captain sat with the commissioner at wine.

I gazed with dissatisfaction at the little box which for many a day I was to call home. On the starboard was a state-room for the captain; on the port, a pair of frowsy berths, one over the other, and abutting astern upon the side of an unsavory cupboard. The walls were yellow and damp, the floor black and greasy; there was a prodigious litter of straw, old newspapers, and broken packing-cases; and by way of ornament, only a glass-rack, a thermometer presented "with compliments" of some advertising whiskey-dealer, and a swinging lamp. It was hard to foresee that, before a week was up, I should regard that cabin as cheerful, lightsome, airy, and even spacious.

I was presented to the commissioner,

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and to a young friend of his whom he had brought with him for the purpose (apparently) of smoking cigars; and after we had pledged one another in a glass of California port, a trifle sweet and sticky for a morning beverage, the functionary spread his papers on the table, and the hands were summoned. Down they trooped, accordingly, into the cabin; and stood eying the ceiling or the floor, the picture of sheepish embarrassment, and with a common air of wanting to expectorate and not quite daring. In admirable contrast, stood the Chinese cook, easy, dignified, set apart by spotless raiment, the hidalgo of the seas.

I dare say you never had occasion to assist at the farce which followed. Our shipping laws in the United States (thanks to the inimitable Dana) are conceived in a spirit of paternal stringency, and proceed throughout on the hypothesis that poor Jack is an imbecile, and the other parties to the contract, rogues and ruffians. A long and wordy paper of precautions, a fo'c's'le bill of rights, must be read separately to each man. I had now the benefit of hearing it five times in brisk succession; and you would suppose I was acquainted with its contents. But the commissioner (worthy man) spends his days in doing little else; and when we bear in mind the parallel case of the irreverent curate, we need not be surprised that he took the passage *tempo prestissimo*, in one roulade of gabble—that I, with the trained attention of an educated man, could gather but a fraction of its import—and the sailors nothing. No profanity in giving orders, no sheath-knives, Midway Island and any other port the master may direct, not to exceed six calendar months, and to this port to be paid off; so it seemed to run, with surprising verbiage; so ended. And with the end, the commissioner, in each case, fetched a deep breath, resumed his natural voice, and proceeded to business. "Now, my man," he would say, "you ship A. B. at so many dollars, American gold coin. Sign your name here, if you have one, and can write." Whereupon, and the name (with infinite hard breathing) being signed, the commissioner would proceed to fill in the man's appearance, height, etc., on the official form. In this task of literary portraiture he seemed to rely wholly upon temperament; for I could not perceive him to cast one glance on any of his models. He was assisted, however, by a running commentary from the captain: "Hair blue and eyes red, nose five foot seven, and stature broken"—jests as old, presumably, as the American marine; and, like the similar pleasantries of the billiard board, perennially relished. The highest note of humor was reached in the case of the Chinese cook, who was shipped under the name of "One Lung," to the sound of his own protests and the self-approving chuckles of the functionary.

"Now, Captain," said the latter, when the men were gone, and he had bundled up his papers, "the law requires you to carry a slop-chest and a chest of medicines."

"I guess I know that," said Nares.

"I guess you do," returned the commissioner, and helped himself to port.

But when he was gone, I appealed to Nares on the same subject, for I was well aware we carried none of these provisions.

"Well," drawled Nares, "there's sixty pounds of niggerhead on the quay, isn't there? and twenty pounds of salts; and I never travel without some painkiller in my gripsack."

As a matter of fact, we were richer. The captain had the usual sailor's provision of quack medicines, with which, in the usual sailor fashion, he would daily drug himself, displaying an extreme inconstancy, and flitting from Kennedy's Red Discovery to Kennedy's White, and from Hood's Sarsaparilla to Mother Seigel's Syrup. And there were, besides, some mildewed and half-empty bottles, the labels obliterated, over which Nares would sometimes sniff and speculate. "Seems to smell like diarrhœa stuff," he would remark. "I wish't I knew, and I would try it." But the slop-chest was indeed represented by the plugs of niggerhead, and nothing else. Thus paternal laws are made, thus they are evaded; and the schooner put to sea, like plenty of her neighbors, liable to a fine of six hundred dollars.

This characteristic scene, which has

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delayed me overlong, was but a moment in that day of exercise and agitation. To fit out a schooner for sea, and improvise a marriage between dawn and dusk, involves heroic effort. All day Jim and I ran, and tramped, and laughed, and came near crying, and fell in sudden anxious consultations, and were sped (with a prepared sarcasm on our lips) to some fallacious milliner, and made dashes to the schooner and John Smith's, and at every second corner were reminded (by our own huge posters) of our desperate estate. Between whiles, I had found the time to hover at some half-a-dozen jewellers' windows; and my present, thus intemperately chosen, was graciously accepted. I believe, indeed, that was the last (though not the least) of my concerns, before the old minister, shabby and benign, was routed from his house and led to the office like a performing poodle; and there, in the growing dusk, under the cold glitter of Thirteen Star, two hundred strong, and beside the garish glories of the agricultural engine, Mamie and Jim were made one. The scene was incongruous, but the business pretty, whimsical, and affecting: the typewriters with such kindly faces and fine posies, Mamie so demure, and Jim—how shall I describe that poor, transfigured Jim? He began by taking the minister aside to the far end of the office. I knew not what he said, but I have reason to believe he was protesting his unfitness; for he wept as he said it: and the old minister, himself genuinely moved, was heard to console and encourage him, and at one time to use this expression: "I assure you, Mr. Pinkerton, there are not many who can say so much"—from which I gathered that my friend had tempered his self-accusations with at least one legitimate boast. From this ghostly counselling, Jim turned to me; and though he never got beyond the explosive utterance of my name and one fierce handgrip, communicated some of his own emotion, like a charge of electricity, to his best man. We stood up to the ceremony at last, in a general and kindly discomposure. Jim was all abroad; and the divine himself betrayed his sympathy in voice and demeanor, and concluded with a fatherly allocution, in which he congratulated Mamie (calling her "my dear") upon the fortune of an excellent husband, and protested he had rarely married a more interesting couple. At this stage, like a glory descending, there was handed in, *ex machina*, the card of Douglas B. Longhurst, with congratulations and four dozen Perrier-Jouet. A bottle was opened; and the minister pledged the bride, and the bridesmaids simpered and tasted, and I made a speech with airy bacchanalianism, glass in hand. But poor Jim must leave the wine untasted. "Don't touch it," I had found the opportunity to whisper; "in your state, it will make you as drunk as a fiddler." And Jim had wrung my hand, with a "God bless you, Loudon! —saved me again!"

Hard following upon this, the supper passed off at Frank's with somewhat tremulous gayety. And thence, with one-half of the Perrier-Jouet—I would accept no more—we voyaged in a hack to the *Norah Creina*.

"What a dear little ship!" cried Mamie, as our miniature craft was pointed out to her. And then, on second thought, she turned to the best man. "And how brave you must be, Mr. Dodd," she cried, "to go in that tiny thing so far upon the ocean!" And I perceived I had risen in the lady's estimation.

The dear little ship presented a horrid picture of confusion, and its occupants of weariness and ill-humor. From the cabin the cook was storing tins into the lazarette, and the four hands, sweaty and sullen, were passing them from one to another from the waist. Johnson was three parts asleep over the table; and in his bunk, in his own cabin, the captain sourly chewed and puffed at a cigar.

"See here," he said, rising; "you'll be sorry you came. We can't stop work if we're to get away to-morrow. A ship getting ready for sea is no place for people, anyway. You'll only interrupt my men."

I was on the point of answering something tart; but Jim, who was acquainted with the breed, as he was with most things that had a bearing on affairs, made haste to pour in oil.

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"Captain," he said, "I know we're a nuisance here, and that you've had a rough time. But all we want is that you should drink one glass of wine with us, Perrier-Jouet, from Longhurst, on the occasion of my marriage, and Loudon's—Mr. Dodd's—departure."

"Well, it's your lookout," said Nares. "I don't mind half an hour. Spell, O!" he added to the men; "go and kick your heels for half an hour, and then you can turn to again a trifle livelier. Johnson, see if you can't wipe off a chair for the lady."

His tone was no more gracious than his language; but when Mamie had turned upon him the soft fire of her eyes, and informed him that he was the first sea-captain she had ever met, "except captains of steamers, of course"—she so qualified the statement—and had expressed a lively sense of his courage, and perhaps implied (for I suppose the arts of ladies are the same as those of men) a modest consciousness of his good looks, our bear began insensibly to soften; and it was already part as an apology, though still with unaffected heat of temper, that he volunteered some sketch of his annoyances.

"A pretty mess we've had," said he. "Half the stores were wrong; I'll wring John Smith's neck for him some of these days. Then two newspaper beasts came down, and tried to raise copy out of me, till I threatened them with the first thing handy; and then some kind of missionary bug, wanting to work his passage to Raiatea or somewhere. I told him I would take him off the wharf with the butt end of my boot, and he went away cursing. This vessel has been depreciated by the look of him."

While the captain spoke, with his strange, humorous, arrogant abruptness, I observed Jim to be sizing him up, like a thing at once quaint and familiar, and with a scrutiny that was both curious and knowing.

"One word, dear boy," he said, turning suddenly to me. And when he had drawn me on deck, "That man," says he, "will carry sail till your hair grows white; but never you let on, never breathe a word. I know his line: he'll die before he'll take advice; and if you get his back up, he'll run you right under. I don't often jam in my advice, Loudon; and when I do, it means I'm thoroughly posted."

The little party in the cabin, so disastrously begun, finished, under the mellowing influence of wine and woman, in excellent feeling and with some hilarity. Mamie, in a plush Gainsborough hat and a gown of wine-colored silk, sat, an apparent queen, among her rude surrounding and companions. The dusky litter of the cabin set off her radiant trimness; tarry Johnson was a foil to her fair beauty; she glowed in that poor place, fair as a star; until even I, who was not usually of her admirers, caught a spark of admiration; and even the captain, who was in no courtly humor, proposed that the scene should be commemorated by my pencil. It was the last act of the evening. Hurriedly as I went about my task, the half-hour had lengthened out to more than three before it was completed; Mamie in full value, the rest of the party figuring in outline only, and the artist himself introduced in a back view, which was pronounced a likeness. But it was to Mamie that I devoted the best of my attention; and it was with her I made my chief success.

"Oh!" she cried, "am I really like that? No wonder Jim . . ." She paused. "Why it's just as lovely as he's good!" she cried; an epigram which was appreciated, and repeated as we made our salutations, and called out after the retreating couple as they passed away under the lamplight on the wharf.

Thus it was that our farewells were smuggled through an ambuscade of laughter, and the parting over ere I knew it was begun. The figures vanished, the steps died away along the silent city front; on board, the men had returned to their labors, the captain to his solitary cigar; and after that long and complex day of business and emotion, I was at last alone and free. It was, perhaps, chiefly fatigue that made my heart so heavy. I leaned at least upon the house, and stared at the foggy heaven, or over the rail at the wavering reflection of the lamps, like a man that was quite done with hope and would

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have welcomed the asylum of the grave. And all at once, as I thus stood, the *City of Pekin* flashed into my mind, racing her thirteen knots for Honolulu, with the hated Trent — perhaps with the mysterious Goddedaal—on board; and with the thought, the blood leaped and careered through all my body. It seemed no chase at all; it seemed we had no chance, as we lay there bound to iron pillars, and fooling away the precious moments over tins of beans. "Let them get there first!" I thought. "Let them! We can't be *long* behind." And from that moment, I date myself a man of a rounded experience: nothing had lacked but this, that I should entertain and welcome the grim thought of bloodshed.

It was long before the toil remitted in the cabin, and it was worth my while to get to bed; long after that, before sleep favored me; and scarce a moment later (or so it seemed) when I was recalled to consciousness by bawling men and the jar of straining hawsers.

The schooner was cast off before I got on deck. In the misty obscurity of the first dawn, I saw the tug heading us with glowing fires and blowing smoke, and heard her beat the roughened waters of the bay. Beside us, on her flock of hills, the lighted city towered up and stood swollen in the raw fog. It was strange to see her burn on thus wastefully, with half-quenched luminaries, when the dawn was already grown strong enough to show me, and to suffer me to recognize, a solitary figure standing by the piles.

Or was it really the eye, and not rather the heart, that identified that shadow in the dusk, among the shoreside lamps? I know not. It was Jim, at least; Jim, come for a last look; and we had but time to wave a valedictory gesture and exchange a wordless cry. This was our second parting, and our capacities were now reversed. It was mine to play the Argonaut, to speed affairs, to plan and to accomplish—if need were, at the price of life; it was his to sit at home, to study the calendar, and to wait. I knew besides another thing that gave me joy. I knew that my friend had succeeded in my education; that the romance of business, if our fantastic purchase merited the name, had at last stirred my dilletante nature; and, as we swept under cloudy Tamalpais, and through the roaring narrows of the bay, the Yankee blood sang in my veins with suspense and exultation.

Outside the heads, as if to meet my desire, we found it blowing fresh from the northeast. No time had been lost. The sun was not yet up before the tug cast off the hawser, gave us a salute of three whistles, and turned homeward toward the coast, which now began to gleam along its margin with the earliest rays of day. There was no other ship in view when the *Norah Creina*, lying over under all plain sail, began her long and lonely voyage to the wreck.

(To be continued.)

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THE OCEAN STEAMSHIP AS A FREIGHT CARRIER.

By John H. Gould.

NTERESTING as the ocean fleet is from the point of view of the passenger who crosses the seas on business or pleasure bent, the part that steamships play in the commerce of the world is even more worthy of consideration. There is a vast region between decks and down in the lower hold of which the ordinary traveller knows little. And yet the ship's cargo brings to the owners a large portion of their revenue, and makes possible the magnificent steamships of to-day.

There are $500,000,000 invested in ocean-going steamships sailing from the port of New York alone! The figures are appalling, yet they are a conservative estimate of the wealth intrusted to the mercies of the ocean. There are twenty-nine regular lines of steamships running between New York and European ports. Of these, eight lines run express steamships, and twenty-three lines carry passengers and freight. The other six lines transport freight only, and there are still other lines running to the West Indies, Central and South America, and our own Atlantic coast and Gulf ports.

Seven steamship companies — the White Star, Inman, Cunard, North German Lloyd, Hamburg-American, Guion, and the French line—have the record-breakers.

The Teutonic and the Majestic of the White Star line, and the new French liner La Touraine, are said to have cost $2,000,000 each. The City of Paris and the City of New York, of the Inman line, and the new Hamburg-American steamship Fürst Bismarck are supposed to have cost considerably over $1,500,000 each.

The White Star line steamships Majestic and Teutonic each carry, in addition to their 1,500 passengers, some 2,500 tons of freight. This line has in all ten steamships—six devoted to passengers and freight, and four to freight exclusively.

The Inman line steamships City of Paris and City of New York carry 1,200 passengers each, and still have room for 2,700 tons of freight.

The Cunarders Etruria and Umbria have each accommodations for about 1,600 passengers, and also take about 800 tons of freight.

The North German Lloyd line has twelve express steamships in the service, with an average passenger capacity of 1,150 for all classes. The freight capacity varies from 2,000 to 2,500 tons; the line has three sailing days each week. There are nine other steamships of the line sailing between this port, Baltimore, and Europe, making the total number of their vessels twenty-one. In October of the present year the line inaugurated a Mediterranean service. At all times there are eight of the express steamships belonging to this line at sea, and two are in port at New York and two in the European port.

The Hamburg-American Packet Company has four express steamships, forming a weekly service from New York, and which is almost entirely devoted to the passenger business. These vessels each accommodate about 1,250 passengers of all classes. They have a small freight capacity — from about 600 to 700 tons of light cargo being the limit. No perishable goods are taken.

The Guion line steamships Alaska and Arizona have passenger accommodations for 1,300 and 1,100, respectively, and their freight capacity is about 2,000 tons.

The Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, or, as it is more frequently called, the French line, has six express steamships, with a freight capacity of 2,500 tons each, as well as accommodations for about 1,000 passengers.

The Wilson line, with its thirty

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steamships, is one of the greatest freight carriers in the world. There are four distinct lines from New York, one running to Hull, one to Antwerp, one to Newcastle, and one to London. The latter is known as the Wilson-Hill line. The Atlantic fleet, flying the Wilson flag, has 114,000 gross tonnage. Some of the steamships of this line have passenger accommodations, but the company confines itself almost exclusively to the carrying of freight.

The number and gross tonnage of steamships of the different lines are shown in the following table, the tonnage being from "Lloyd's Register:"

Transatlantic Lines.

Lines.	Number of Steamships.	Total Gross Tonnage.
Wilson	30	114,000
North German Lloyd (12 direct and 9 calling at Baltimore)	21	111,585
Hamburg-American (including Baltic line)	19	82,589
Anchor (including Mediterranean service)	15	63,083
Netherlands (9 direct and 4 calling at Baltimore)	13	43,314
National	12	54,062
Sumner	12	42,800
White Star	10	58,162
Florio	9	22,500
Red Star	7	33,959
Fabre	7	23,600
Mediterranean & New York S. S	7	15,000
Inman	6	41,276
Cunard	6	40,253
French	6	46,927
Allan	6	23,738
Liverpool, Brazil & River Plate—Atlantic service	6	12,000
Guion	5	22,651
Bristol City	5	24,000
Beaver, during winter months	5	17,500
Arrow	5	13,000
Thingvalla	4	11,985
Union (Sloman's)	4	11,750
Marseilles	4	12,000
Great Western S. S. Co	4	10,000
Bordeaux	3	6,000
White Cross	2	5,169
Linha de Vapores Portuguezes	2	3,777
Insular Navigation Co	1	2,893

This list gives only the regular lines engaged in the freight and passenger business, besides which there are the tank steamships, the tramp steamships, and a large number of vessels which call for orders from other ports, as well as steamships which are chartered for special freights.

Central and South American, West Indian, and other Lines from New York.

Lines.	Number of Steamships.	Total Gross Tonnage.
Atlas	12	22,000
Booth's	10	14,000
Red Cross	10	16,225
New York & Cuba Mail S. S. Co.	9	25,300
Red "D"	6	11,020
Quebec S. S. Co.	6	9,094
Royal Dutch West Indian Mail	6	10,156
United States & Brazil S. S. Co.	5	16,400
Compañia Transatlantica	5	10,866
Earn	5	12,500
Union (Sloman's)	4	8,000
Clyde (West Indian)	4	6,600
Waydell's	4	4,500
Trinidad	4	4,000
Atlantic & Pacific S. S. Co.	4	9,904
Pacific Mail	3	8,800
Wessell's	3	4,500
Liverpool, Brazil & River Plate*	3	7,500
Honduras & Central American	2	3,000
Anchor (West Indian Service)	2	2,077
Maryland	2	6,000
New York & Porto Rico S. S. Co.	2	2,000

Besides the regular lines there is a big fleet of tramp steamships. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891, 136 of these steamships, with 102,856 net registered tonnage, entered at the port of New York. This did not include the tramps who found their way here from West Indian and South American ports, or our own domestic ports, or who may have drifted in from provincial ports. Many foreign tramps find their way to this port in ballast, seeking cargo, or for orders.

Aside from all these lines to foreign ports, there are our coastwise steamships, operated by a dozen or more lines, prominent among them being the

* There are several other lines, like the Liverpool, Brazil & River Plate, and John Norton's Son, which usually send out from four steamships a year to one a month, but which are doing very little just now, owing to the disorganized condition of trade in the River Plate region. Reciprocity with Brazil is counted upon to increase their trade.

There is one line of steamships from New York direct to Indian, Chinese, and Japanese ports by way of the Mediterranean Sea and the Suez Canal. It is operated by Edward Perry & Co., and case oil forms the bulk of the trade. About one vessel a month is sent out, and this vessel has a tonnage of about 3,000 gross.

Carter, Hawley & Co., and Carter, Macy & Co., have had during the past year about 25 steamships consigned to them from China and Japan, the tonnage of which was about 60,000 gross. Inward these vessels are tea-laden, but on the return trip they are usually chartered by other firms for general cargo.

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Old Dominion, the Savannah, the Clyde, the Mallory, the Cromwell, the Morgan, the New York Steamship Company, and the Red Cross lines.

The ocean steamship lines require an auxiliary fleet of harbor vessels as tenders to them. Of these, the most numerous are the tow-boats, or tugs, as they are popularly called. There are 375 tow-boats registered at New York, but fully 400 float on the waters in the vicinity of the city. About 50 tow-boats have a gross tonnage of over 100 tons. Among the largest are the Amboy, of 272 tons, and the Luckenback, an ocean tug, of 255 tons. Still larger than these are the Vanderbilt and Oswego, the side-wheelers which pull the long strings of canal-boats up and down the Hudson. The tow-boats are fitted with powerful engines, and the facility with which one little tug will pull a ship many times her size, or a dozen canal-boats, is a marvel to the visitor from inland districts. The most powerful of these tugs have engines of 900 indicated horse-power, and of the type known as the fore-and-aft, or tandem. Two of these harbor tugs, the Amboy and the Raritan, both belonging to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, have been operated with twin screws for twenty years at least.

Less than twenty-five per cent. of the freight trade of the country is carried on by ships flying the Stars and Stripes. During the calendar year of 1890, 33,359 vessels engaged in foreign trade entered at the ports of the United States. Their total tonnage was 18,510,374. American vessels, to the number of 11,033, carried 4,334,774 tons of the total amount, and foreign ships handled 14,175,600 tons. The merchant marine of the United States has a total tonnage of 4,424,497. The coastwise fleet has an aggregate tonnage of 3,409,435; the foreign trade, 928,062; and vessels registering 87,000 tons are engaged in the cod and whale fisheries. The vessels belonging to the port of New York in 1890 were 1,976 sailing vessels, of 409,468 tons; 1,032 steam vessels, of 374,673 tons; 230 canal boats, of 23,709 tons; and 671 barges, of 143,540 tons.

The volume of the ocean freight is enormous. Some idea of it can be gathered from the statistics of imports and exports issued by the United States Government. Of cotton alone, the vast quantity of 2,907,308,000 pounds was shipped from American ports during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891. This is the largest quantity of cotton sent out of the country in any one year. The value of the cotton exported was $290,708,898, which is nearly half the value of the sum total of the four leading agricultural products. This amounted to $588,251,912. Next to cotton the most important agricultural products exported were breadstuffs, including grain, which were valued at $127,668,092. Provisions, including meats and dairy products, amounted to $31,696,234. It is worth noting that the total value of the exports of these five leading products was $15,263,951 in excess of the same products in the previous year. The total value of exports and imports of merchandise during the last fiscal year was $1,729,330,896, an increase of $82,191,803 over the previous year, and of $241,797,869 since 1889. The foreign commerce of the United States for the last year was the largest in the history of the country. The movement of the vast quantities of agricultural products and manufactured goods kept the ocean fleet busy. Forty per cent. of the total export trade of the United States goes from the port of New York. During 1890 the export business from the five principal ports was as follows: New York, $370,322,430; New Orleans, $107,300,637; Baltimore, $73,967,796; Boston, $70,364,955; and Philadelphia, $37,241,645. The total from all ports was $881,076,017. The imports in 1890 amounted to a total of $823,286,735, out of which New York received $527,497,196, considerably over one-half. It might be noted in passing, that of the total amount of customs duties collected by the Government in 1890, 67.17 per cent. came from New York.

Time is a great factor in ocean freight transportation, as well as in the passenger business. In the old days when the clipper ship was considered a perfect type of ocean travel, twenty days was a quick passage between New York and Liverpool, and when the Red

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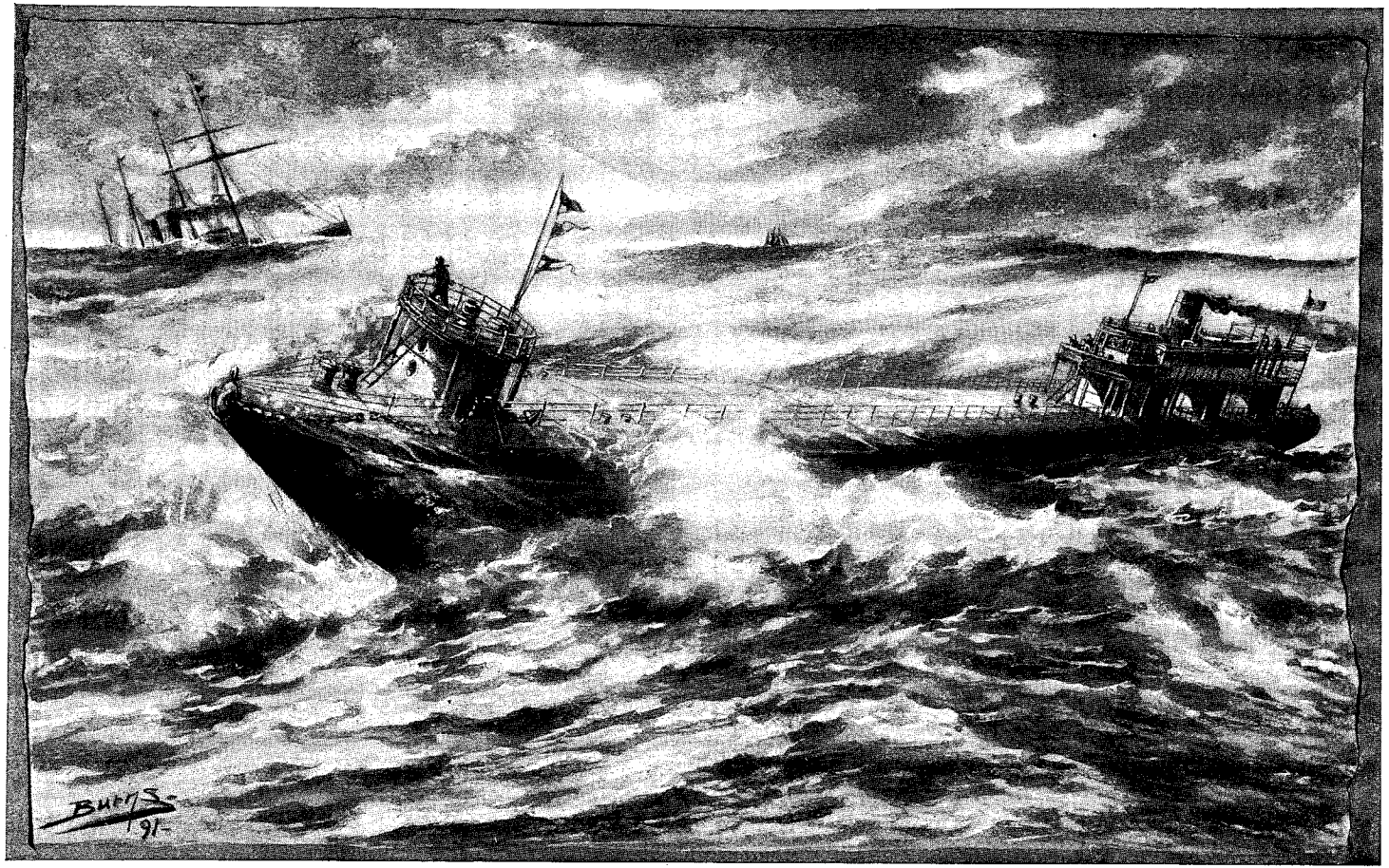

DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.

The "Whaleback" Steamer for Grain and other Freight.

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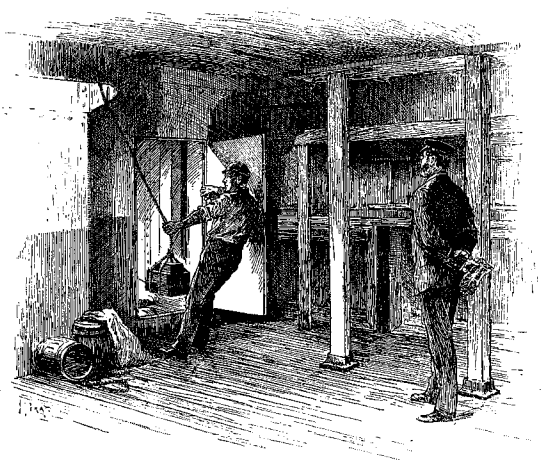
Jacket made her famous trip in 13 days, 1 hour, and 25 minutes, the feat created as much excitement as the breaking of a record by an ocean greyhound does in these days of marine triumphs. The trip was made in 1854, and was an eastward one, the sailer logging 3,017 miles from Sandy Hook to Liverpool. In the following year the clipper ship Mary Whitredge ran from Baltimore to Liverpool in 13 days and 7 hours; she travelled 3,400 miles. Another remarkable trip was made by the Dreadnaught in 1860. She sighted the Irish coast in 9 days and 17 hours after leaving New York; but it took her three days longer to reach Liverpool. An instance showing the sailing quality of the old clipper ships occurred in 1864. The Adelaide, of the Williams & Guion line, while on her way down New York Bay, was passed by the steamship Sidon, of the Cunard line; but the Adelaide arrived in the Mersey before the Sidon, having made the passage in 12 days and 8 hours.

The clipper ship was the ocean greyhound of the Fifties. Her lines were those of a racer, her towering masts and broad expanse of canvas gave her the benefit of every breeze. She carried only the better class of freight in addition to her passengers, and it was not until some time after steamships had become an established fact that the passengers abandoned the clippers to the freight traffic.



The Specie-room of a Passenger Steamer.

For a time the sailing vessels held their own as freight carriers, but the improvements in steamships of recent years have robbed them of the bulk of their trade. They still hold their own for long sea voyages. There is a limit to the use of steam, and it is reached when the distance to be travelled makes the cost of coal and the space it occupies greater than the value of the cargo will warrant. Until some new motive power replaces steam, or steam is produced by the use of petroleum or other concentrated fuel, the clipper ship still has an occupation, and the hearts of all old-time skippers will be gladdened by the sight of her white wings upon the seas.

In 1850 a 1,400-ton sailing vessel was considered a big ship, but some of the new British four-masted steel ships sailing between Europe and America carry from 5,000 to 6,000 tons of cargo.

Great as have been the changes in ocean transportation, still greater changes are pending. The transatlantic business shows the most marked changes. From the old time packetship to the early type of steamship was but the first step. Faster vessels were built, and the space devoted to cargo was encroached upon by enormous engines and boilers, by big coal bunkers, and by large saloons and an increased number of state-rooms. The hulls changed from the bulging sides of the first types to the narrow, racing pattern of to-day. Speed and the arrangements for the comfort of a large list of passengers robbed the vessels of their freight capacity, and now the freight of an ocean greyhound is a secondary consideration. This necessitated the creation of a distinct class, known as the freighter.

The first railway cars having compartments for passengers, baggage, and freight were changed to express trains, where speed and comfort are the first considerations, and freight trains, where carrying capacity is the main object. In just the same manner, and for the same reasons, the ocean traffic is under-

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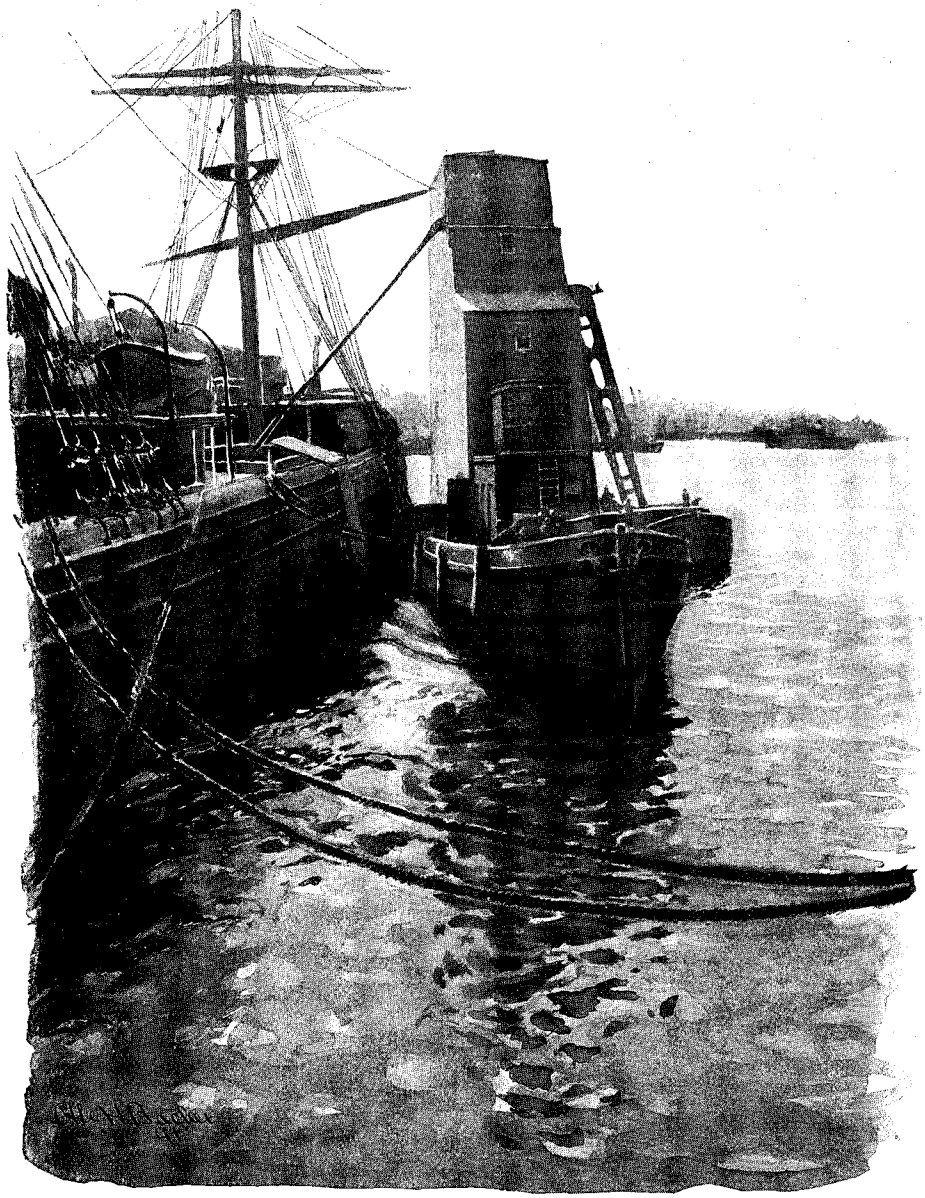

Loading Grain from a Floating Elevator.

going changes. The day cannot be far distant when the passenger ships will take only passengers, mails, specie, and express packages. The best-informed nautical men to-day declare that the progress of the last five years, remarkable as it has been, is but a circumstance compared with the possibilities of the future.

The ocean greyhound is simply an exponent of the times. What the limited express trains are on land, the racer is upon the sea—the "Atlantic Limited." Expense is no object. The faster the ship, the greater the rush for passage in her. She is, of course, a floating palace of magnificence, but speed is the main object, and speed is at times as important for certain classes of freight as it is for passengers. The

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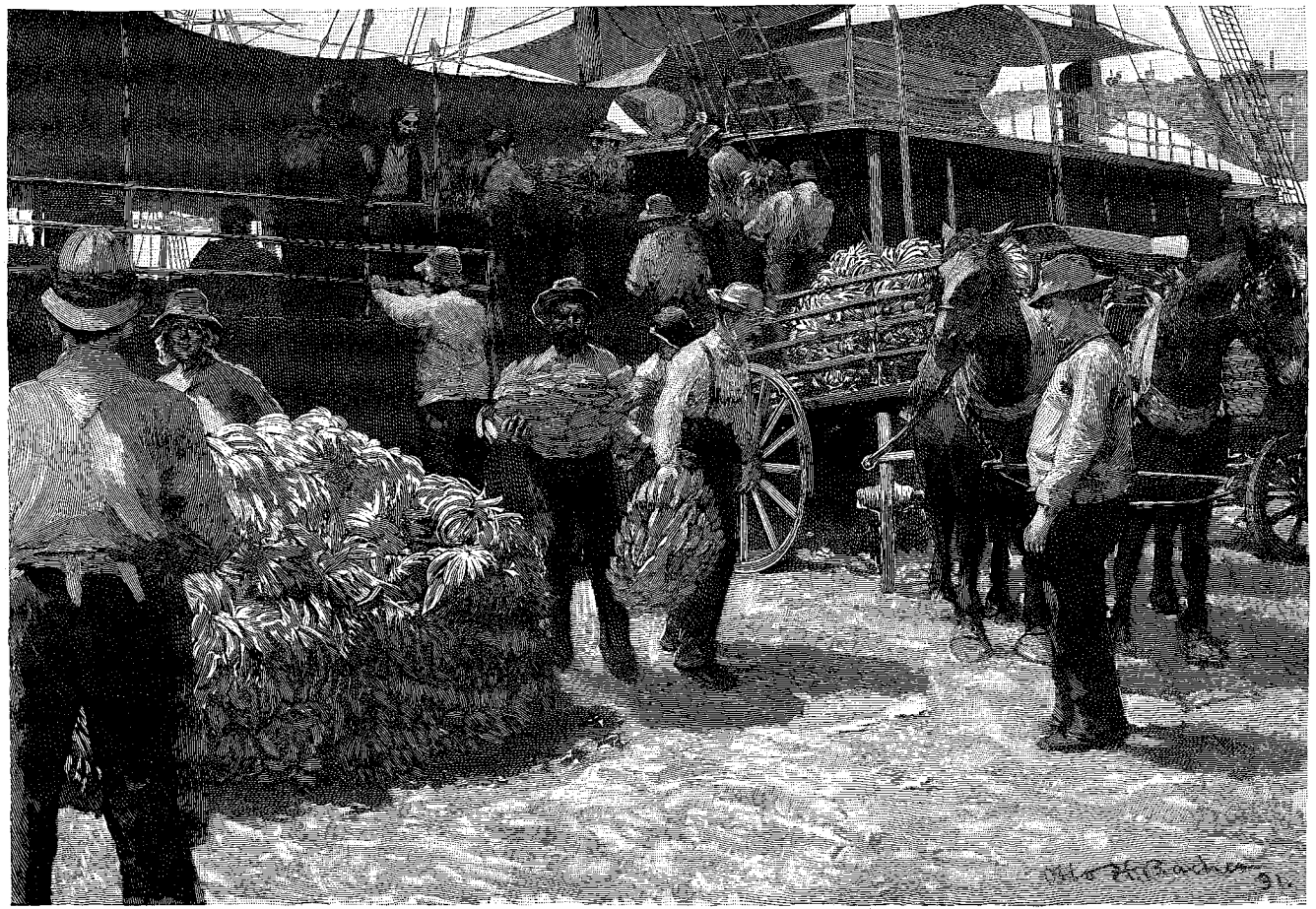

DRAWN BY O. H. BACHER.

Unloading a Banana Steamer.

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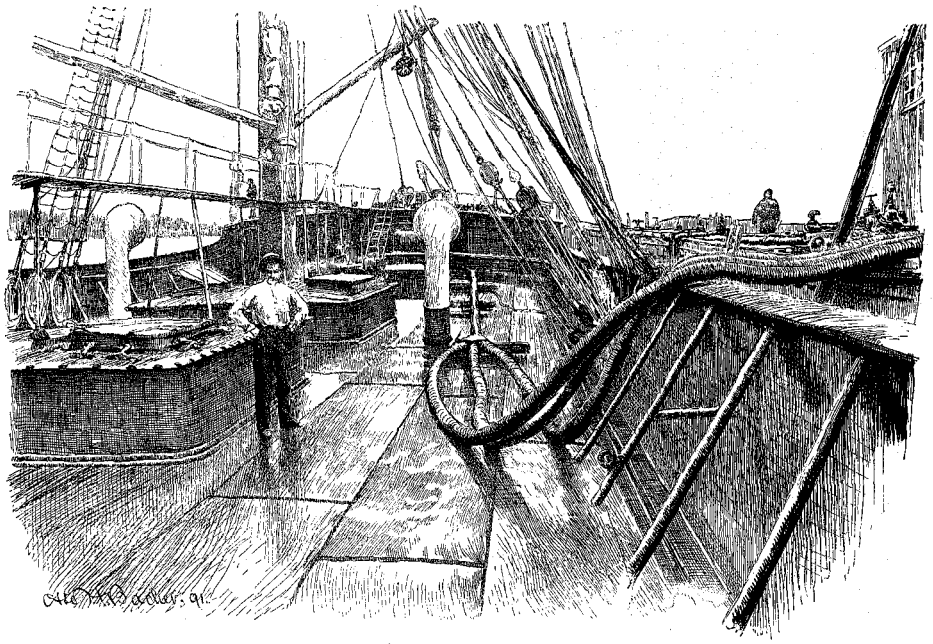

Loading a Tank Steamer with Oil, by Force Pumps.

hue and cry that steamship companies are endangering the lives of their passengers by ocean racing is pointed in the wrong direction. It is the public who are to blame, if blame it is to annihilate time and space by the genius of man. The owners of these vessels spend millions to build ships, and then risk both their capital invested, and the reputation of their line for safety, in order to satisfy their patrons. People of the nineteenth century—Americans in particular—are in a hurry, and never stop to consider the enormous expense, the immense consumption of coal, the fearful and terrible strain on the firemen and coal-passers down in the bowels of the great vessel. Everything is done with a rush. Lightning express trains across continents and racers upon the oceans are necessities of the day.

The love of record-breaking is universal. The performance of the Majestic on August 5th thrilled the people of every nation. Her triumph of crossing the Atlantic in 5 days, 18 hours, and 8 minutes was echoed round the world. Hardly had the echoes died out when her sister ship—twin in size and type—the Teutonic, came into New York harbor with a better record still. It was 5 days, 16 hours, and 31 minutes, and the Teutonic was crowned "Queen of the Seas."

But for how long?

The City of Paris held her record for upward of two years; the Etruria and the Umbria each was the crack racer for a year; but the Majestic only held the coveted place at the head of the Atlantic fleet for just two weeks.

At the rate of increase of speed since 1880, when the Arizona was champion, with a record of 7 days, 8 hours, and 8 minutes, we should have a five-day ship before many years, and perhaps eventually a four-day ship. At a 25-knot gait a steamship would cross from Daunt's Rock to Sandy Hook in 4 days and 15 hours. The Teutonic averaged 20.349 knots per hour for the entire trip, and on a 24-hour run she averaged over 21 knots per hour.

The success of the White Star ships is bound to have a marked effect upon the future of ocean navigation. The Cunard Company has already contracted for the construction of two steamships which are promised to outdo any of the present greyhounds; and rumor has it that the Inman line is about to add two new vessels to its fleet, the

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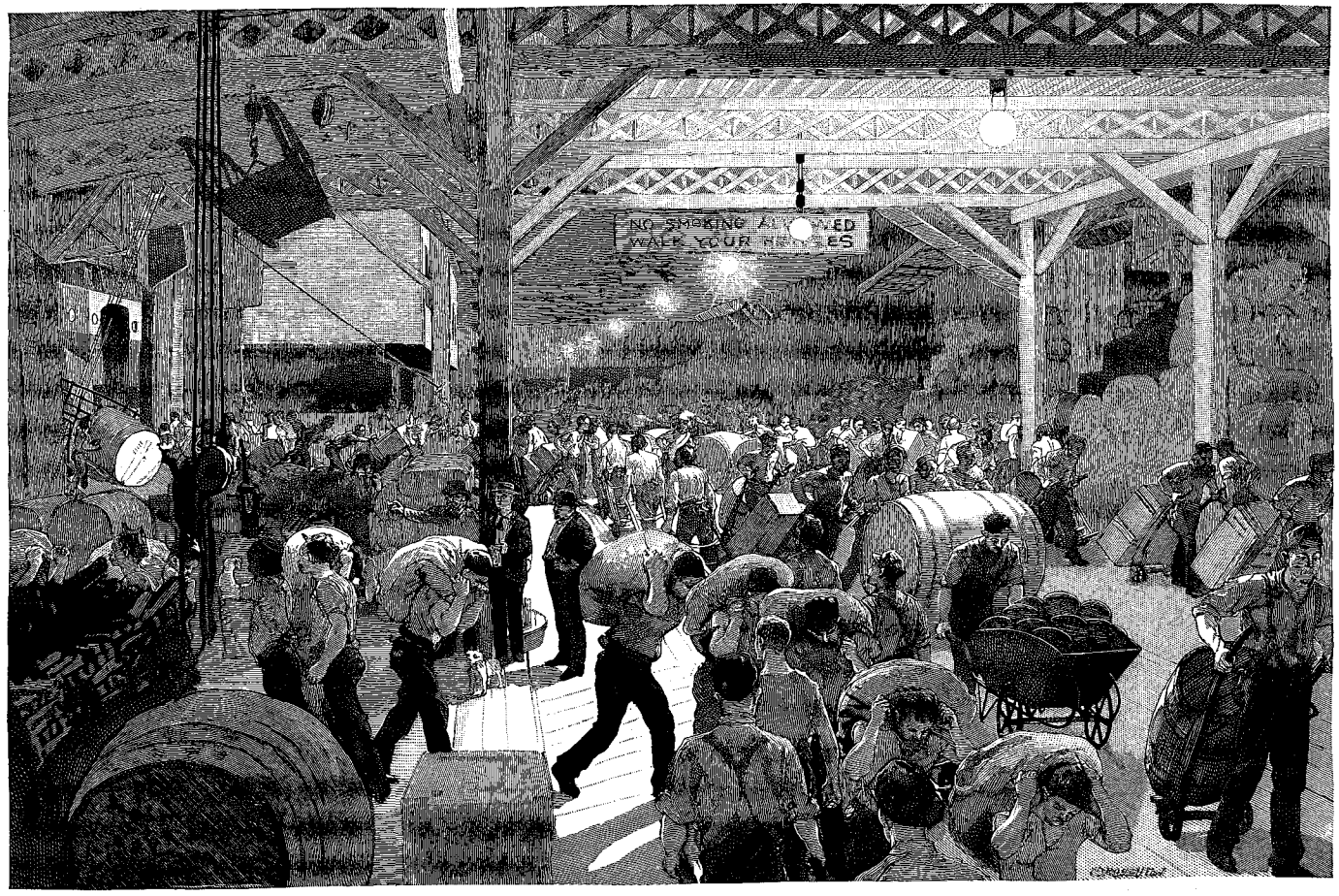

DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON.

Unloading and Loading an Old Dominion Steamer by Electric Light.

ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

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plans of which are now prepared, and it is expected that these new ships will go "one better." Should this promise be fulfilled, there is little doubt but that Europeans who visit Chicago's Columbian Fair in 1893 may cross the Atlantic in five days, or even less.

The freight capacity of the ocean greyhound, however, is small compared with her gross tonnage. The engines, boiler, and coal bunkers, and the space devoted to passengers, leave but little room for general cargo. Thus the gross tonnage of the Teutonic is 9,686, and her net tonnage 4,244, considerably less than half; while the Cufic, a freight boat of the same line, with a gross tonnage of 4,639, has a net tonnage of 3,055. The fast steamships therefore constitute the ocean express. They carry the mails, specie, and freights of a perishable nature, like meats and provisions, or of a character that requires speedy delivery.

The mail is placed in a capacious compartment about 50 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 7 feet high. It is located on the lower orlop deck, forward of the forehatch, and is capable of holding about 1,000 bags of mail. The bags for the different countries are separated in transit, and on arrival at Queenstown the mails are landed, provided there is time to catch the 12.30 A.M. special train, which is made up to connect with the mail-boat leaving Kingstown early the same morning for Holyhead. Should this connection be missed, only the Irish and Scotch mails are landed at Queenstown. The other mails are landed at Liverpool.

To the steamship Trave belongs the honor of having carried the largest European mail ever shipped from the port of New York, being 1,002 bags, in December, 1889. The largest European mail ever received at the port of New York was 1,062 bags, brought by the Servia last December.

The system of sorting the mails on board ship, which was recently inaugurated by the United States and German governments is a success. It is in operation on eight vessels of the North German Lloyd line and the four express ships of the Hamburg-American line. This system is termed the "sea post-office," and is similar to a post-office on land. The space required on board ship for the manipulation of the mails is equal to about three or four state-rooms. For each vessel the United States provides one official, and Germany supplies another. The latter has an assistant.

All disbursements are made at present by the German Government, but at the end of the year the two governments divide the expenses. On the eastern trip all mails, except the newspaper mail, are landed at Southampton. Only the German mail, and that for countries beyond Germany, is sorted. The British mail is put ashore unsorted, in the same manner that it is on the British steamship lines. The sorting of the mail during the passage enables the packages for each country to be forwarded direct from the nearest landing-point to their ultimate destination without delay. The saving of time at New York City alone is from 4 to 6 hours, and for Pittsburg and for points west and south of that place, where an immediate reply is required, a saving of from 24 to 48 hours is effected. The day cannot be far distant when all foreign mails will be sorted at sea; the system indeed has been in operation for many years on the P. & O. ships sailing to India and Australia.

In these days of heavy gold shipments, the specie-room on the steamship is a very important institution. It is located in an out-of-the-way place amidships, under the saloon. Few of the passengers know of its existence, or of the valuable treasure that is carried across the ocean with them. The room varies slightly on different ships, but is usually about 16 feet long, by 10 feet wide, and 8 feet high. It is constructed of steel plates one-quarter of an inch thick, and strongly riveted together. The floor, the ceiling, and the walls are all of steel plates. There is a heavy door, also made of steel. It is provided with two English "Chubb" locks, a variety of combination lock that is said to be burglar proof. The gold and silver is usually in bars, but occasionally a quantity of coin in bags is shipped. This was the case when the heavy shipments of gold were made last spring. The Majestic is credited with carrying

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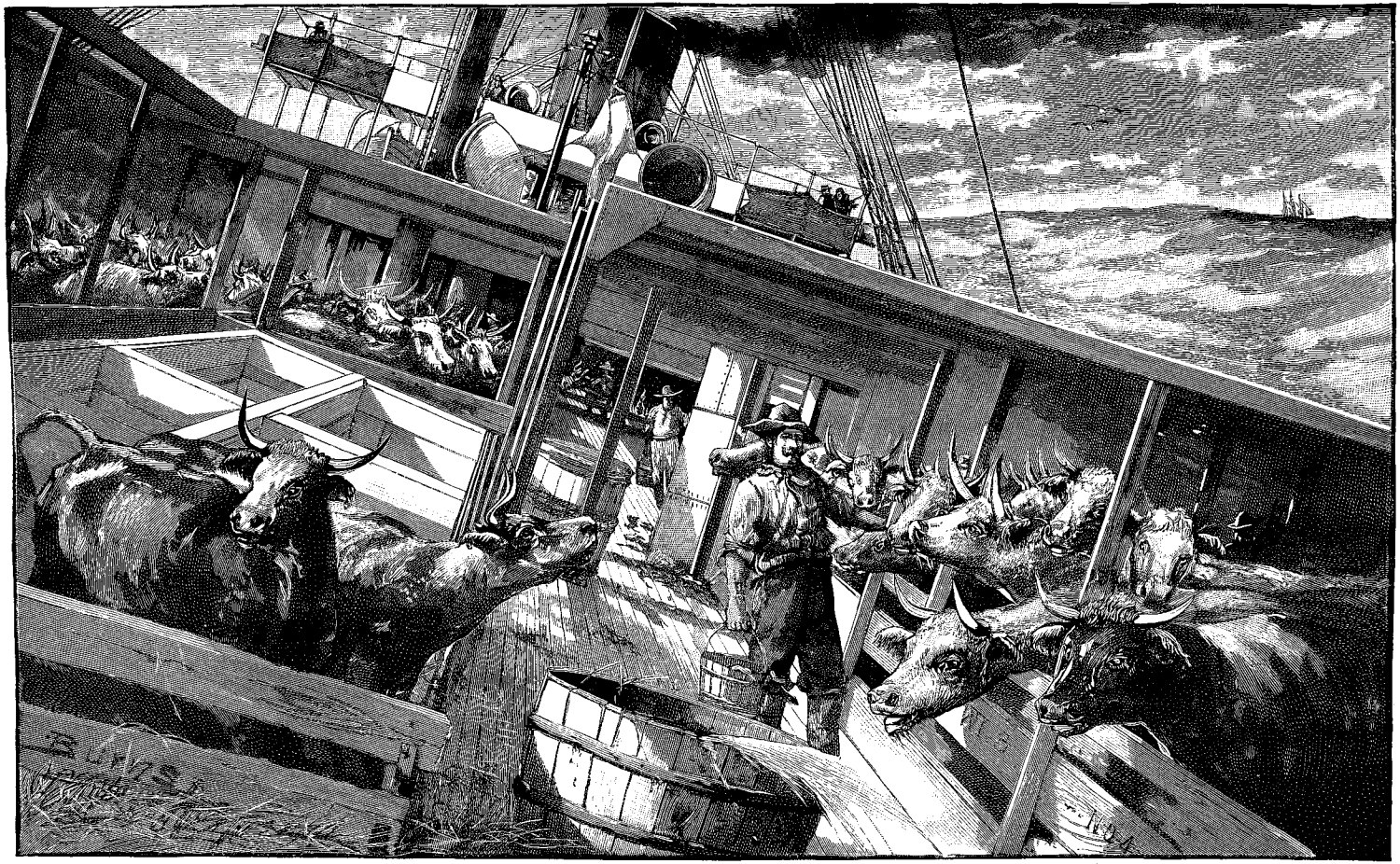

DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.

A Cattle Steamer at Sea.

ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

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the largest quantity, her strong box having $4,500,000 intrusted to it for safe keeping.

The fast steamships are provided with enormous refrigerators for carrying dressed beef and mutton. The temperature is kept at about 30 degrees. Fruits, vegetables, butter, cheese, and bacon are shipped in large quantities in summer, and apples, oranges, oysters, and hops are sent over in the winter. Space is always reserved for the various European express companies.

Next to the ocean greyhound comes a class of steamships requiring from 7 to 8 days to cross the Atlantic, and having accommodation for from 800 to 1,000 passengers of all classes, and from 2,000 to 5,000 tons of freight. Both passenger and freight rates are slightly less than on the greyhounds, a preference being given to the latter at certain times, according to the condition of the market. The slower ships are patronized by people to whom the saving of a few dollars is an object, and by some who enjoy the ocean trip too much to be in a hurry about landing, and by others who imagine all sorts of dreadful things are going to happen to the racers. The class of freight carried varies but little from the faster ships, except that the mails, specie, and express goods are usually lacking. Cotton, tobacco, and merchandise, including manufactured goods and machinery, form the bulk of the general cargo.

The next grade of steamship is the new type, called the freighter. It is the result of the tendency to build express ships, and its object is to accommodate the freight which is crowded out by the speed requirements. These ships combine enormous freight capacity with a high rate of speed and minimum coal consumption. They have reduced the time of freighters between New York and Liverpool from 16 to 10 days without materially increasing the rate of freight. They carry heavy goods of all kinds to the amount of 5,000 tons, and from 600 to 800 head of cattle. To this class belong the four new White Star ships, the Tauric, the Nomadic—both of which have twin screws—the Runic, and the Cufic; also the Europe and America, of the National line.

The Nomadic has the record of carrying the largest amount of freight in one trip. In August of this year she carried 9,591 tons, including coal necessary for the voyage. The America, of the National line, left the port of New York, March 17th of the present year, with 8,577 tons, including her coal, which was the largest cargo on record at that time, and until surpassed by the Nomadic. The England, also of the National line, carried 1,022 head of cattle from this port on September 18, 1889. This is the largest cargo of cattle ever carried by any ship.

Just previous to the heavy duty on tin-plate going into effect on July 1st, the Cufic brought the largest cargo of tin-plate on record, being 76,529 boxes.

A type of ship which was at one time considered a first-class passenger vessel has been gradually forced from the trade by faster ships more luxuriously fitted, and is now engaged in carrying general freight. To this class belong the entire fleet of the National line, some of which, like the Spain, were at one time favorite passenger boats.

Another class of freight steamship is that wanderer of the seas, the "tramp." Belonging to no regular line, identified with no particular class of cargo, having no regularity as to time of departure or ports of destination, and with a hold that takes anything from cotton to guano, from guano to bananas, and from bananas to petroleum, this nomad of the deep is a peculiar institution.

What more appropriate name than "tramp" can you suggest?

She is often a ship of considerable size, and is usually chartered for cargoes of a heavy character, but will take anything that offers. She usually has engines of low power, and her coal consumption is small. She requires from 15 to 20 days to cross the Atlantic.

Within the last few months men who go down to the sea in ships have been startled by seeing something new. A type of vessel of which much is promised, even to a revolution of the entire ocean freight business of the world, has successfully made the trip from the head of Lake Superior to Liverpool, and has returned to this country. She is the "whaleback," Charles W. Wetmore.

Built at West Superior, Mich., this

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original craft, having more the appearance of a large barge than an ocean steamship, has taken 87,000 bushels of grain, from the heart of the grain-producing region, through the lakes and the rapids of the St. Lawrence River, to the ocean and across to Liverpool.

The vessel is shaped like a huge cigar, pointed at both ends; her deck is arched and without any obstructions, save for a small turret forward and a deck-house aft. The latter contains the cabin, wheelhouse, and quarters for the captain, officers, and engineers.

An illustration of this novel vessel is shown on page 597.

When loaded, the hatches, which are huge iron plates, are bolted down and form a smooth deck surface, over which the waves have full play, saving Jack Tar the trouble of using the holy-stone or swab. The crew is quartered in the turret forward. The machinery, which is located directly aft, consists of a compound engine of 800 horse-power, with a 26-inch high-pressure cylinder.

The hull is made of steel, and is 265 feet in length, 38 feet in breadth, and the depth of hold is 24 feet. Four feet above the keel is an inner skin for additional safety, and between this skin and the hull are nine compartments, which are buoyant air-chambers when the ship is loaded, and serve to hold water ballast when she has a light cargo. A railing made of wire rope extends the length of the hull on each side, and is intended as a protection for the men when they have occasion to visit their shipmates in the after part of the vessel.

The hold is one large compartment, with a bulkhead forward, where the men's quarters are, and one aft, where the machinery is located, and also the firemen's quarters.

The Wetmore draws 17 feet of water, and her capacity is said to be 100,000 bushels of grain, or 3,000 tons of other cargo.

The advantages claimed for the whaleback are her low cost of construction, which is one-third less than that of an English tramp steamship of the same capacity; her elongated, elliptical form, which offers less resistance to the wind and waves, so that she can be propelled with less power than the ordinary steamship; her small consumption of coal, but from twelve to thirteen tons a day, or about half that of an ordinary steamship, being used; and a crew of twenty men navigating the Wetmore, as against a crew of thirty men required to man another ship.

It is also stated that the Wetmore can be discharged more quickly of grain or other cargo, and that there is less rolling and tossing at sea than in the ordinary type of steamships. But it must be remembered that as yet the Wetmore is only an experiment. Her transatlantic trip was taken in August when the sea was most tranquil. How she will behave in midwinter, when her arched back will be coated with ice, and her deck-works perhaps washed away, is not quite clear. Her lack of lifeboats and other life-saving appliances is also noticeable.

This type of vessel in some modified form will no doubt be a great success as a carrier of grain, coal, oil, molasses, and other bulky freights; but the Wetmore must be furnished with hoisting machinery or other devices in order to facilitate the quick loading of heavy materials before she becomes what may be regarded as a complete success.

To the three classes of steamships last mentioned, the carrying of grain is a large item. But there are at all seasons of the year vessels engaged almost exclusively in carrying grain.

About 2,000 vessels loaded with grain sailed from the port of New York during the last year. The number will be even greater this year, owing to the abundance and quality of the grain crop of the United States, the small crops abroad, and the action of the Russian Government in prohibiting the export of rye from its territory.

The sailing vessel is rapidly disappearing from the grain-carrying trade. Ten years ago there were 1,782 sailing ships engaged in the grain trade, now there are only about thirty cargoes in a year from New York. The total amount of grain and breadstuffs exported from the United States in 1890 was valued at $141,602,847. Of this New York shipped 32¼ per cent., and yet fears are entertained that New York will lose her grain business, owing to the heavy port

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and storage charges compared with those of other seaports. Last year New York handled $45,649,765 worth of grain. Corn led in the amount shipped, there being a total of 24,374,745 bushels. Wheat came next with 12,607,484 bushels, and there were 9,192,203 bushels of oats and 1,389,419 bushels of rye. There were 3,693,598 barrels of wheat flour shipped from New York out of a total for the United States of 11,319,456 barrels. Barley, buckwheat, and rice were exported in smaller quantities, and cornmeal, oatmeal, and other preparations, not included in the above figures, were sent to foreign ports.

Ships are specially fitted up for carrying grain. The hold is divided into compartments by a longitudinal bulkhead in addition to the ordinary bulkheads. This is done to prevent the cargo from shifting. The hold is ceiled in order to prevent any waste of grain which is shipped in bulk in the lower hold; shifting planks are placed on each side of the keelson and fitted to side stanchions between the beams, and care is taken to secure the planks so that they will hold their places even in a rough sea. The British Board of Trade requires that the hatches of the lower hold shall be supplied with a feeder or hopper capable of holding a sufficient quantity of grain to fill the hold completely as the grain settles; these feeders extend above the lower deck. The space between decks is filled with grain in bags. Care is taken in loading to stow these bags so that the space between decks will be entirely filled. These requirements have been adopted by ship-owners and shippers generally.

With the exception of the American line from Philadelphia, United States vessels cut but a small figure in grain traffic. Their four vessels are the only American steamships engaged in the business. In one year Great Britain carried 616 shiploads of grain, or an aggregate of nearly 25,000,000 bushels; Germany carried 167 shiploads, or nearly 4,000,000 bushels; Belgium carried 70 shiploads; France, 33; Denmark, 21; Italy, 15; Spain, 8; Austria, 10; Portugal, 9; and Norway, 6.

The handling of all this grain, by the time it arrives by canal-boat or by railway from the West, to the time that the ship sails from the harbor, requires a large number of elevators and many men. There are 31 floating elevators in the port of New York, which are towed alongside of grain ships in order to fill in bulk. The grain is simply pumped from the capacious bins of the elevator to the hold of the ship.

The large stationary grain elevators are used as much for storage as for loading vessels. The number of stationary elevators in the port of New York is 22, and the total storage capacity of this port is 26,000,000 bushels.

Some idea of the quantity of grain stored in one of these elevators may be gained from the fact that when the elevators of the New York Central Railroad Company, at Sixtieth Street and the North River, were burned, the loss on the grain alone amounted to at least $75,000. The elevators had a total capacity of 2,300,000 bushels, and contained only 100,000 bushels at the time of the fire. Only one elevator was rebuilt.

The transfer capacity at the port of New York, or the rate at which grain ships can be loaded, is 458,000 bushels per hour.

Another type of vessel is the fruit steamship. There are about 90 in the tropical fruit trade between the United States, West Indies, and Central America. Bananas form the great bulk of the trade; cocoa-nuts, oranges, pine-apples, and other fruits make up the balance of the cargoes. The principal fruit ports in the United States, besides New York, are Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans. The steamships are built expressly for the fruit trade, and are all, or nearly so, under the Norwegian and English flags, the Norwegian ships predominating. The hull is of steel lined with wood; the space between the steel plates (or outer skin of the vessel) and the wood is filled in with charcoal, which makes the ship a huge floating refrigerator. The vessels are provided with all the latest improvements in motive power, including triple-expansion engines and steam steering-gear. Some of the best ships devoted exclusively to the fruit trade have twin

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screws, and have accommodation for from 10 to 12 saloon passengers. Their average speed is from 11 to 13 knots per hour. Many of the ships have their engines and boilers further aft than is the case in ordinary freighters.

Fruit steamships have three decks, all open, with a space of about two inches between each of the deck planks. This arrangement assures a free circulation of air at all times, and thus the fruit is preserved from heating and decay. These ships carry from 15,000 to 25,000 bunches of bananas, each bunch averaging in weight from 60 to 80 pounds, but some bunches have been found to weigh over 200 pounds. The fruit is "stowed" by an experienced stevedore, who devotes himself exclusively to the fruit trade. The bunches are placed on end along the decks, until all the space is filled; then a second and a third tier of bunches are laid flat, one over the other, in a manner that allows plenty of ventilation. Great care is taken to prevent the fruit from contact with salt water, which causes the black spots frequently seen on the bananas. After the vessels discharge the fruit, they return in ballast for another cargo. The bulk of the crop is shipped during the five months from February to August. At the expiration of the season about one-third of the fruit vessels return to tropical ports and continue in the trade between there and the United States fruit ports during the winter. The other ships return to Europe with a grain cargo, and are chartered for general freight until the next fruit season.

Besides these vessels already mentioned there are also three or four regular steamship lines which are largely engaged in the tropical fruit trade. The principal lines are the Atlas line, the Pacific Mail, the Anchor line, and the Honduras and Central American line. The vessels of the Atlas line are fitted with the most modern appliances for the preservation of the fruit. All these lines have excellent passenger accommodation, and carry a general cargo as well.

The total receipts of bananas at all United States ports last year was 13,284,756 bunches, New York alone receiving 5,433,295 bunches of the fruit. The principal ports of shipments were Jamaica, 2,108,975 bunches; Baracoa, 1,478,596 bunches; Port Limon, 547,976 bunches; Honduras, 205,290 bunches; and other ports, 125,000 bunches.

The Mediterranean fruit trade requires a large fleet of steamships during the autumn and winter months. Oranges, lemons, limes, Malaga grapes, raisins, currants, and nuts form the bulk of the cargoes. Sicily alone sends us 1,000,000 boxes of oranges a year, and half as many boxes of lemons. Spanish grapes, to the amount of 600,000 barrels annually, and dried fruits in vast quantities from the various Mediterranean ports make up an enormous import trade. There are no steamships specially devoted to this business, as the season lasts only a portion of the year. The vessels employed are steamships which are well ventilated, and having a good rate of speed, as they all, or nearly so, carry passengers and a general cargo.

The Florio line, the Mediterranean fleet of the Anchor line, and the Mediterranean and New York Steamship Company handle nearly all of this class of trade.

The tank steamship, for carrying oil in bulk, is an American invention. Shipbuilders declared for years that no vessel with a shifting cargo, like oil in bulk, would live through a gale, but an enterprising Yankee demonstrated the fact that petroleum could be pumped from the pipe line directly into the hold of a steamship and transported across the ocean in safety. The cost of barrelling the oil is saved, and there is also considerable economy in loading.

The tank steamship can always be distinguished by her odd appearance, the funnel being placed a little forward of the mizzenmast. She has two decks; the hold is divided into from 7 to 9 compartments or tanks for oil; each tank has a capacity of about 4,000 barrels. An empty space of about two feet, called a safety well, is forward of the boilers and engines, separating them from the cargo hold. This empty space, which has a bulkhead on each side, is sometimes filled with water. The depth of the tanks or hold is about 24 feet. On the top of these tanks are expansion tanks, about 5 feet square, reach-

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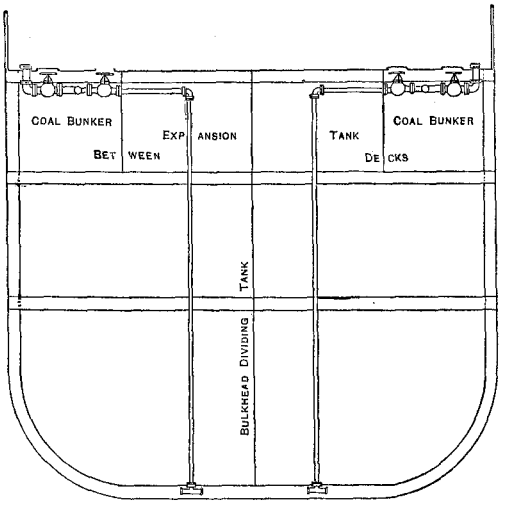
ing to the upper deck, and provided with hatches. The tanks are filled quite full, but sufficient space is left unfilled in the expansion tanks to allow for the expansion of the oil, which is one per cent. in volume for every 20 degrees Fahrenheit.



Cross-section of a Tank Steamer, showing the Expansion Tank.

The tanks are filled by means of a very powerful pump, situated at varying distances, from a few yards to one-eighth of a mile from the ship. The greatest care is taken in loading the vessel. A man with a flag is stationed on the ship's deck, and another man with a flag is placed at the tank. The signal to start and to stop pumping is passed from one to the other. The largest vessel can be filled in about 12 hours. The balance of space between decks is used for storing coal, the ship's fuel. When the cargo is discharged in Europe the tanks are filled with water ballast for the return trip.

Some of these steamships have been very lucky in picking up disabled passenger steamships, which, of course, means a substantial salvage. There are now about 70 of these tank steamships in the trade, the majority of which are employed by the Standard Oil Company and their connections, and new ones are being constantly added to meet the increasing trade. They are all under foreign flags—English, German, and Dutch—but the Standard Oil Company owns a large interest in them.

These steamships are all supplied with triple expansion engines, and are capable of maintaining a speed of from 8 to 11 knots per hour on the small coal consumption of about 25 tons for each 24 hours. The Bayonne is the fastest; she made the trip from England to New York in 11 days, averaging 11.10 knots per hour. They average from 2,000 to 3,000 tons gross, and carry from 3,000 to 4,000 tons of cargo. Aft of the engine-room is the cabin and officers' quarters, which are comfortable in every particular. The crew is located in the forecastle, as is usual on all vessels. The crew number about 30, all told.

Another type of steamship, which is an outcome of the tank idea, is the molasses ship. These have been used with success in carrying molasses in bulk between Havana and New York. The Circassian Prince is a notable instance of this type. The traffic in molasses is not very great at present, but when the trade increases tank steamships will, no doubt, be largely employed.

The loading of an ocean steamship is a sight well worth a visit to one of the city piers to witness. With the exception of the North German Lloyd, the Hamburg-American, the Netherlands, and the Thingvalla lines, whose piers are in Hoboken, and the Red Star Line, and some of the Inman vessels, in Jersey City, the great transatlantic steamships dock along the North River, from Canal Street up to Twenty-fourth Street. The length of the steamships, some of them being nearly 600 feet, make very long piers necessary. These piers on a sailing day present an animated scene. A long line of trucks, loaded with all sorts of merchandise, moves slowly down the pier, each truck delivering its packages opposite the particular hatchway down which they are to be lowered. The big ships load at four different hatchways at the same time. Steam-hoisting apparatus at each, and separate gangs of men, all, however, under the direction of one stevedore, load and stow the immense cargo in an incredibly short space of time.

All prominent lines handle their own freight, but some of the smaller lines give it out by contract to a stevedore, who employs his own men. About six

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gangs of twenty-five men each, and about twelve foremen and dock-clerks are employed. As many men are employed as can work to advantage. The day men are relieved by other gangs of men who work at night. In rush times a few men are added to each gang. From 10,000 to 100,000 packages constitute an ocean steamship's cargo. The largest number of packages are carried at the season of the year when the Bordeaux fruit canning trade is on, and the proportion of small packages is increased. Some big packages, such as a street-car completely boxed, or a steam launch enclosed in a case, require considerable power and much skill to load. Heavy machinery and enormous cases are lifted from the dock, swung over the open hatchway, and lowered to the cavernous depths as quickly and easily as though they weighed but a hundred pounds instead of several tons.

The stowing of the freight requires experience and judgment. The weight must be arranged so that the vessel stands upon an even keel, and she must not be down at the bow, or too low at the stern. Then the cargo must be stowed so that it will not shift. The importance of this is seen when the rolling and plunging of the ship in a heavy sea is considered. The cargo would not only be seriously injured if it tumbled about, but the vessel would be unmanageable. The stevedores and the 'longshoremen who attend to this work are experienced men, and the difficulty of loading ships with inexperienced men caused the owners of many steamships to permit them to remain idle at the time of the great London dock strikes.

Particular attention is paid to stowing the cargo of an ocean racer. Every package is fitted into place, so that the cargo will be a solid part of the vessel, and serve to ballast and trim her to the best advantage.*

* Certain kinds of freight admit of peculiar packing, of which an instance occurs to me in the loading of American cheeses. The side ports of the ship are opened, and a series of inclined chutes are arranged so that the cheeses roll by their own weight from the truck on the pier through the open port, and are switched off on side chutes, which carry them to their final resting-place, where men stow them in solid layers. Some vessels, not provided with side-ports, hoist the packages on deck in nets and lower them down the hatchways. Some of these products of the American dairy return to us as English manufacture—the "Cheshire" and "Double Gloucester."

The North German Lloyd line holds the record for rapid loading and unloading of cargo. The Eider arrived at 10 A.M., one day in January, 1890, and in twenty-nine hours her freight was discharged, and a full cargo, the mails, and her complement of passengers were on board, and the lines cast off for a return trip to Europe.

The ocean steamships are coaled at their docks. The barges containing the coal are towed alongside, on both sides of the vessel, and the work of coaling commences immediately after her arrival in port. It is hoisted up by iron buckets, coaling on both sides going on at the same time. It requires about four and a half days to coal one of the big greyhounds. There are eight coal barges employed in the work; each of these barges contains from 250 to 300 tons of coal. Some of the lines get their coal from Baltimore, and others from Norfolk. The coaling, as now conducted, is a tedious as well as a dirty process, and it is difficult to understand why lines have not adopted the elevator method which was tried on some of the naval and coastwise vessels some two years ago, and proved a success, both as to economy, rapidity, and cleanliness. The experiment showed that 500 tons of coal could be stored away in the bunkers by chutes in one hour.

The loading of cattle-ships is interesting. The vessels are tied up to the docks in Jersey City and Weehawken, where the stock-yards are located, and the cattle are driven up a narrow gang-plank. When steamships take grain or other cargo in the hold and cattle on deck, the latter are usually loaded from barges at the wharf, or while the vessel is at anchor in the bay. Occasionally a fractious steer breaks away from the drivers, and, plunging over the side of the gang-plank, takes a bath in the water. A sailor jumps in and passes a rope around the animal, which is then hoisted on board by means of a block and tackle. The cattle are placed in strongly constructed pens between decks, as well as on the upper deck. The space for each head of cattle is fixed by law at 2 feet 6 inches by 8 feet. The pens hold half a dozen cattle each. Experience has shown that there was greater loss when more

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room than this was allowed for the cattle. A steer with plenty of room in his pen would roll from side to side and become bruised or crippled when a heavy sea was encountered. By packing the cattle tightly, they serve as buffers for each other, and the loss is diminished. Within the last two or three years the methods of shipping cattle have been improved, so that the loss is now less than two per cent.

The cost of shipping cattle from New York to Liverpool is about half a cent per pound, live weight. This includes the care and the feed during the voyage. From ten to a dozen men are employed to look after the cattle on the trip. Very low wages are paid these men, as there are always a number of applications on hand from impecunious men who are desirous of working their passage to Europe by taking care of the cattle. A few men are regularly engaged in the business of taking care of cattle at sea. They are known as "cowboys of the sea," and are big burly fellows who are used to rough living and to facing danger. The work of feeding and watering the cattle is not an easy task in fair weather, and with a rough sea on it is dangerous. When severe storms are met, the cattle become panic-stricken, and the men are obliged to go among them and quiet them. Sometimes the pens are broken down in a gale, and there is pandemonium aboard. Cattle-ships have arrived in port with only a small portion of the number of cattle taken on board, but as the losses fall upon the shippers and the reputation of the steamship line is to some extent at stake, they are, therefore, more interested in the safety of cattle at sea than anyone else. The efforts of Samuel Plimsoll, M.P., and the cattle inspectors of Great Britain and the United States, have materially improved the methods of this traffic.

Ocean freights are lower than those by rail. They fluctuate from day to day, and are affected by the supply, and by the available tonnage in port. Grain was carried from New York to Liverpool last year for three shillings a quarter; this year the increased shipments have advanced the price to from four shillings to four shillings and ninepence a quarter, an advance of fifty per cent. The increased rate on grain affects all other rates, as the steamships vary their cargo according to the demands of the trade.

Just previous to the time the McKinley Bill went into effect, space on the fast steamships commanded seven times the usual rate, and hundreds of thousands of dollars depended upon the arrival of big consignments of dutiable goods within the time limit. The demand for space on the North German Lloyd line was so great that on one of the ships due to arrive in New York just before the new law went into effect, when shippers could not obtain room in the hold, several state-rooms were hired, and filled full of cutlery and other goods on which there was a considerable advance of duty. It will be remembered that in some instances tugs were sent out beyond Sandy Hook to meet steamships and sailing vessels which had been delayed, and hasten their arrival. The Etruria reached Quarantine at 11 P.M. on October 4th. Captain Haines was taken off on a tug, which ploughed her way up the Bay. At the Battery a team of fast horses was waiting, and the captain rushed breathless into the Custom House, with barely one minute to spare, before midnight, when the new law went into effect. Thousands of dollars were saved by the timely arrival of the Etruria. The Zaandam, which had been chartered to bring over a large cargo of Sumatra tobacco, on which the duty was advanced $1.25 per pound, arrived a few hours late, although she sailed three days ahead of the Werkendam, of the same line, with a similar cargo, which arrived in time to save the increased duty.

Every nation is interested in the extension of its ocean freight-carrying business. The welfare of the farmer, the artisan, and the merchant is interwoven with that of men who live on the sea. Commerce and the industries go hand in hand, and the magnificent showing that the former makes is only an indication of the prosperity of the latter. No more apt illustration of the growth of the American nation in the last quarter of a century can be pointed out than the development of her ocean traffic.

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A RECOGNITION.

By Octave Thanet.

BALDWIN had watched all night; but when with the dawn the others came to relieve him, he felt no inclination to sleep; instead, he carried his harassing conscience to a little park of which he had grown fond.

The city is hardly so old as the century, yet the park has a mellow flavor of antiquity; it is as if the irregular frontage of houses had been modelled after the old print of some colonial square. That effect of gables broken by two high chimneys, one on either side the roof-peak, of steep roofs and tiny wooden stoops stepping out from weather-beaten brick walls, of lichens painting cream-colored stucco, of wee shops, of which the one window has a modest bravery of toys and sweetmeats, of which the door swings to the jangle of a bell, of tiny gardens where hollyhocks and marigolds prosper—this is not an effect to be anticipated from a Western city that has electric cars whizzing through half its streets.

Baldwin, himself, could not explain the pleasure given by this anachronistic little park. It was a mere teaspoonful of fresh air and greenery, not containing more than an acre of trees and grass splashed by a tall bronze fountain. At one angle of the enclosing streets, the open doors of an engine-house showed the gleaming brass mountings and red paint of a fire-engine. Three blue-coated firemen used to loll in the doorway and a large gray cat gazed in a dignified and official manner out of the window.

Directly opposite the fountain was the house at which Baldwin looked oftenest—a tall brick house with dormer windows and an outside staircase. There were pots of geraniums and mignonette on the stair landing and on the stoop before the green blinded front door. And in the yard were more flowers, rose-bushes and pinks. Sometimes it was a lady that came out to water the plants, sometimes it was a little girl of eight or nine, staggering a little, at first, with the heavy can.

In the cool of the evening a man in black broadcloth would occasionally sit on the stoop with the others. Two lads would come and go, and there was a good deal of laughter.

Baldwin noticed that as long as the light was good the lady used to sew on some article or another, generally a child's frock, but once or twice a black garment, which he assigned immediately to the husband. He came to observe the clergyman's house (the man in black was a clergyman) every time that he sat in the park. He knew the curve of the clergyman's shoulders, innocent of clerical black, those warm June nights, as they looked bent over his writing; he knew his pale face, often curiously agitated, as it leaned out of his study window—he thinking what thoughts? Baldwin wondered.

He knew the pretty little girl's light shape skipping away to her school; he knew the little boy—but everybody in the square knew the boy, he was a child of strong and persevering lungs! Some interesting things he knew about the mother; he knew that she was always cheerful and patient, that she went out every morning and was gone two hours or more, and he knew the object of her going; for he could see her enter one

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house on the square and, directly, he could hear the halting, metallic notes of a novice at the piano keys.

All hours of the day and night saw Baldwin in the park, for which there was a sufficient reason; he was in the city to see his uncle die, and his uncle lay dying in the largest house in the square, two doors from the house that he watched.

Those were strange, sombre days to Baldwin. He had not been friends with the dying man, once his guardian and still his nearest of kin; so far from being friends, he believed himself to owe him an irreparable loss. The old man had been a disinterested, painstaking, successful custodian of his ward's fortune, but so little thought did he spend on the lad's self, and so perverse, in Baldwin's view, was such thought as he did give, that there was a cankerfret in his memories of his youth. Yet when old Baldwin sent for him he came, because one finds it hard to refuse a dying man's request. He even counted himself ready to forgive; but, now, of a sudden, he found unexpected dregs of resentment in his heart. That night, the night just lifting from the skies, the old man had spoken to him about their long estrangement. It was his first mention of the subject. Baldwin's mind was full of the details of the interview. The inflections of the dying man's voice (a thin, unexpressive voice with a little hitch that came from the speaker's habit of pressing his lips together and releasing them in a small explosion, the kind of voice that one does not know how to associate with any tragedy, least of all death), the vision of the ashen face on the pillow, the nose one line, the drawn curves in the cheeks, the open mouth panting for breath, the emotionless eyes, the skeleton hands that yet feebly made a gesture familiar to Baldwin's childhood—these haunted him. He heard snatches of sentences over and over: "Suppose you think I did you a great mischief when I prevented you marrying that girl. . . . I did it for the best; I ain't sorry now I did it; but I would like you to forgive me for it. . . . Don't be in a hurry, wait till to-morrow before you talk to me. That always was your fault, Baldwin, too impetuous; I've seen it in your political career, too—it has done you harm. Wait till to-morrow."

What was it that had galvanized enough life into an ancient passion to let it strangle his pity? Really, he did pity the old man, who was dying by inches with a patience that seemed strange and admirable to him; and, then, too, he had never come so close to his uncle before. The housekeeper had told him stories of the way the old man took his defection, he had begun to see how closely—never making a sign—he had followed his own career. She brought him down a musty bundle of newspapers; every one marked, every mark indicating some record of praise or blame of his actions. Here and there was a pencilled comment: "This is false," to a slander; "Cris never was a sneak!" or simply "Yes," to a praise. The secret pride of the man, alone in the world except for this alienated nephew, would peep out of such trifles. Baldwin was touched; why, then, could he not forgive?

He almost repeated the question aloud, and while his lips moved he saw the door of the opposite house open and the mistress come out. She walked along the street facing the park.

"*You* are—why——" said Baldwin.

She was of a tall and slender figure, rather too square of shoulders and too thin of arms, but graceful and erect. Her face was a long oval, pale and gentle as moonlight. Her hair was brown, with golden lights. She chanced to bend her long neck in the direction of the park, and seeing Baldwin, her eyes opened more widely in accompaniment to a smile; they were large eyes, full, a little projecting and of a peculiarly deep and lustrous blue.

That morning she wore a gown made as simply as possible, but (as Baldwin, a club man accustomed to be wise over feminine toilets, commented), like all her clothes, dainty and becoming. The stuff was a white cambric with a sprig of purple. The unbroken lines of the skirt, the ample sleeves, the loose folds of the bodice gathered into a white belt, all suited her style of beauty and masked her defects.

"Yes, she is charming," Baldwin

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thought, bowing. His eyes followed her down the street. There was in his gaze an emotion poignant enough to surprise himself, but it was an emotion quite impersonal; for it was excited by her likeness to a woman that he had loved in his youth. "Poor Emmy!" he muttered—not really compassionating her who was so innocent and safe, since she had died years ago, but out of the complex sensation that makes us thus seem to pity the dead—"poor Emmy, she used to look so pretty in the mornings when I would walk by the house. It was the same house, even to the garden; she used to work in the garden, too. How nice she used to make herself look on such a wretched little sum! That woman blushes just as she used to blush. No, the resemblance in them is not so much a resemblance of feature or coloring, it is of expression; I know their natures are alike."

The lady's bright figure passed the park; it disappeared behind the houses.

Then Baldwin's reverie drifted back to the first time that, sitting in the park, he had looked across to the house, so little changed, the scene of his first love-dream, of wild jealousy, at last, of impotent grief. There, on the stoop, he had asked Emmy to marry him; the little dormer window belonged to her room—ah, Heaven, what thoughts, what hopes, what reverent aspirations, what eager, dazzling ambitions had been that boy's, looking at her window! And downstairs, there in the room where the clergyman pounded out his sermons, ten years after the dream and the crash, there it was that he, simply as a stranger who had been her childhood's friend, came to see her in her coffin. He was standing by the window when her mother gave him the faded photograph of himself and the letters, and the pitiful little package of trinkets. "I guess these belong to you," she had said. "I was willing to help your uncle part you, for I wanted Emmy to marry another man, and your uncle made me mad with his sneering talk and his airs; but I guess Emmy would have been alive now if we'd let matters take their course. She never would have gone to Omaha to teach school if she hadn't been so upset and dissatisfied, and she jest wore herself out. 'Tain't no good, now, saying I'm sorry, but I am. I guess, anyhow, it's as hard for me as for you." He had forgiven her, but he said, then, to his uncle that he would never forgive him.

Nevertheless, because the old wound in his heart had been cured and ceased to ache, he might have forgiven had he not seen the clergyman's wife. The first time that he saw her it was twilight; she walked in the garden and picked the roses. By the moonlight her shape, girlish in its slender grace, was like another shape that he used to watch with a beating heart, a shape inevitably in his thoughts, now, if long out of them, in the whirl of his busy success. For a second he experienced the breathless rush of the sense of a spectral visit; he ran forward, calling her name. Then he saw the face and realized. But from that day he began to trace resemblances and—naturally—to find them.

He picked up an acquaintance with the little girl of the house by rescuing her small brother's ball, which had like to have flown under the heels of the fire-engine horses had not Baldwin made a running jump for it. The child thanked him shyly, but with enthusiasm. And the small brother added: "You catch as well as the baseball men. *Is* you a baseball man?" a compliment so grateful to Baldwin that he took the children over to the little shop and presented the boy with a bat. There was some difficulty regarding the gift, because it did not accord with the little girl's notion of decorum; she was sure mamma would not like Lu to take a present from a stranger.

"Oh, but I'm not a stranger," argued Baldwin, amused. "Your papa knows all about me—if he reads the papers."

"Do you know my papa?"

"What is his name?"

"His whole name is Reverend Lucius Morgan Turner, and brother's whole name is Lucius Henry Turner, and my whole name is Annabel Morgan Turner."

Baldwin looked both surprised and pleased. Lucius Turner had been one of his college admirers. A college hero has as many followers and flatterers as a beautiful woman. To single out of

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the crowd one silent awkward country lad is not so easy; yet something in Lucius Turner had impressed Baldwin, a quality of unfusible principle, perhaps, as shown in one or two trials. Baldwin considered him straitlaced and silly; but he rather admired his defiance of ridicule. For another thing, he liked the way Turner had devoted himself, on class day, to a funny old mother who wished to add the doughnuts and chicken she had brought in an amazing lunch-basket from Milton's Corners to Baldwin's spread. Lucius had not even appeared embarrassed, only grateful to Baldwin for his courtesy. There had sprung up a queer kind of friendship between the two, a friendship that, like a good many other college attachments, was soon lost out in the world. Baldwin's last news was that Turner had kept to his intention of becoming a clergyman, and had "turned out" — so some one declared at an alumni dinner — "a d—— sight better preacher than anyone could expect!"

Well, it was a pleasant thing to meet the good fellow again. Baldwin made friends with his daughter the instant that he told her.

"My father went to a very nice school," said she, proudly—"to Harvard College, in Cambridge, Mass."

"Yes, that is the place."

"I go to school, too — I go to the brick school-house. I'm in the third grade and A class."

Baldwin looked over his shoulder in the direction of the thin chimneys rising from a huge dingy brick rectangle that he remembered his childish mind had found impressive. "I used to go there, too," said he; "you are very high up for your years." Annabel slipped a little hand in his, in token of comradeship.

"And can you, by chance, cook a little or sew?" asked Baldwin.

"Yes, sir, I can cook better than I can sew. I can make coffee in our coffee-pot; I can't make it in other coffee-pots, 'cause they're different. We have a girl now."

"A little sister?"

"Oh, no, sir, a girl in the kitchen! She is just over from Sweden, and she doesn't know any English, but she just follows mamma round and does like she does. And one time mamma, she showed Hulda the things to set the table, and she put the knife, fork, and spoon on, and said very slow—like this —'knife, fork, and spoon,' and that girl, she will call the spoon 'and spoon,' *always!*"

"I dare say she'll learn soon."

"Yes, sir, they always do; but when they know real well, then they always go away where they can get higher wages. One girl was awful good; she said she'd rather stay and work for mamma at a dollar and a half a week than go somewhere else for two; but they offered her two and a half, and mamma told her she ought to go. She comes to see us real often."

"Your mamma must be a nice woman."

She turned the large blue eyes that were like her mother's full on Baldwin, to answer solemnly: "My papa says she is the sweetest woman in the world."

That was the beginning. Ever after that Baldwin continually renewed his sense of wrong. Simultaneously with his perception of the resemblances—moral more than physical—between his lost mistress and Lucius Turner's wife, grew his estimate of the loss that he owed to his uncle's deception and harshness. If there had been times when his heart had turned to some other woman, if fortuitous circumstances, rather than his own volition had kept him faithful to that shade, be sure he did not recognize it now; he very honestly believed that there was only one woman that he had ever loved; and, certainly, he loved her image anew.

He sought out his friend. Lucius was become a man of mark in the community. And the first time that Baldwin heard him speak, a mind used to weighing men's gifts, though in other scales, decided that he was a born preacher.

"It is hard for him to struggle along on such a pittance," thought Baldwin this morning, "but he has compensations; there is his wife! If I had not seen his family life, if I had not seen how happy a woman like Emmy can make a man, I might forgive Uncle

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Cris!" His thoughts harked back to the scene just past. The old man was repeating, "I acted for the best, Cris, for the best, only I hadn't ought to have kept those letters. I'm not excusing myself. But I know it was a mighty good thing for *you*. The girl would have been a clog on you, sure."

He felt again the suffocating anger of the moment and his shame that he should be so moved by a dying man.

"I guess you made a mistake not to marry, Cris," the wavering accents kept on. "I ain't made all I might out of life myself; women ain't much good, but they look pleasant about a house, and children keep a man's interest in life up. Wish you had two or three youngsters, Cris. Say, Cris, I have thought a good deal of you, you'll know that when you read the will. Say, I'd kinder like to hear you say: 'All right, Uncle Cris, I forgive you, I'm sorry you've got to go!'"

But Baldwin's tongue stuck behind his teeth. True, he was moved, moved profoundly, but not altogether with compassion; long-sealed, he had fancied dry, springs of indignation swelled in his breast. But for that half-repentant sinner his poor Emmy might have been his, might be blessing his home to-day! He choked with the old chaos of agony and pity and rage. Yet to strike the broken creature before him, who had loved him, too, in his maimed fashion! So he stood silent, and the old man added those other sentences about waiting, and he had escaped.

"I must forgive him! I can't forgive him!" All the argument flung itself against the contradiction as against a blind wall. He had supposed himself to be alone, but at this point he heard the slightest noise. It was a noise to attract attention, not because it was loud—indeed it was barely above a whisper—but because it was a groan.

On the other side of the fountain a man who had been writing busily, too absorbed in his work to notice Baldwin's presence, abruptly flung his pencil to one side and sunk his head in his hands. Baldwin half listlessly, as one that grasps at any diversion from irritating thoughts, took a few steps in order to discover the maker of the sound. The man sat gripping his forehead with both hands in an attitude of utter dejection. He was of a long, ungainly figure that Baldwin knew as well as he knew the clerical black frock-coat and dishevelled white cravat, or the shapely head and the tumbled red-brown hair and the long white hands.

"Why, Turner!" cried he.

Though Lucius was startled, he was plainly relieved to see only his old college friend. He said as much, coloring. His rugged, large features recovered their customary aspect of kindly gravity. And his fair, freckled skin faded to its ordinary hues. "I had no business to suppose I was alone," were the first words to imply any consciousness of extraordinary behavior.

"I am afraid you are in some trouble, Turner," Baldwin said. As he stood, he was a picturesque figure, in his white flannel suit with the crimson sash and neck-scarf that became his delicate dark beauty; and Turner remembered how he had worshipped him in their college days. His heart yearned to him; in truth, Baldwin had shown substantial kindness to him since they had met, a kindness so easy to the rich man that it did not even figure in his thoughts but important to the poor minister.

"I was thinking about you, Baldwin," said he.

"About me?"

"I was thinking how much truer you had been to our college ideals than I."

Baldwin was a politician; he blushed as he had not blushed for years.

"I went to hear you preach, once, Lucius," he answered, "and that same thought came to me—only it was you that I thought had been true."

"You have made a brave stand in public life, you have stood for the honest thing, though you have your own party against you, and you risk all chance of political preferment——"

"I'm schemy, Lucius; I know there is a sober second thought, even in politics. Besides, the measures I opposed mean *ruin* to the nation. Their promoters are crazy, where they are not knaves or cowards!"

"That is just it; you have never flinched!"

"I wish I could say so," Baldwin

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sadly replied. "We all have our temptations; we let the triumphs go on in capitals, but the falls the devil gives us we hustle off in a corner of the record in fine print!"

"Have you ever been a coward?"

"No end of times," answered Baldwin, serenely; "you're a dozen times braver than I, Turner."

"On the contrary, I am a wretched coward—wretched, because I am a coward."

"I don't believe it. You always were a morbid lot, Lucius; always rummaging in dark corners of your conscience for forgotten sins and always looking at them through a magnifying glass when you had found them!"

Turner scraped a figure in the dust at his feet. Baldwin, idly watching him, noted that the boot was patched.

"No, I am not morbid in this case," he muttered.

"State the case and let me judge."

Turner sighed; but he said, "Why not? if you will not be bored in your own troubles."

Baldwin only answered, "Go on!"

"Here it is, then: Baldwin, I fear I have no right to preach in the Methodist Church."

Baldwin whistled. "Why not?" He sat down as he spoke.

"It is this way. You know that I started believing everything that the church teaches, and with a—a—very strong desire to save souls."

"A burning fervor of zeal I should term it; but drive along. Have you run into doubts?"

"My doubts, it seems to me," said Turner, slowly, "are very minor things, looked at in one way. They do not affect the great scheme of salvation. If it be possible"—his whole face kindled, it was no longer a plain face—"if it be possible, I love and cling to the realities of faith more strongly than ever before! My soul is penetrated with the need men have of them, with the help they can be to sinning and suffering mortal creatures! The vital elements of Christianity I believe in, as I try to love the Lord, with all my heart and soul and strength——"

"What is the matter, then?"

"I cannot receive the doctrine of the inspiration of the scriptures exactly as my brethren do, and I do not believe in eternal punishment."

"Well, is that very serious? Who *does* believe in eternal punishment, anyhow? Is the Methodist Church founded on the pit, so that if you take that away it will topple over?"

"I don't believe it is."

"Well, where *is* the screw loose, then?"

"My wife——"

Baldwin changed color. There was a new note in his voice as he asked, "Do you mean that she believes in eternal punishment?"

Turner leaned back, tugging at the skirts of his coat with both hands. "Why," said he wearily, "that is what I cannot make out. I think she tries to, she says she does sometimes, and other times she talks as if she were doubtful." He smiled with reluctant and melancholy humor. "I notice that while she protests there are people wicked enough for eternal punishment, nobody we ever knew has died that she isn't hopeful about. But you see, Baldwin, we have had an awfully hard struggle. When I married Annabel she was supporting her two brothers—she was an orphan—giving music-lessons. They sent me off on a country circuit first. I was a young man, and I haven't a prepossessing presence——"

"Stuff, Lucius, stuff!" Baldwin interrupted; "that counts for nothing. When you amble across the platform with your head in advance of your shoulders, your awkwardness is a relief after the brethren's airs and graces. And when you get into the pulpit you pour out what is in your heart with an earnestness, a fire that is simply electrical. *You* don't need to yell to be impressive, or to tell stories of sickly children to be pathetic. You don't appeal to a lachrymose mob of women; you talk like a man to men! When I listen to you I am abashed——"

But the minister stopped him, exclaiming, in a broken voice that he did not know; there was such undisguised shame and misery in his face, at the same time, that Baldwin felt a prick of the man of the world's vigilant suspicion. "Good Heavens!" he thought,

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"the clergy are queer birds, but Lucius is the last man in the world——"

"Oh, I'm only giving you your market valuation," he said, lightly; "you are a shining light, and your spiritual lordkins were stupid to snuff you out under a bushel."

"They are shrewd enough in my church," said Turner, "but that is not my story. We went into the country. Annabel couldn't give music-lessons in the wilderness. We did have a cruelly hard time. If I had not known enough saw-and-hatchet carpentering to help, I don't see how we could have had enough to eat. And the children came in the midst of it—at least the little girl did. No nurse, doctor ten miles away. It was hard for my poor girl. But we pinched along. One thing we never did have to fear, we never were in debt. My wife wouldn't let me owe anything. She was so brave, so patient, Baldwin, never lost heart or her faith in me, and even in the midst of the hardest times willing to deny herself so I could give my share to my mother. Well, all that is overpast, praise God! we boys have paid off mother's mortgage and she's safe; Annabel's brothers have good situations and can nearly support themselves; and I have had good places in cities and have a higher salary. Compared to the old times we dwell in luxury."

"They talk of you for a bishop, too, I hear."

Turner sighed heavily. "That is part of my trouble, Baldwin—I look back to those days of struggle with *envy*. Then my soul was at peace. I was doing my duty. I was a loyal servant, no matter in how low a place. Now——" He shifted his position and impatiently ran his hand through his hair. "It was just *living* made me think, made me change," said he; "I can hardly explain the upheaval of my old beliefs; it came out of sorrow and fear and love for men. I am assured in my soul that it was an answer to prayer. I am assured, too, that I am disobedient to the heavenly vision, hiding the light that I have seen."

"Why hide it then?"

"At first I was too confused to feel anything but fear lest I should mislead some soul by expression. I listened willingly enough to my wife's arguments. It is different with me now; but she is only the more fearful. She says if people are *not* eternally punished they will find it out for themselves. It will do them no harm to behave better in this life, even though it be out of fear. And why should *I* question the dogmas of the church that saintly men have trusted for generations? If I *must* believe such things, let me keep them to myself. Now, when there is much heresy and schism abroad, is *this* a time for me or any true son of the church to be making trouble? She begs me, for the children's sake and her sake, to be quiet. I can talk to people whose minds are distressed regarding their relatives and give them hope, in private, if I want to. But it agitates her terribly even to think of my risking my prospects of a bishopric by public heterodoxy. Let me wait, she begs, at least until I am bishop! She is afraid of a trial for heresy and I don't know what——"

"Yet when I knew you, Lucius"—Baldwin could not contain himself from striking in—"when we were together, you would not have been moved from what you thought right by any chance of worldly loss or gain. I should have picked you out of all the men I knew to deserve what was said of John Knox, 'Here lies one that never feared the face of man!'"

Turner's eyes—they were sad eyes, Baldwin had thought more than once—grew dull, as he answered, calmly: "I don't think I am afraid, myself. The hardship of poverty, so far as it concerns me personally, I do not care for; and I feel certain I can provide for my family—if not in the ministry, in some honest calling. Neither do I shrink from any clamor outside, from anything men may do or say. It would be painful; but no more to the inward torment I have endured, thus distracted between my duty and my—my affections, no more than the wrench the dentist gives is to the torture one has had for days and nights before. God knows I should not weigh any of these things. But—you have never been married, Baldwin—when my wife cries,

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when she sobs that I shall ruin the children, I can't endure it! I recoil before her anguish. Oh, you've no need to prove to me how despicable is such a frame of mind; I've told myself harsher things than *you* can tell me! It's arrant, wicked weakness, but I haven't the power to withstand her. Baldwin, I haven't seen her cry but once before since we were married, and that was when the boy was near death with typhoid fever and the doctor said he would live. But she broke all down when I told her that I *must* speak. 'Oh, Lucius,' says she, 'I *can't* go through it all again! And it is so needless!' she says. I see the terror in her eye every time I look off my notes in the pulpit—she reads all my sermons, mind you, so she isn't afraid of *them*. When she finishes one and there is nothing in it that she thinks dangerous, I can see her relief; and for *days* she is doing little things to please me. And I love her so—Baldwin, you can't, you can't measure the temptation!"

Baldwin was sitting with his elbows on his knees and his head in his fists. "I didn't take your wife to be exactly that sort"—he flung his handsome head back to clasp his hands behind his neck, looking, with a queer smile, at a certain window in Turner's house—"I fancied her a regular Wordsworth's angel kind of a woman."

"And so she is!" cried Mrs. Turner's husband, straightening. "Baldwin, you don't understand women. Why, our temptations would look squalid to my wife! She's so good I declare I'm afraid of her sometimes. If you'd seen her when our little lad was sick—she *is* an angel, my dear wife! But women, the best of them, can't seem to look at obligations outside their own narrow round. She can't understand why I should feel degraded in my own eyes by my bondage to her fears! She thinks it pure squeamishness for me to hate being a hypocrite and a liar. I can't explain it to her!"

"No, I suppose not," said Baldwin, gravely; "do you think you ever can?"

"Oh, I hope so. I *must*." As he spoke the minister rose and began to collect his loose sheets of manuscript with a hurried, almost embarrassed, air. Down the street Baldwin perceived the flutter of white skirts sprigged with purple flowers. "She is coming," said Turner. "I ought to have been writing; she will expect to hear the sermon. Instead, I have been maundering on to you and giving you a false impression of her——"

"No, indeed," said Baldwin. "I admire your wife immensely. It is her love for you and the children really makes her hold you back."

"Yes, yes," cried Turner, eagerly, "she is a womanly woman, that is all. But—you'll look in on us, old friend——"

"Surely," said Baldwin. He wrung the other's hand. That was his answer to Turner's wistful eyes. Then he watched the minister move, with his ungainly walk, down the shady street until he joined his wife.

"How will it end?" the observer questioned. "Such a man as you might make—but—will she let you? No, I must have been mistaken, she is *not* like Emmy."

But though he denied stoutly, he could not quiet a recognition deep in the undercurrent of his consciousness. With a long sigh he turned, for now he knew that he must forgive his uncle.

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DOLOROSA.

By William Vaughn Moody.

She is no bold-eyed gypsy such as twine
Wild poppies round the water-jugs they bear,
No flute-girl, laughing through her bright blown hair,
With clinging robe and coin-hung feet that shine
Down pavements purple with the wasted wine:
Sad seems she as a martyr featured dim
In dusky gold on some old missal's rim,
Fronting the text which tells that such a day
Men stood like wolves and watched the fierce flames play
About her breast, and never heeded how
God lit a pale sweet glory round her brow;
While through the margin straggles line on line
Such pious comment as: "Last Easter night
Blind Lippo, sleeping with this blessed book
For pillow, saw this saint bend down and look
Under his eyelids. Lo! next morning light
We found him, blind no more, but sound of sight,
Where dawn came slanting through the chapel pane."

The pictured face, suppose you looked again
After such reading, would it seem as white
And stern and sad as when you looked the first?
Would not one fleeting smile, one eye's-glance tell
She was not heedless of her miracle?
Or from the eyes would gladness seem to burst
Flooding with song the hush, with sun the gloom,
Flushing the wan face like a wild rose bloom?
What was mere monkish blazon, blurred and scored
With veinings from the dried leaf of a gourd
Stuck in, some ages past, to mark the place,
And left to streak and stain the patient face,
Would start to life, once you had read the scrawl
And knew how Lippo let his glad tears fall
From healed eyes on the halo-circled brow:—
No wistful ghost face, but a girl's face now
Smiling to think how Lippo laughed out loud
To see the faint sky piled with creamy cloud
That morning when they led him to the gate.

—You think my mistress sad? Wait till I find
Courage to kneel and whisper, "I was blind
Till thy love raised my eyelids:" then—ah, wait!

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THE PICTURESQUE QUALITY OF HOLLAND.*

FIGURES AND COSTUMES.

By George Hitchcock.

IT is not difficult for a figure painter, who is also a man of taste, to know what not to paint. In France, where without doubt the direction is largely given to all artistic movements, the greatest liberty of subject is allowable; one may do almost anything, provided only that it is well done; any horror, any form of disease or ugliness, any frozen representation of sordid inanity, will claim as much attention as the most subtle and poetic fancy, or the most charming and seriously rendered truths. In their revolt against "Romanticism" painters have been carried too far, and commit as many sins in the one direction as those whom they so rightly decry did in the other. A group of peasants treated as so many pumpkins or a collection of pots and pans—that is, figures with only the outside minutely observed and carefully painted—will always be successful in Paris; and yet this is as substantially untruthful as the elegant simpering shepherdesses of Greuze.

Nor can the blindness of these greatest of modern masters be sufficiently condemned, who point to Millet as the founder of their school, and who see only the outside of his work, his stupid, heavy people, and fail to see the deep underlying humanity in all that he did. The famous "Angelus" is but the legacy of the classic school, the ideas of Greuze clothed in rags and placed in real fields, but not obtrusively unpleasant rags nor photographically correct fields. To-day we paint the mere rags with an appar-

* See also papers by the same author in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for August, 1887, and February, 1889.

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ent love of their repulsive qualities, and the fields without a thought of their higher significance, and wonder we are not admired outside of a painters' jury.

Mere costume is as unworthy of a painter as are the rags and "still-life peasants" so much in vogue to-day; the doublet and ruff have had their day as well as the toga, and so too have the many outlandish dressings still to be found in out-of-the-way places; and yet there is much in the work of some of our best men which is dependent upon a picturesqueness of setting and upon unconventionality of costume—the line is finely drawn between the grotesque, on the one hand, and the "chimney-pot" hat on the other.

For many reasons, the figures of one country are as paintable as those of another, and yet Holland seems to offer an easier and more pleasant solution of the difficulty; the people are simple and retain a great deal in their costume of a time when humanity seemed to clothe itself with a view to being painted. Either in their simple and beautiful interiors, or in their charming landscapes and wonderful atmosphere, the fitness of their dressing and their poses, and the simplicity of their farming tools, give an impulse to all artistic labor among them, and without doubt attract the best talent of Europe; which can be seen from the fact that three of the "medals of honor" at the late exhibition at Paris were for Dutch subjects not painted by Dutchmen.

"Maternity."
(After Mr. Hitchcock's painting.)

The Hollanders are not beautiful as the southern people are, nor are they so noble a type as the Anglo-Saxon; but they are sufficiently interesting, and among the younger oftentimes much beauty is found, and the girls have always wonderful pearly complexions and certain fine lines in their figures—golden hair and deep-blue eyes are common and useful in color composition.

The better class of those who dwell in the cities and towns are no longer

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picturesque, they have lost their attraction in losing the doublet and hose as Rembrandt saw them, and offer no peculiar attractions save those which a student of character finds in the study of any people; but the maid-servants, the artisans, and small tradesmen have distinctive costumes, and some pronounced national characteristics. It is in the rural districts, among the farmers, fishermen, and those who live in the fields, that the most interesting subjects are to be found. Given, then, a sentiment, an abstraction, to which must be added artistic expression, which must be surrounded with sufficient beauty to make it decorative and attractive, it only makes the task more difficult, and in some cases impossible, to use commonplace, ugly, or uninteresting people and surroundings; the true artistic mind seeks color, atmosphere, or fine lines, to fill out the beauty on the canvas which he feels in his soul, or to give adequate expression to the pathos in his mind; and it is among a people whose costumes are expressive of their labors, and accentuate the lines of their figures without disguising them, that this is best done; for modern clothes so often turn pity into ridicule, or sympathy into derision. How grateful the task of painting a mother, with a setting of wide fields, in a costume

A Zeeland Maiden.
"The lace head-dress adds always a charm and invites study."

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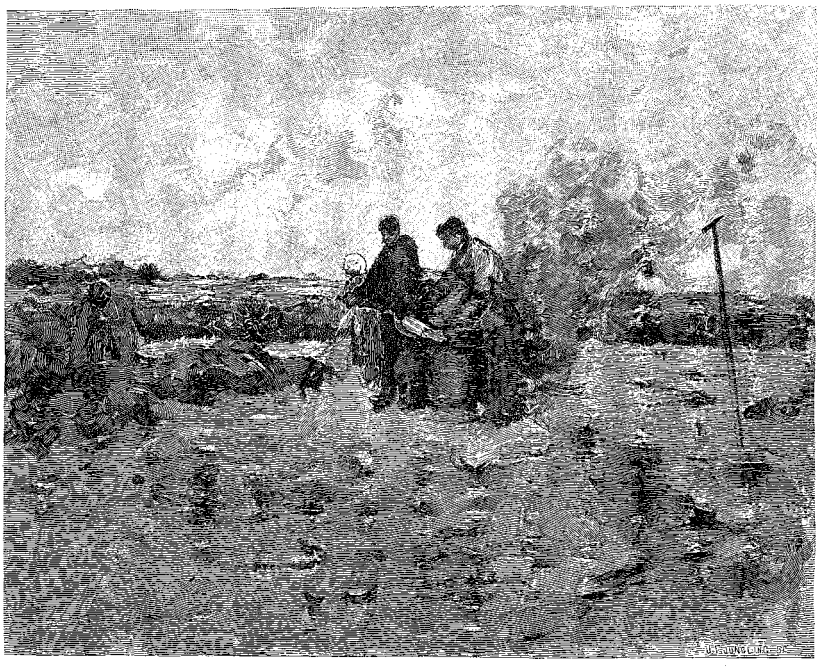
which discloses every line of her figure, which is almost the primitive idea of dress, fitting and appropriate to her labor; and if by chance the decorative round of a sieve, the implement of her work, resting in a basket on her back, surrounds her head, how suggestive is the composition of the deification of motherhood, and withal, how complete the picture. A group of fishermen in as their working clothes, yet its charm is not to be denied. Nearly every town in Holland has a head-dress for the women peculiar to itself, and as varied as possible. In Zeeland the cap is large and exceedingly beautiful, like a bridal veil almost, always worn at work or play; this clean, white, transparent stuff falling in folds around any face, enhances its beauty, if young, or its effect, if old



Harvesting.
"The clouds of fine dust coming through the hand-sieve, and blown into fantastic forms."

yellow oil-skins, relieved against the dull gray of a stormy sky and sea, coming across a wide stretch of beach in the natural and clumsy poses of heavy, uncouth, hard-working men, is full of pathos, and though, perhaps, not of the highest beauty, yet it is filled with a sentiment of a sad life, which the setting has not destroyed. Costume, which is the natural expression of the character of the person or his occupation, is always fitting, and in many cases picturesque, and with the simple and poor Hollander this is nearly always agreeable. On Sundays and holidays the men are oftentimes impossible, but then the women have a quaint and peculiar dress, and though not so full of pathos and wrinkled, and the short, tight elbow sleeves and closely-fitting bodice show the figure to advantage. In Scheveningen, the close muslin cap, variegated shawl worn bertha-wise, and in cold weather the black, red-lined, short cloak, form a most agreeable picture, and one very familiar from the assiduity with which the Dutch moderns have painted it. Again, in Friesland a metal band of silver or gold is worn outside of the lace cap, in many ways, in round plaques above the ears, or in a ring around the head; across the Zuyder Zee, in North Holland, the gold or silver band is worn beneath the lace cap, through which it gleams softly and shows the oftentimes

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beautiful and delicate pattern of the design; the poorer communities have, to a great extent, dispensed with this metal band and wear a simple lace cap over a tight black one, which holds the hair in place. Sometimes the modern bonnet is perched on top of this beautiful head-gear, yet it is not so much out of place, especially if it is one with white ribbons and flowers and surmounting a thick, black flannel, which the severe, windy climate makes necessary. The Zuyder Zee fisherman, the Volendamer, or Markeuer, is more grotesque than paintable, perhaps even to the point of being impossible; he disguises the natural lines of his figure so much with the enormous width of his baggy trousers, so short as to reach only to his ankles, made of duck for work, or of this very

Children of Zeeland.
"Dressed precisely as their elders, their mothers or grandmothers in miniature."

young and beautiful face; but the national hat of straw, low-crowned, with brim sharply turned up into a point in front, and covered with silk in bright colors, is far better. A short, circular cloak in a variety of colors, with a standing collar, is common in most places, and in Zeeland a long, black flannel one with a full, falling hood is often seen. The favorite color for the women's working dresses is a variety of pale lilacs, faded again into numberless shades and tints, which are very harmonious among the pale, delicate greens of the sea-dunes or the glistening white sands of the almost endless sea-coast—endless only by comparison with the small extent of country. The men in every part of the country wear a black flannel; his shoulders and chest compressed in a very tight-fitting waistcoat of some striped stuff, usually red and black, and a short, tight-sleeved jacket in cold weather, of black with large silver buttons; and, if well to do, enormous silver shoe-buckles and silver bosses on his waistband and breast connected by silver chains; his hair cropped square across behind, with his neck shorn nearly as high as his ears, and above all a ridiculously small cap. Truly on Sunday parade he is not a picture, but at sea, in his sharp-nosed craft, with much of his gorgeousness reposing in his chest at home, his blacks washed out by the combing seas, his striped stuffs toned down by the weather, and the stiff lines of his orig-

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A North Holland Cap.

inal cut quite gone from his hard work, he presents a different and very characteristic composition.

The North Sea fisherman is much simpler—a red shirt, over which is worn a black one with its sleeves cut off at the elbow showing the red one beneath, and ordinary black trousers, an arrangement in black and red by no means bad; nothing grotesque in cut, the only ornament a big silver button in his collar; at sea, to supplement his faded shore costume he wears long boots reaching to his arm-pits, and the usual yellow or brown oil-skins in foul weather. In some parts of the country full, baggy "knickerbockers" are worn; the effect is marred, however, by the enormous wooden shoes, looking all the larger from the thin stockinged shanks above them. In Zeeland another peculiarity of the men's costume is a long black coat,

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reaching to the heels, with a fur collar and narrow fur trimming.

The wealth of a fisherwoman consists in the number of her petticoats, of flannel or a mixed cotton and wool stuff, and the more she wears at once the better she is thought to be dressed. As many as thirteen of these skirts are worn together, which of course makes the figure unbearable and grotesque to a high degree, especially as the tight bodice makes the lower half still more large in appearance. A fresh-complexioned girl, with large balls of many-colored flowers, composed of separate bunches of tulips or hyacinths hanging at the ends of a milk-bucket yoke, is often seen in the spring turning an honest penny in a beautiful way by selling the useless blossoms when the bulb has reached its maturity; or a still earlier picture of the same pretty drama, a figure in the pale lilacs so much worn, cutting the bright flowers from the glowing tulip-beds. Whatever the female figures are doing, the lace head-dress adds always a charm and invites study. In church the women, sitting together in the centre, form a snowy flower-like mass, with many a lace clouded gleam of gold or silver from their metal head-bands, or a flash of diamonds from their long, pendent ear-rings, or the diamond-incrusted silver ornaments which supplement their head-dress, particularly one oriental-looking arrangement worn low down in the centre of the forehead; while the men, wholly devoid of white, a black silk stock and sombre archaic coats, occupying raised benches at the side and back of the room, form a dark setting for this delicately colored mass.

The celebration of the communion according to the forms of the Dutch national church, gives many compositions; a long table is laid with a white cloth, around which first the women, and then the men, sit and partake of the cup and bread.

A number of these pearly-skinned women in their pale-colored gowns and lace head-gear, each face animated with a fitting expression, and all full of serious contemplation, listening to the solemn words of the black-robed minister who stands among them cup in hand is a fine motive.

Again, the vast interior of one of the magnificent gothic churches of Holland, all pale gray in tone, sparsely occupied by the friends and family of the couple, who stand quite alone beneath the carved oak pulpit and listen to an address from the parson before he descends, and in a few words joins them in marriage, is a touching picture, es-

A North Sea Fisherman.

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pecially if the bride be young and dressed in a charming costume, which is a common occurrence—not the usual conventional white and lace, but perhaps a pale pink or lilac and floating lace cap with antique gold ornaments.

Blue is the prevailing note in all outdoor male figures, usually faded into a quiet harmony with its surroundings; as a shepherd with his soft blue blouse and his gray flock could not be bettered by any other setting than the gray-green sand-dunes when they are to be seen; or a dull-red jacket and black knickerbockers compose equally well in the deeper green of the fields. Many of the harvest operations are full of artistic interest, from the rude simplicity of the tools and the natural poses of their users; a certain seed which falls as it ripens, and which must consequently be grown in a light, sandy soil in order that it may be gathered by sifting, gives a good arrangement as it is harvested; the clouds of fine dust coming through the hand-sieve, and blown into fantastic forms, adds to the effect of the bending figures of shovel-

An Egmond Fish-wife.

The wealth of a fisherwoman consists in the number of her petticoats."

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lers and sifters, a young girl with a broom following after. Digging potatoes is another operation full of interesting poses. It is the custom to kneel at the work, to lift the mass of the roots with a shovel, and then to bend and sort out the fruit. It is usually done by the women and girls, who, ever bending and again rising to a kneeling posture, seem to be continually giving thanks for this their chief means of life; all the more pathetic, that among the poorer communities the potato nearly alone is their means of sustenance.

The straight scythe-handle adds a simple charm to the mowing figure, the reaping hook and sickle to the reaper bending to his work. The intensely blue and red milk buckets seem to harmonize with the black and white cows, dark dresses of the milkmaids, and the vivid green of the landscape, and to give a peculiar brightness to the gleaming ditches always in Holland somewhere near to every out-door composition.

Though not an obtrusively religious people, the Dutch are only second to the English in their strict observance of Sunday, and a most mediæval effect is produced by their solemn Sunday afternoon walk in all their finery; the long, straight roads bordered by gray willows, bright ditches, canals, and green fields, with a background of the nestling red houses of the village, snug among its waving trees; while all around the wide-stretching plains, dotted with distant compact towns, go to make an interesting study. It is on Sunday that the children, and particularly the little girls, are seen in their quaintest and most peculiar aspect, dressed precisely as their elders, their mothers or grandmothers in miniature—the same long, voluminous skirts, tiny gold or silver head-bands covered with lace caps, and bodices of a mature cut. They are most old-timey and charming; even during the week, at school or at play, in many places they still wear the same costume, though without the utter refinement which is kept for Sundays or great occasions. There is really very little difference between the dressing of the modern little Dutch girls and those which have come down to us in portraits from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The Dutchman has ever been vain and unimaginative, his vanity has held his greatest painters down to mere portraiture, and while causing them directly to administer to his personal aggrandizement on the one hand, has deprived them of sympathy in their better and nobler efforts on the other. At all events, Holland has never produced a great imaginative painter; its chief glory, the Dutch genre school, is after all only the apotheosis of the commonplace. Strange as it may seem, Holland to-day attracts more largely those painters who follow in the footsteps of the great Dutchmen, and though they are without doubt good and faithful in their portrayal of the more salient and peculiar characteristics of the Hollanders, a really sympathetic observer, a deeper and more subtle interpreter of this wonderful country and its interesting people, has an almost untrodden field before him.

The roads are indeed well worn by the feet of hurrying, thoughtless pilgrims, which lead to the "wind-mill on a canal," the "view of the Dutch town," the commonplace interior, and the conventional quaintness of figure studies; but the paths which lead to those other and better things, even finer in Holland than in less favored lands, cannot be found by the common mind or the hasty commercial painter.

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THE PROPOSED TRANS-SAHARIAN RAILWAY.

By Napoléon Ney.

I.

THE eighteenth century earned the right to be known as the century of the emancipation of thought; the nineteenth century will be known in history as that of great international enterprises. For we have seen accomplished in the last thirty years great things for science and humanity. To take but one field — consider what steam has done for navigation. It has eliminated time and distance from the problem, by enabling our ships to carry their cargoes in all seasons and at fixed times, without having, as in other days, to reckon with winds and currents. Shipping has multiplied on every sea. The cutting of the Suez Canal has hastened this economic revolution and altered the markets of the world. The ocean cable has brought together the opposite ends of the earth. Since the tunnelling of Mont Cenis and the St. Gothard, the train that carries the mails to India runs without change of locomotive from Calais to Brindisi. The train from Venice to Hamburg goes under the Alps. But the railways of Europe have had for chief object the immediate convenience and profit of comparatively small territories.

To the United States belongs the credit of extending the domain of propulsion by steam considered as an engine of future civilization. Like a bridge thrown across the desert from one country to another thousands of miles off, the first trans-continental line was built between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The railway line from Omaha, on the Missouri River, to San Francisco, on the Pacific Ocean, was opened on the 10th of May, 1869. It was 3,080 kilomètres (1,913 miles) in length. This gigantic work was accomplished in three years, if we make allowance for the interruption caused by the war of the Rebellion, the work being taken up in earnest only in 1866. It was accomplished under somewhat peculiar conditions, the franchise having been granted to two companies, each one working toward a central meeting-point. The engineering difficulties were immense; engineers and laborers had to fight their way through unexplored tracts of country. Mountain ranges, some of them 2,300 metres (7,500 feet) in height had to be crossed. For 1,500 kilomètres (933 miles) the road runs at at an elevation of 1,800 metres (5,900 feet), across plateaux covered with snow for part of the year and exposed to avalanches. As a protection from this danger the American engineer provided special devices — in some places constructing tunnels of wood-work, some of which, on the slopes of the Sierra Nevada, are 70 kilomètres (42½ miles) long. Seven railways now cross the continent at different latitudes, on the territory of the United States and of British Canada. These achievements upon a grand scale show the most remarkable enterprise and determination on the part of these Americans, sons of old Europe, who have found in the New World a new ambition.

Ten years later—1879–1886—Russia built in Asia, the cradle of our civilization, another line as remarkable as that across America, and destined to exert not only political influence in Europe and Russia, but to re-endow with life those Eastern countries and peoples long since decayed, whence came the first rays of our civilization. I mean the Trans-Caspian Railway. This gigantic work, consisting of a line from the Caspian Sea to Samarkand, is not surpassed by any engineering achievement of the century. It will soon reach Siberia, and finally the sea of Okhotsk, thus completing, with the Canadian Pacific, the iron band which encircles the world between the 30th and 40th degrees of latitude. The road has been quietly and quickly built in the face of difficulties

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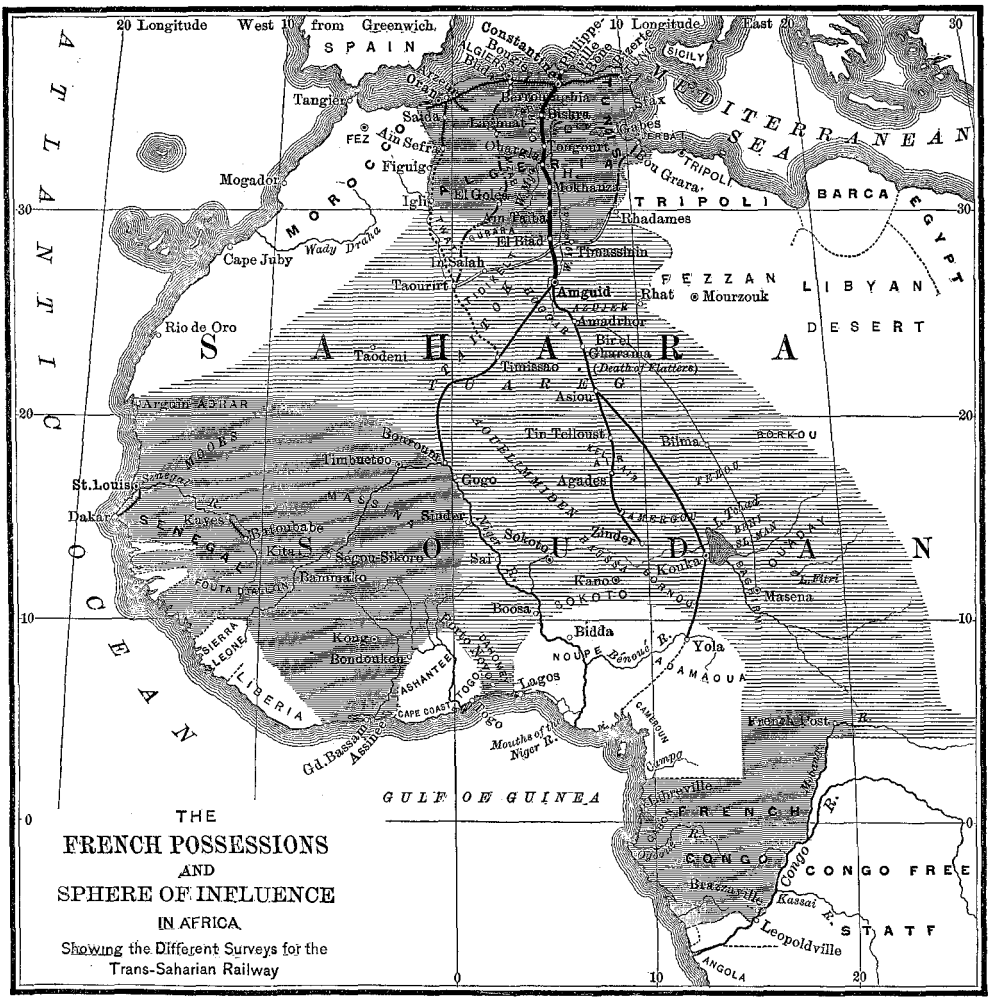

French possessions, protectorates, and regions under French influence.

Districts which will probably come under French influence.

The railway toward southern Algeria, already constructed.

The Eastern Survey.

The Western Survey.

The latest Central Survey.

Alternative routes for continuation of Central Survey.

Branch lines.

long thought insuperable, the least of which was lack of water and wood. For hundreds of kilomètres there were hills of shifting sands, deserts burning and again freezing by turns. Yet this Russian road, American in its boldness, is to-day an accomplished fact. We are not now in free America, where individual initiative and self-help take the place of everything, and where freedom corrects the dangers of freedom and makes great things possible. Russian enterprise had to deal with imperial authority, the whole power vested in a sovereign who deputes it at will. It was, however, by the exercise of this sovereign power, in contrast with the forces brought into play in America, that this Russian road was built. Alexander III. was patient, determined, patriotic. He found the man for the work — Lieutenant-General Michael Annenkoff—the

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builder of the Trans-Caspian Railway, and gave him his hearty support.

The Trans-Siberian—the continuation of the Trans-Caspian, as its name implies—will cross Siberia from east to west, and has been begun at its eastern end. A few weeks ago, in June, 1891, the Czarewitch, in passing through Siberia on his way around the world, opened with great pomp the first section of the Trans-Siberian road. After solemn prayers, and to the accompaniment of a booming cannonade from the Russian fleet anchored at Wladiwostock, the Czarewitch gave a few strokes of the pick and filled a wheelbarrow with earth. In a car covered with flags he went over the finished section of the line, accompanied by the Governor-General of the territory, and by the engineer, M. Oursati. The Czarewitch had placed in the railway depot now building at Wladiwostock a silver plate recording the event. He also read a letter from the Czar in which the sovereign declared Siberia and Russia united by this railway, "a national work, and one which he has had at heart." The road will run from the Oural to Wladiwostock, and the Russian naval station on the sea of Okhotsk. The whole length will be 7,700 kilomètres (4,783 miles).

South America has also undertaken a continental line, the Trans-Andean, work upon which has been stopped by the war in Chili and the financial straits of the Argentine Republic. It will run from Valparaiso on the Pacific to Buenos Ayres on the Atlantic. Africa is the only continent which has not a trans-continental line; but I shall show that such a line has now become a necessity.

II.

From the time of the conquest of Algeria, France assumed a dominant influence in Africa. Her political and commercial interests, her very future, may be involved by her Algerian policy. She occupied first the whole of Algeria, then Tunis, and now extends her power further south in the desert than the Romans reached. On the west France controls the important colony of Senegal, as well as the Fouta-Djallon, the rivers of the south, and the French Soudan. These gradual accessions have been due to French officers, who have proved themselves explorers of the first rank. Special mention is due to Captain Binger, whose remarkable trip, accomplished in 1887–89, from Senegal to the Gulf of Guinea, resulted in connecting the French stations on the Gold Coast with the French Soudan.

In the Congo, Lieutenant de Brazza, to-day French Commissioner in West Africa, established, with but a handful of men, a valuable colony and made felt the influence of France. At the same time Mr. Stanley organized, at great cost of men, money, and material, the colony which later was to constitute the Congo Free State, of which the King of the Belgians is sovereign. The famous American explorer recognized at its true importance the achievement of our compatriot de Brazza. His opinion carries the more weight because Stanley is not of our friends, and has always shown dislike of the French in general, and of de Brazza in particular.

I have mentioned the three points, widely distant, by which France has entered Africa. She must now connect these points and make one Algeria from Senegal to the Congo, by way of the Sahara. The Anglo-French convention of the 5th of August, 1890, recognized the protectorate of France in Madagascar, and consented to the extension of French influence south of her Mediterranean possessions (Algeria and Tunis) to a line from Sai on the Niger, to Barrouah on Lake Tchad. The proceedings of this convention have been bitterly and unjustly attacked. My personal opinion is that the value of the concession made to us, and the definition of the zone which we may control, will depend largely upon the use we make of our opportunity. Our one aim in Africa should now be to unite our possessions. The Monteil, Crampel, Mizon, and Dybosky commissions had no other end in view. If we can keep other powers from this territory, its value ought to multiply a hundred-fold, when, in a few years, a Trans-Saharian and Soudan railway unites our colonies of the east and west with those of the north.

The country to be thus conquered

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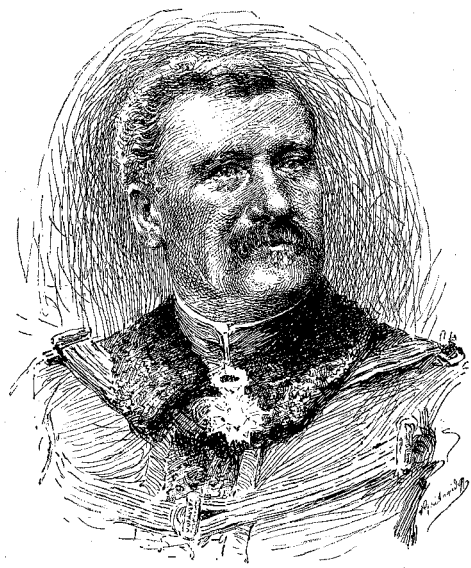
General Philebert.

may be divided into four zones. 1. The oasis region, from which come dates and camels for caravan use. 2. The desert region, in which palms are few, and which presents vast plains of sand, stones, and salt, over which roam nomadic tribes on the watch for caravans that may be pillaged. 3. The gum-tree belt, in which cattle, sheep, and horses thrive. 4. A zone with running water and tropical vegetation. The caravan routes from Algeria to the Soudan pass through a sterile country, in which the march is sometimes for six or eight days through country without vegetation, wood, or water, to which privations must be added the hostility of the native tribes. It is for these reasons that this route has not been used by Europeans. A railway across the Sahara will alone solve the problem and unite our African possessions.

To an engineer of Bridges and Roads (*Ponts et Chaussées*), M. Duponchel, belongs the honor of having first proposed a Trans-Saharian road, and it is but justice that his name should find recognition here. The labors of M. Duponchel resulted in bringing the project before the public about ten years ago, and in 1879 a Trans-Saharian commission was appointed by M. de Freycinet, then Minister of Public Works, to which commission was entrusted the examination of all questions relating to the building of a railway across the desert of Sahara. The commission decided to consider three plans for such a road south of Algeria, starting respectively from the three Algerian provinces—Oran, Algiers, and Constantine. In 1883 three expeditions were sent to the three provinces. That on the west (Oran) was commanded by a civil engineer (*des Mines*), M. Pouyaune, who was to study the Zouzfana and Messaoura districts. The central expedition (Algiers) was directed by another engineer, M. Choisy, who undertook the examination of the country between Laghouat and El Goléa. In this corps was a young civil engineer, M. Georges Rolland, of whom I shall have more to say presently. The eastern expedition (Constantine) was directed by a retired officer of the African army, Colonel Flatters, to whom the most dangerous and difficult part of the work was entrusted. He was to reach the Soudan by way of Rhat, one of the towns of the Touaregs Hoggar, in the Great Desert.

III.

THE expeditions headed by MM. Pouyaune and Choisy accomplished their



M. Georges Rolland.

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objects without trouble. Colonel Flatters, stopped by want of rations and the hostility of the Touaregs-Hoggar, returned without having reached Rhat. Nevertheless his first expedition was not without important results. He discovered the great valley or pass of Igharghar, through which flowed the Igharghar, the great Saharian river, the valley

Casbah of Tougourt.

of which offered the easiest road to the Niger. Colonel Flatters also believed that he had established amicable and valuable relations with the Touaregs, thanks to which he would be able, with a second expedition, to reach the Soudan. He therefore obtained permission to start again. The Saharian railway was about to claim its first martyrs.

Colonel Flatters left Ouargla the 18th of November, 1880. This second expedition comprised, besides the commanding colonel, MM. Beringer and Roche, civil engineers, Masson, captain in the artillery corps, and Dr. Guiard. All had served with the first expedition, and there also went with them Lieutenant de Dianous and M. Santin, a civil engineer, who took the places of MM. Le Chatelier and Brosselard, second lieutenants of infantry. MM. Le Chatelier and Brosselard are to-day both captains. M. Le Chatelier has devoted himself to Eastern questions, and has been sent in recent years by the Minister of War to Senegal, Morocco, southern Algeria, Egypt, and Constantinople. At present he is attached to the general staff of the African division of the French army. M. Brosselard, who has been several times to Senegal and to the south of Algeria, is now on the staff of the Minister of the Navy. He married a daughter of the distinguished General Faidherbe, and obtained permission to add to his own name that of his father-in-law, who died without male heirs.

The expedition comprised 88 persons: 2 French staff soldiers, Brame and Marjollet; 47 Algerian sharpshooters (Turcos), and 31 Arab volunteers, not in the army, but former soldiers; 7 Chambâa guides, and one priest of the order of Tedjini, who was expected to give the sanctity of religion to the enterprise. Where Mohammedans are concerned, religious influence is of the utmost value. The priesthoods and brotherhoods constitute secret societies having initiation ceremonies, signs, pass-words, and secret codes. The Rhouan (brethren) of the different orders have affiliations with those of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt, Syria, Persia, Central Asia, India, and the most distant parts of Islam.

After a three months' journey through the desert, and after having passed Amguid, the expedition reached Sebka

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DRAWN BY J. H. TWACHTMAN.

Environs of the Oasis of Ouargla.

ENGRAVED BY F. A. PETTIT.

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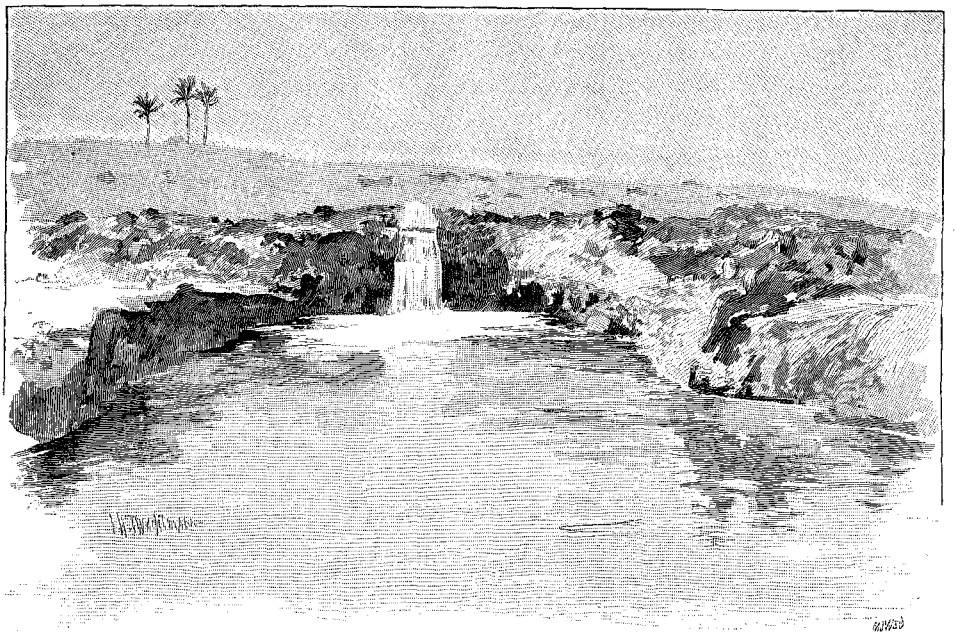

Artesian Well in the Oued Rir.

(salt wells), the most southern point reached by the Romans. General Cornelius Balbo raised a monument here (44 B.C.) of which the Flatters expedition saw the ruins. Never before, in modern times, had a European entered so far into the African desert. The expedition was about to enter the Au country, the gate of the Soudan, 1,400 kilomètres (870 miles) of the line having been surveyed, when on the 16th of February, 1881, Colonel Flatters, Captain Masson, and Engineers Beringer and Roche, and Dr. Guiard, while away from camp, were killed near the wells of Bir-el-Gharama by Touaregs, who for several days had followed the French party, watching for such an opportunity. The Touaregs also killed the commissary of the expedition, Deverny, 30 of the camel-drivers who had been leading their beasts to water, and captured all the camels.

The terrible loss at Bir-el-Gharama was known that night in the camp, which the Touaregs had not dared to attack. Lieutenant de Dianous called to his tent the remaining Frenchmen, and discussed the situation. There was but one thing to do, to retreat to Ouargla. The situation was a desperate one. Before them was a sixty days' march, without camels, and with only such water and food as could be carried; the route was through a terrible country (the "Country of Thirst") where enemies would be found everywhere. These unfortunates, shipwrecked in the desert, if I may use the expression, started that night. The cases were broken open and division made of the money, food, and ammunition. The skins of water were given to the strongest men to carry. The expedition was now reduced to fifty persons, including Lieutenant de Dianous, Engineer Santin, Commissary Pobeguin, and the two soldiers, Brame and Paul Marjollet. I need not describe, step by step, this sad retreat, of which the incidents might recall a tragedy of Æschylus. Harassed night and day by the Touaregs, the men suffered from hunger and thirst. When their provisions gave out, they managed to buy from some Touaregs dates that these wretches had poisoned with the powder of a plant found in the oases of the Sahara, known to the Arabs as El Bettina, and to the Touaregs as Falezlez. Its botanical name is *Hyoscy-*

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amus Falezleh. No sooner had the men eaten these dates than they seemed crazed, rushing wildly about with cries and shouts. Some of the unfortunates fired off their guns; others ran about trying to strangle themselves in a vain effort to keep out air which seemed to burn their lungs at every inhalation. De Dianous and Pobeguin tore off their clothes and rushed back and forth like caged beasts, shouting out words without meaning. The former fired upon his men. Fortunately, many of the sharpshooters and the Chambâa had eaten few or no dates. They disarmed the officer, who became calmer and begged for hot water, which, acting as an emetic, relieved him. The Arabs had great difficulty in keeping their own people from rushing away from camp, and some of them did escape. (Report of the official investigation ordered by the Governor of Algeria, 1881.) The story of the companions of Ulysses, transformed into swine by Circe, suggests itself.

The rest of the expedition continued the retreat the next day. The wells at Amguid were found in the possession of a strong band of Touaregs, who were driven away after a fight in which M. de Dianous, M. Santin, Brame, Marjollet, and twelve sharpshooters were killed. The commissary, Pobeguin, was the only Frenchman left. The survivors kept on the march and the Touaregs gave up the pursuit. But provisions gave out, and some of the men succumbed to hunger and fatigue. Their fellows, crazed with suffering, killed them and fought over the bloody remains. Pobeguin was eaten the 31st of March. Let us draw a veil over these tragedies. On April 2d four sharpshooters, barely alive, reached Ouargla. Three others were picked up on the road. They brought the news of the fate of the Flatters expedition, of which they were the only survivors. The details here given are taken from the report of the official investigation made by order of the Governor, and are but little known. They belong, however, to the history of the Trans-Saharian railway, of which this second Flatters expedition largely decided the future plans.

IV.

THE disasters which overtook the Flatters expedition in 1881, resulted for the time being in the abandonment of all plans for a railway through the Sahara, and the engineering surveys were put aside. This was a political blunder. Prompt action would have enabled us to punish in a terrible manner the murderers of our soldiers, and such reprisal, being immediate, would have had great moral weight in the future. The disaster was partly attributable to the imprudence of the commander of the expedition, but not to avenge him fully and at once was, I repeat, a serious blunder upon the part of France. What was simply an act of piracy in the desert assumed immense importance throughout the whole of North Africa. From the Niger to Barbary, from the frontier of Morocco to the country of the Touaregs, the idea spread that France was unable to avenge the death of her soldiers. Once more the cost of inaction and lack of perseverance became painfully apparent.

To a young civil engineer, M. Georges Rolland, belongs the credit of re-awakening the idea, long dormant, of a Trans-Saharian railway. M. Rolland, who had been concerned with one of the Saharian expeditions, as I have already mentioned, made the subject of a desert railway his constant study. He established in the Sahara of Constantine an excellent colony, and in the desert regions of Oued Rir, between Biskra and Tougourt, he introduced a system of irrigation that has transformed the desert into a rich and profitable oasis.

M. Rolland first announced his scheme of a Trans-Saharian railway in a lecture given in 1889 before the Geographical Society of Paris, and he has since persistently advocated a project of which a number of European conventions (Anglo-German, Anglo-Portuguese, Anglo-French, etc.) have approved. At the same time the project of a Trans-Saharian road found a powerful advocate in a retired army officer educated in the school of Marshal Randon and of General Margueritte, who, after devoting his youth to the conquest of Algiers, has not ceased to labor for the greatness

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and success of this splendid colony. General Philebert, the officer in question, published in 1890, in collaboration with M. Rolland, a pamphlet upon the future of France and the Trans-Saharian railway which produced a profound impression, and in which he demonstrated the necessity of immediate action. The project has not since been allowed to slumber. In 1890 and 1891 the Algerian departments of Oran, Algiers, and Constantine voted appropriations for the completion of surveys, and their chambers of commerce pronounced in favor of the scheme. The question became a serious one in the newspapers of France and Algeria.

In April, 1890, a committee composed of delegates representing the different ministers, and with M. Alfred Picard as chairman, was appointed by M. de Freycinet, Minister of War, to advise upon the question. The unanimous decision was that a Trans-Saharian railway was possible and would be profitable. The superior council of war, composed of Generals Saussier, de Gallifet, Davout d'Auerstaedt, Billot, de Miribel, Berge, Thomassin, and Haillot, also agreed that such a road was necessary from a military and strategic standpoint.

After the foregoing explanations, which I hope have placed my readers in a position to understand the question as it presents itself to-day, I can now proceed to describe the plans and routes suggested, and the available means of construction. Afterward I can take up the surveys.

The Trans-Saharian railway starts naturally from Algiers, which with Tunis offers a base of operations equipped with men and means. These two colonies, which may be considered as a continuation of the mother-country, are only twenty-four hours away from France. Iron and wood for the construction of the line are plenty, while water is found under the whole Saharian Desert on the line of the proposed road, which will greatly facilitate the work and make the territory valuable in the future. I shall speak later of the results already obtained in the Sahara by the use of this water.

The ocean of sandy desert that separates the Soudan from Algeria has been cited by critics of the Trans-Saharian scheme as an insurmountable obstacle. And yet no one considers the Atlantic waves as an insurmountable obstacle to the exchange of commodities between the new and the old worlds. I can say that the Trans-Saharian railway will bring fertility with it. With sand and water one accomplishes wonders in Africa. The Arab proverb runs: "Plant a stick in the sand and water it —you will have a tree." The name Sahara is not always synonymous with desert. Notwithstanding the dryness of the climate, the Sahara has running water-courses in summer, and subterranean lakes and artesian wells too deep for surface evaporation. In the Saharian oases, where water reaches the surface naturally, date-palms make real forests and shelter smaller vegetation that shows a grateful green against the monotonous gray of the desert. The date-palm grows in the most arid soil, gypseous and even saline, sandy, and stony. The palm needs heat and water—its head in the burning sun, its feet in the water. It is the chief resource of the natives of North Africa, the king of the desert of Sahara, the tree of the Bible. The date is to the Sahara what wheat is to Europe and rice to India and China. It is the common food of the native and his surest friend. It is the chief wealth and commodity of barter of millions of people, and it is exported to every country. Its use is growing in Europe and America. When it can be used as a common fruit and not as a luxury, its value will be still more apparent. The date-palm fruits in eight years, and sometimes in five years, after planting, and its culture is profitable. With two hundred trees upon a hectare (about $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres) it brings in more than one thousand francs a year. It will be seen that it is as profitable to plant palm-trees in the Sahara as grape-vines on the slopes of Algeria or in the south of France. Its fruit is slower in coming, but there is no phylloxera to be feared.

I have spoken of the subterranean sheet of water under the Sahara. The results produced by the artesian wells sunk since the French settled in Oued Rir, a series of oases south of the province of Constantine, of which the chief

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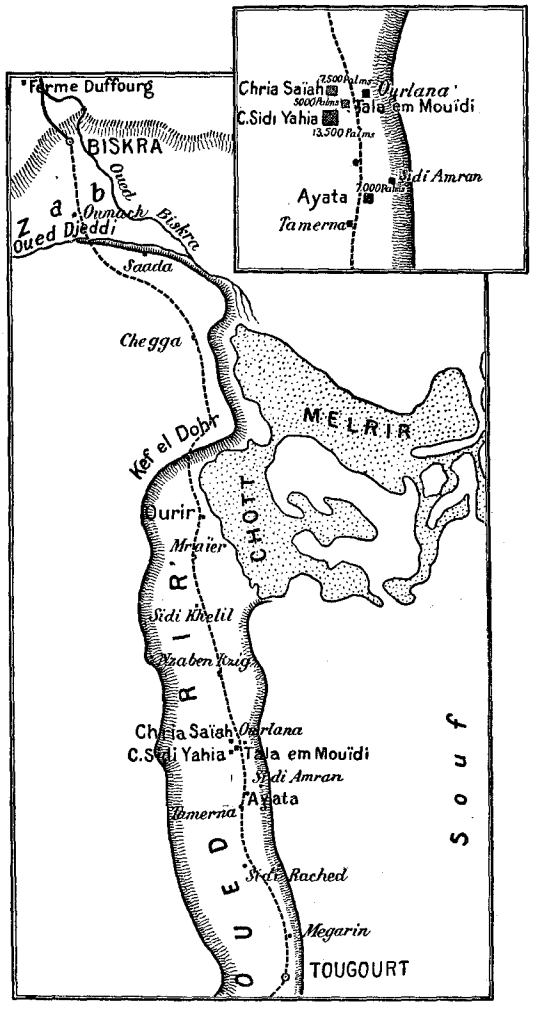
town is Tougourt, are nothing less than marvellous. The wells of the natives, lined with wood, last but a short time owing to the filling up of the sand, and everything dies for lack of water. For this reason some of the oases have disappeared under the sand. The natives were discouraged. "Our children are weak," said one of their chiefs. "If God, the worker of miracles, does not help us, in ten years the Oued Rir will be deserted, buried in the sand." As in the case of the deserted cities of Central Asia, to be found on the line of the Trans-Caspian road, the Oued Rir was about to die of thirst. But the miracle was accomplished, and French engineering was about to save the Oued Rir. On January 19, 1856, a memorable day, the sand-drill of the French engineer, Jus, brought forth a splendid stream of water, four thousand litres (888 gallons) a minute, to the astonishment of the assembled natives. The Fountain of Peace was the name given to this well. The sand-drill won a greater victory and accomplished more than war for the peace of the Sahara. Since then the drilling in the Oued Rir has been continued with energy and perseverance by the military authorities, under the direction of M. Jus. On October 1, 1885, there were 114 artesian wells belonging to the French and 492 belonging to the natives. Counting the few natural supplies of water, this gives a supply of 253,678 litres (56,372 gallons) of water a minute, or about four cubic metres (141 cubic feet) of water a second, equivalent to one-tenth of the flow of the Seine in summer, or equal to the flow of several streams large enough to give their names to departments, such as la Vilaine, le Tarn, l'Avignon, and la Dordogne.

Thanks to the success of irrigation, the oases have become fertile again. There are to-day forty-three oases in the Oued-Rir, 520,000 date-palms in bearing, 140,000 palms of from one to seven years of age, and about 100,000 other fruit trees. The annual production of dates is valued at more than two and one-half millions of francs. The wealth of the Oued Rir in gardens, wells, houses, etc., has increased five-fold in the thirty years that have elapsed since the first well was drilled. In seven years—1882–1889—M. Rolland and his associates have "created" three oases and three villages—at Ourir, in the north of the Oued Rir, at Sidi Yahia, and at Ayata, in the central region. They sank nine wells which give a flow of nearly twenty-three cubic metres (812 cubic feet) of water a min-



Map of Oued Rir, and the New Oases made by the French.

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ute. About 400 hectares (988 acres) of barren land have been made fertile. They have planted the enormous number of 50,000 palm-trees, of which a fourth are of a fine variety known as the *deglet noir*. They have dug ninety kilomètres (56 miles) of irrigating ditches, and have built dwellings for the French agents, the native laborers, storehouses, etc. A distinguished French engineer, M. H. Tournel, has well said that when one sees the amazing transformation produced by artesian water upon the soil of Algeria, the thought inevitably suggests itself that the conquest of the land has been achieved by first conquering what is under the land.

My subject now necessarily becomes rather dry, as I undertake the question of surveys. The three surveys made by the Saharian expeditions of which I have spoken, were carefully examined in 1879–80, by the superior committee appointed by M. de Freycinet, to whom belongs the honor of having taken the first decisive steps. The committee, while offering no opinion as to ways and means or future profits, decided that all the surveys presented practicable plans. The three surveys are as follows :

1st. The western survey (toward the bend of the Niger), by way of Arzew, Saïda, Ain Sefra, Igli, Taourirt, Timissao, Bouroum.

2d. The original central survey (bend of the Niger), by way of Algiers, Blida, Berrouaghia, Laghouat, El Goléa, Taourirt, Bouroum.

3d. The present central survey, by way of Philippeville, Constantine, Biskra, Ouargla, Amguid.

Starting from Amguid, and toward the mouth of the Niger, by way of Timissao, Bouroum ; toward Lake Tchad, by Amguid, Bir-el-Gharama, Asiou, Kouka, on Lake Tchad ; or by way of Amguid, Amadrhor, Bilma, Masena.

Since the sessions of the Trans-Saharian committee in 1880, the situation in southern Algeria has greatly changed, and to the advantage of the central survey. The committee of 1890 went again over the surveys and decided unanimously for that of central Algeria, that is to say, by way of Philippeville, Constantine, Biskra, and Amguid. Immediate construction was advised. And from Amguid the line could be carried to the south toward central and eastern Soudan, countries in which are found large rivers and forests. The land is amazingly fertile, and for three months of the year the tropical heat is tempered by abundant rain. Innumerable herds of wild cattle are found. Tribes of negro herders flourish there notwithstanding the slave traffic that has cursed the country.

Kano and Sokoto are large industrial and commercial towns, in the markets of which are found the products of a vast country which is mountainous in part and blessed with a climate suitable to white colonists. Toward the east as far as Lake Tchad, the Bona country, of which Kouka is the capital, situated on the great lake, is, like Kano, an agricultural centre of importance. North of Damergou, near the Au mountains, in a pass of which Colonel Flatters was killed, the land is highly esteemed by the Touaregs, one of whom, captured in a skirmish near El-Goléa three years ago, compared Damergou to Normandy, which he had recently visited. Bornou, Baghirmi and Ouaday, until recently closed to Europeans, assume great importance as the gates of commerce with the old world. England, with her usual foresight, has been quick to appreciate these facts, and has obtained possession of the only water highway by which the lower Niger and the Bénoué enter central Soudan. She hopes to extend her influence to Lake Tchad, and thus profit by the traffic with neighboring countries.

Thus the only survey of a Trans-Saharian railway, feasible from an engineering, strategic, and commercial stand-point, is by way of Tougourt, Ouargla, Timassinin, Amguid, Amadrhor, and Au, ending at Lake Tchad ; for it is the only route which will command a traffic large enough to make it commercially important to France. And it was this route which met with the approval of the superior council of war in 1891.

The line of railway from Constantine to the south ended, until recently, at

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Comparative Table of the Different Trans-Saharian Railroad Surveys.

	Actual Length of Road in Southern Algeria.		Length of Continuation toward Soudan.		Estimated Total Length from the Mediterranean to the Soudan.	
	1st. Now open.	2d. Building.	1st. Working plans furnished.	2d. Surveys only.	1st. Toward the bend of the Niger.	2d. Toward Lake Tchad.
Western Survey.	465 kilomètres. (289 miles.) Azur–Saïda–Ain–Sefra.		870 kilomètres. (541 miles.) Ain Sefra–Igli–Taourirt. Pouyaune; surveyed by description.	1,350 kilomètres. (839 miles.) Taourirt–Timissao–Bouroum. Pouyaune.	2,700 kilomètres. (1,677 miles.)	
Former Central Survey.	51 kilomètres. (32 miles.) Algiers–Blida.	86 kilomètres. (54 miles.) Blida–Berrouaghia.	779 kilomètres. (484 miles.) Berrouaghia–Laghouat–El Goléa. Choisy expedition; surveys made on the spot.	1,900 kilomètres. (1,180 miles.) El Goléa–Taourirt–Bouroum.	2,800 kilomètres. (1,739 miles.)	
Present Central Survey.	320 kilomètres. (199 miles.) Philippeville–Constantine–Biskra.		1,050 kilomètres. (652 miles.) Biskra–Ouargla–Amguid. Choisy expedition; Flatters expedition. Surveys on the spot.	1,250 kilomètres. (776 miles.) Amguid–Timassao–Bouroum. Flatters—Pouyaune.	2,600 kilomètres. (1,615 miles.)	
				2,000 kilomètres. (1,242 miles.) Amguid–Bir-el-Gharama–Kouka. Flatters.		3,400 kilomètres. (2,112 miles.)
				2,200 kilomètres. (1,366 miles.) Amguid–Amadrhor–Bilma–Masena. Flatters.		3,600 kilomètres. (2,236 miles.)
Eastern Survey.						

Batna. In 1888 it was extended to Biskra (320 kilomètres (199 miles) from the sea). The line from Batna to Biskra earned in 1890 a gross income of more than four thousand francs per kilomètre ($\frac{5}{8}$ of a mile), which will certainly be exceeded in the future. The line must now be extended to Tougourt and Ouargla, and will certainly earn from the first an equal income in proportion to its length. Tougourt, 210 kilomètres (130 miles) from Biskra, is the capital of the Oued Rir. The four hundred thousand palm-trees mentioned are in a sort of basin surrounded by high sand-dunes. In the public square of Tougourt is the Casbah, an Arab edifice erected under French sway. The commerce of the place is large and deals in all the products of the oases. Ouargla, where the French have long been represented by a native khalif, Mohammed Ben Chuis, a lieutenant of Spahis, is the last point where Europeans are found, and is 144 kilomètres (90 miles) south of Tougourt; beginning with this year, it has been garrisoned by a corps of peculiar character, a camel corps of two hundred and fifty sharpshooters, led by French infantry officers mounted on running camels. This is the police force of the desert, a corps capable of rapidly making long journeys.

The town of Ouargla has no special interest. The streets are narrow, tortuous, and blocked by arcades under which a horseman can hardly pass. The houses, most of them but one story high, present small triangular openings on the street side in lieu of windows. The doors are low, about as wide as they are high, and are topped off with screen work in a species of plaster. Every-

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thing is whitewashed. The streets are dirty. Here and there are, however, a few houses of unbaked brick fairly well built. The liveliest part of the town is the market place, notably before ten o'clock in the morning. It is flanked with arcades under which are shops of every sort, kept mostly by Mozabites and well filled with merchandise. Candles, matches, and soap from Marseilles, Arabian handwork, knives, shoes of yellow leather, haicks (cloths), etc., are to be found. The chief purchases made by every one are haicks of cotton to keep the sun from the neck and shoulders, and belgha, a sort of slipper extremely convenient for walking on sand.

The railway will, of course, be built in the rapid manner pursued by Russia in central Asia. The gauge will be one metre (3 feet 3 inches). The rails will weigh 20 kilogrammes (44 pounds) per running metre, and the ties will be of metal. As to the actual construction, it is to be hoped that a great colonial company will undertake it in return for the charter and the rights covering the country affected. The French Government would grant such a charter. In its last session (1891), the superior council of the colonies discussed the organization of such chartered companies, and it is probable that the Trans-Saharian line will be built in this way by M. Georges Rolland and his associates. The estimated cost of every kind will not exceed one hundred thousand francs per kilomètre ($\frac{5}{8}$ of a mile) to Ouargla. All the work of construction on the Biskra-Tougourt section—a distance of 210 kilomètres (130 miles)—can be accomplished, if properly undertaken, in one winter; the following winter the distance of 170 kilomètres (105 miles), from Ouargla to Tougourt ought to be finished. From Ouargla the line follows naturally the bed of the Oued Igharghar, which runs straight south and offers, by way of Mokhanza, a species of cañon through the dunes, a passage free of sand. The earth is solid and would make a good road, upon which the ties could be laid without grading. Beyond this point the work is equally simple. The engineer of the Flatters expedition, the unfortunate Beringer, left a complete survey of this line from Ouargla to Amguid, and Colonel Flatters, in the last report made before his death, said that there were no engineering difficulties for the first thousand miles south of Ouargla.

Along the line of the Oued Igharghar water is found at little depth. The Timassinin country evidently covers a deep lake, and the same is probably true of the Amguid country, an important factor in the work of reaching the Soudan; for the artesian drill will prove our best weapon in the conquest of the central Saharian desert. The appearance of pure water upon the surface is a miracle greatly to the credit of the Christian, and never ceases to impress the native population. In order to achieve the transformation of the Central Sahara, work should begin first in the Timassinin district, and afterward in that of Amguid. The natural advantages of these regions, and the political and commercial reasons upon which I have dwelt, make this course obvious. We shall thus open the way to French influence, and save the only route to the Soudan that we can fully control.

When the railway reaches Timassinin, care being taken to provide artesian wells along the line from Ouargla, a new basis of operations will be established. The Chambâa and the Touaregs will bring wheat, salt, textiles, and cattle, which they can sell at good prices, and the new market will soon gain importance. From Timassinin it will be easy to reach Amguid, and to begin there the same process, the establishment of a commercial depot and agricultural centre, again continuing the line beyond that. As the railway will then penetrate 700 kilomètres (435 miles) south of Ouargla to the very heart of the Touaregs' country, the Touaregs can easily be controlled, and the whole of central and western Soudan will be open to us. It is possible that the end of the road may remain for a long time at Amguid, which commands a position of much importance, as my readers may see from the accompanying map. From Amguid, in the light of the work accomplished, we can decide more surely as

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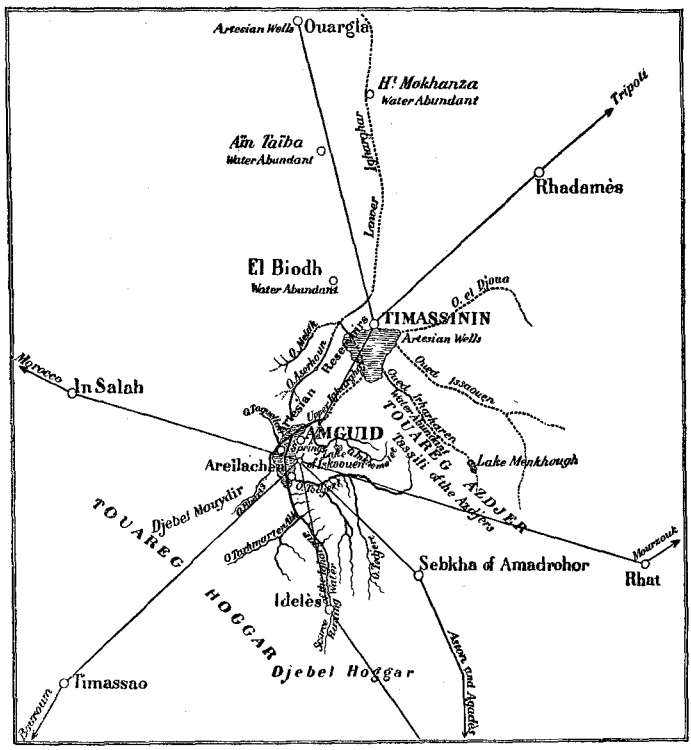
to the best line for the second section of the African trans-continental line railway.

The lengths of the different sections



Map showing the Commercial Importance of Amguid.

are: 1st. From Philippeville to Biskra, 320 kilomètres (198 miles) (already built). 2d. From Biskra to Amguid, 1,050 kilomètres (653 miles) (plans finished). 3d. From Amguid to Kouka (Tchad), 2,000 kilomètres (1,242 miles) (surveys partly known). Total: 3,370 kilomètres (1,906 miles).

At 100,000 francs per kilomètre ($\frac{5}{8}$ of a mile), the total cost of the Trans-Saharian line would be 337 millions of francs, or, in round numbers, 400 millions—the cost of the Suez Canal. To sum up, we may say that the Trans-Saharian line will consist of a central stem by way of Ouargla and Amguid, connecting on the north in one direction, by the Algerian railways, with Tougourt and Biskra, and by way of Djella to Algiers; on the south with Tchad, and eventually with the south-west and the Niger.

VI.

THERE remains one question of importance to be considered. The traffic of the Trans-Saharian will comprise two classes of business—the first, local, between oasis and oasis, or the Saharian traffic proper; the second, the business between extreme ends of the line, between Algeria and France and the central Soudan. Once given railway transportation, depots and markets will spring up along the line, for the surveys cross the lines followed by the caravans that carry on the commerce of the desert. The export of cereals from Algeria to the Touaregs and to the Au country, and the export of salt, which is not found in the Soudan, will give importance to the salt wells of Amadrhor. Upon the other hand, it is certain that a constant stream from the south will pour into Algeria, bringing chiefly hides and leather. An estimate of the yearly income to be derived from the Saharian business may be put at 6,265,000 francs. Dividing this sum by the length of the line from Biskra to Lake Tchad, 3,100 kilomètres (1,922 miles), the earnings are equal to 2,000 francs per kilomètre.

Central Soudan is rich enough to furnish a vast commercial business to a railway. Spices, ostrich feathers, gold dust, indigo, hides, leather, cereals, and fruits, palm-oil, cotton, ebony, and dye-stuffs. The exports and imports of the Soudan ought to provide an income of 7,310 francs per kilomètre. Finally, there remains the passenger traffic, which may be expected to grow into importance. In round numbers, I may

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say that the Trans-Saharian traffic would result in earnings of about 10,000 francs per kilomètre of line. As the construction cost would average 100,000 francs a kilomètre, interest at 4½ per cent. will require 4,500 francs per kilomètre. The running expenses of one train a day, in either direction, would be between 5,000 and 5,500 francs per kilomètre and per year. From a financial standpoint the enterprise, if well managed, ought therefore to prove remunerative. This alone, apart from other considerations, should warrant a Trans-Saharian railway.

In conclusion I may say that the Trans-Saharian railway involves a question of humanity. France first raised the flag of civilization in northern Africa, and for the last fifty years has poured out the blood of her soldiers and her gold to maintain it. France has thus incurred great duties as well as obtained great rights on the African continent. She cannot refuse to cooperate in the war against slavery and barbarism. Our country has a duty to perform in accomplishing in the shortest time possible this great French enterprise. It is not a question of foreign speculation. Our money will not go to help another nation. The success of the Trans-Saharian railway will mean the peaceful conquest of Central Africa, redounding to the credit of France and helpful to the world's civilization.

SONG FROM "AYUNA."

By Julian Hawthorne.

My love than lovely earth is lovelier.
Sunny are seas and skies,
But sunshine's soul dwells in my love's blue eyes:
Pleasant is the green wood,
But pleasure's source is my love's neighborhood:
Wild-roses' breath was sweet,
Till my love's breathing lips my lips did meet:
Earth, my love's worth than heaven makes heavenlier.

My love than lovely earth is lovelier.
Pure is the apple-blossom,
But purity is born in my love's bosom;
The singing of the bird
Seemed music, ere my love's low voice I heard;
Soft summer's glow was sweet,
Till on my glowing heart my love's heart beat:
Earth, my love's worth than heaven makes heavenlier.

My love than lovely earth is lovelier.
I dreamed of Paradise,
But Eden's self in my love's favor lies;
Life is to mortals dear,
But I'm immortal when my love is near;
God reigns above,
And Him I best may serve, loving my love:
Earth, my love's worth than heaven makes heavenlier.

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MR. LOWELL AS A TEACHER.

AS a student in Harvard College during the years 1876 and 1877—the last two years of Mr. Lowell's regular teaching there—I had the fortune to be his pupil. My memories of him, in a character not generally known, are perhaps worth recording.

In my Junior year, a lecture of Professor Norton's excited in me a wish to read Dante under Mr. Lowell. But I did not know a word of Italian; and I was firmly resolved to waste no more time on elementary grammar. Without much hope of a favorable reception, I applied for admission to the course. Mr. Lowell received me in one of the small recitation-rooms in the upper story of University Hall. My first impression was that he was surprisingly hirsute, and a little eccentric in aspect. He wore a double-breasted sack-coat, by no means new. In his necktie, which was tied in a sailor-knot, was a pin—an article of adornment at that time recently condemned by an authority which some of us were then disposed to accept as gospel. On his desk lay a not very well brushed silk hat; and nobody, I then held, had any business to wear a silk hat unless he wore coat-tails, too.

My second impression, which was fixed the moment he looked at me, and which has never altered, was that I had never met anybody quite so quizzical. Naturally I was not exactly at ease; and Mr. Lowell appeared to take a repressed but boyish delight in keeping me a bit uneasy. He listened to my application kindly, though; and finally, with a gesture that I remember as very like a stretch, told me to come in to the course and see what I could do with Dante.

To that time my experience of academic teaching had led me to the belief that the only way to study a classic text in any language was to scrutinize every syllable with a care undisturbed by consideration of any more of the context than was grammatically related to it. Any real reading I had done, I had had to do without a teacher. Mr. Lowell never gave us less than a canto to read; and often gave us two or three. He never, from the beginning, bothered us with a particle of linguistic irrelevance. Here before us was a great poem—a lasting expression of what human life had meant to a human being, dead and gone these five centuries. Let us try, as best we might, to see what life had meant to this man; let us see what relation his experience, great and small, bore to ours; and, now and then, let us pause for a moment to notice how wonderfully beautiful his expression of this experience was. Let us read, as sympathetically as we could make ourselves read, the words of one who was as much a man as we; only vastly greater in his knowledge of wisdom and of beauty. That was the spirit of Mr. Lowell's teaching. It opened to some of us a new world. In a month, I could

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read Dante better than I ever learned to read Greek, or Latin, or German.

His method of teaching was all his own. The class was small—not above ten or a dozen; and he generally began by making each student translate a few lines, interrupting now and then with suggestions of the poetic value of passages which were being rendered in a style too exasperatingly prosaic. Now and again, some word or some passage would suggest to him a line of thought—sometimes very earnest, sometimes paradoxically comical—that it would never have suggested to anyone else. And he would lean back in his chair, and talk away across country till he felt like stopping; or he would thrust his hands into the pockets of his rather shabby sack-coat, and pace the end of the room with his heavy laced boots, and look at nothing in particular, and discourse of things in general. We gave up note-books in a week. Our business was not to cram lifeless detail, but to absorb as much as we might of the spirit of his exuberant literary vitality. And through it all he was always a quiz. You never knew what he was going to do or to say next. One whimsical digression I have always remembered, chiefly for the amiable atrocity of the pun. Some mention of wings had been made in the text, whereupon Mr. Lowell observed that he had always had a liking for wings: he had lately observed that some were being added to the ugliest house in Cambridge, and he cherished hopes that they might fly away with it. I remember, too, that one tremendous passage in the "Inferno" started him off in a disquisition concerning canker-worms, and other less mentionable—if more diverting—vermin. And then, all of a sudden, he soared up into the clouds, and pounced down on the text again, and asked the next man to translate. You could not always be sure when he was in earnest; but there was never a moment when he let you forget that you were a human being in a human world, and that Dante had been one, too. One or two of us, among ourselves, nicknamed him "sweet wag;" I like the name still.

After a month or two, he found that we were not advancing fast enough. So he fell into a way of making us read one canto to him, and then reading the next to us. If we wished to interrupt him, we were as free to do so as he was to interrupt us. There was one man in the class, I remember, who liked to read out-of-the-way books, and who used to break in on Mr. Lowell's translation with questions about Gabriel Harvey and other such worthies, rather humorously copying Mr. Lowell's own irrelevancies; but he could never get hold of anything so out of the way that Mr. Lowell had not read it, or at least could not talk about it as easily as if he had read it often. So, in a single college year, we read through the Divine Comedy, and the Vita Nuova; and dipped into the Convito and the lesser writings of Dante. And more than one of us learned to love them always.

This class-room work, however, was to some of us the least important part of Mr. Lowell's teaching. Almost as soon as the year began, he announced that he should always be at home one evening in the week, and glad to see us. Several of us took him at his word, and even took his word to signify more than the good man ever meant it to. For if the evening he set aside for us proved inconvenient, we made no scruple of going to Elmwood at other times. And if Mr. Lowell was at home—as he generally was in those years—we were always admitted.

It is those evenings with him in his library that one remembers best. There was always a wood-fire burning above a bed of ashes that had been accumulating for years. He would generally sit at one side of the fire, within easy reach of the tongs, which he often plied as he talked. What is more, as some of us grew more familiar and ventured to ply the tongs ourselves, he would not interfere. He would always be rather carelessly dressed: a loose smoking-jacket, I think, and often slippers. And he would smoke a pipe. He would generally begin the evening by offering one a cigar. My impression, I remember, was that the cigar was always the same, and for some months I did not dare accept it. Finally, I summoned courage to smoke it, and found

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it very dry and the wrapper cracked; which went far to confirm my impression. But one did not care about that sort of thing. His pipe fairly started, Mr. Lowell would begin to talk, in his own quizzical way — at one moment beautifully in earnest, at the next so whimsical that you could not quite make out what he meant—about whatever came into his head. It might be what he had just been reading; he had generally just been reading some bit of old literature—once I remember finding him deep in a narrative in the Apocrypha, which he went on reading aloud. It might be the news of the day, it might be reminiscence of any kind. All we had to do was to sit and listen, which was far better than any other way of spending an evening known to me in those days. To talk to him was hard. A man to whom people have liked to listen these thirty years rarely remains a good listener to things like undergraduate chatter, that are not worth serious attention. But when he did listen, and when he talked, too, he did so—no matter how quizzically—with a certain politeness that, at the time and in memory, remains to me a typical example of the signification of the word *urbane;* and all this in smoking-jacket and slippers, by lamp-light, before a flickering wood-fire whose ashes were crumbling down into a great bed that had grown from hundreds of such fires before.

The human friendliness of those evenings, whoever knew them cannot forget. To some of us it gave a new meaning to everything he touched, in teaching or in talk. Here was a man who faced great things and little undismayed; who found in literature not something gravely mysterious, but only the best record that human beings have made of human life; who found, too, in human life—old and new—not something to be disdained with the serene contempt of smug scholarship, but the everlasting material from which literature and art are made. Here was a man, you grew to feel, who knew literature, and knew the world, and knew you, too; ready and willing, in a friendly way, to speak the word of cordial introduction. There came from those evenings a certain feeling of personal affection for him, very rare in any student's experience of even the most faithful teacher.

Yet, faithful as his work was in spirit, he hated the details of it, and sometimes treated them with a whimsical disregard that whoever did not appreciate how thoroughly it put them where they belonged might have deemed cynically indifferent. I remember an example of this in connection with an examination —I believe the first he gave us. There are few things less favorable to literary culture than written examinations; they are almost unmitigated, if quite necessary, evils. Perhaps from unwillingness to degrade the text of Dante to such use, Mr. Lowell set us, when we had read the Inferno and part of the Purgatorio, a paper consisting of nothing but a long passage from Massimo d'Azeglio, which we had three hours to translate. This task we performed as best we might. Weeks passed, and no news came of our marks. At last one of the class, who was not quite at ease concerning his academic standing, ventured, at the close of a recitation, to ask if Mr. Lowell had assigned him a mark. Mr. Lowell looked at the youth very gravely, and inquired what he really thought his work deserved. The student rather diffidently said that he hoped it was worth sixty per cent. "You may take it," said Mr. Lowell; "I don't want the bother of reading your book."

I remember two or three instances of the curious friendliness that by and by sprung up between him and his pupils. At that time the students were publishing a paper which contained likenesses of the faculty, imitated — at the longest of intervals — from *Vanity Fair*. When a portrait of Mr. Lowell appeared, with his sack-coat, and his silk hat, and his heavy boots all duly emphasized, somebody ventured to ask him how he liked it. To which he replied that he had been grieved to observe that the artist had allowed a handkerchief to protrude from his breast-pocket; but had been consoled by the fact that the artist had kindly permitted him to wear plaid trousers—an innocent fancy of his to which Mrs. Lowell strongly objected.

Another, very different, example of

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his way of treating us appeared one evening, when I went alone to call at Elmwood, and found him alone in his library. I had never seen him so stern in aspect, so absent in manner. In a moment he told me why. He had just heard of the death of a dear friend. Of course I rose to go, but he detained me; it would do him good, he said, to talk. I have always wished that I had written down what I remembered of the talk that followed; for it still seems to me that I have never heard another so memorable. But all that remains with me now is the very beginning. There is one blessed comfort, he said, that comes with death; then, at last, we can begin, with certainty of no awaking disenchantment, to idealize those we love. It is the dead, unbodied Beatrice that lives forever in the lines of Dante. We can watch among our friends the growth of their own Beatrices that such as have had the happiness to know them make amid the agonies of bereavement, each for himself. This friend of his own, just dead, was already gathering to herself the unmixed glories of that ideality that would gather about her so long as those that loved her should live to know it.—And so he talked on, rambling far and wide, not forgetting now and then the whimsicality without which his talk would not have been his, nor ever forgetting either the deep gravity of the mood in which I had found him. That talk was such a poem as I have never read. When at last I left him, he took my hand more warmly than ever before. It had done him good, that greeting seemed to say, to talk, to have a listener.

The feeling of personal regard that came from such intercourse as this was different from anything else I knew as a student. You felt, at last, in spite of all his quizzical whimsicality, a sentiment of intimacy, of confidence, of familiarity that no one else excited. You felt instinctively that such a feeling must be mutual. Mr. Lowell was a celebrated man, of course; a serious figure in American literature. But at that moment, though he was still in the full vigor of life, his work seemed pretty well over. You thought of him as a kind old friend, resting contemplatively before his wood-fire, thinking and talking of all manner of human things; and waiting, very serenely, in sack-coat and slippers, for the far-off end of an ideal life of letters. It was just at the end of my second year of study with him—a year in which he had taught me almost as much over the text of Roland and other dreary old French poems as he had taught over Dante himself—that the news came that he was going to Spain.

I heard it, I think, on our Class-Day. The class had distinguished itself by an internal squabble which had prevented the election of Class-Day officers, and consequently the usual oration and poem and so on. By way of peace-making, perhaps, Mr. Lowell had invited us all to an open-air breakfast at Elmwood, at the hour when formal ceremonies usually make the beginning of Class-Day at Harvard so remote from amusing. Few of the men knew him, even by sight; but all found him so cordial a host that for the moment our animosities were half forgotten. I asked him if the report of his mission were true; and he said it was. I remember wondering how this friendly, careless, whimsical, human man of letters, who had seemed so permanently settled in his arm-chair, would find the rather serious business of diplomatic life; wondering, with true boyish impudence, whether he would be up to it. After that day I did not see him until his final return from the mission to England.

All the time I had felt as if such intimate personal feeling as he had aroused and permitted must have been mutual. When at last I met him again, it was a slight shock to find that he had quite forgotten my face, and almost forgotten my name. The truth was, I began at last to see, that throughout those old days he had known better than any of us what dull, fruitless beings we college boys were; but that his business had been to teach us all he could, and that he had known that he, at least, could teach best by showing himself to us as he was. All this kindness, all this friendliness, all this humanity was real; all the culture he had striven to impart to us was as precious as we had ever thought it. But we ourselves were mere passing figures, not worth very

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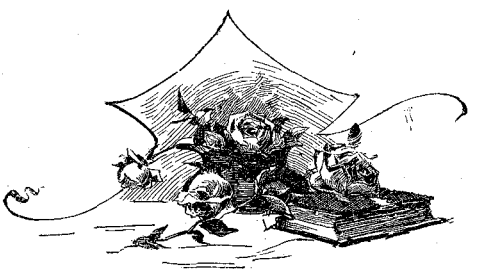
serious personal memory; and Mr. Lowell valued people at their true worth, and was beautifully free from that clerical kind of humbug that presses your hand after an interval of years, and asks feelingly for the dear children it has never bothered its wits about. And the fact that all he had been to us and all he had done for us had been his honest, earnest work as a teacher, and not his spontaneous conduct as a human being, makes it seem now all the more admirable. I have often shuddered to think how we must have bored him; I have never ceased more and more to admire the faithful persistency with which he inspired us.

The last time I spoke to him was on his seventieth birthday. A public dinner had been given him, and in the speeches his public life and works had been rehearsed from beginning to end. But not a word had been said of his teaching. After dinner I told him that this omission had meant much to me, that to me he would always be chiefly the most inspiring teacher I had ever had. His face lighted with the old quizzical smile, and I could not tell quite how much he was in earnest when with all the old urbanity he answered: "I'm glad you said that. I've been wondering if I hadn't wasted half my life."



THE AUCTION.

A YOUTH came in the market-place
Where throngs the world to sell and buy,
And fixed the press with his bright eye,
And cried, while young blood flushed his face:

"A life for sale! Come, who will buy?
I sell this life for what it brings!
Then offer of thy precious things,
O world! a whole young life!—bid high!

"I must have power, wealth, and fame,
And love; but for these four I give
Each brain and heart-pulse while I live,
Nor other things of self I claim.

"What, yet no bids? My life is strong,
My heart is pure, my brain is clear—
Ah, world! 'Tis for no glut, I fear,
If such as these sell for a song.

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"Come, then—I offer you the same
At smaller price; wealth need I not,
If power, fame, and love be got,
No other things for me I claim."

And while the youth stood there and sought
To sell his life, the world went by;
And deeper glowed his eager eye,
And on his brow came lines of thought.

"Ah, well—if, on this present earth
I cannot work my little will!
Let power go. For others still,
When I am dead, shall know my worth;

"And fame shall lead to power. So,
A life no longer young, but strong,
Is going, going, for a song—
Come, world, and make your bids! What, no?"

He spoke, and then with softer eye,
And calmer voice, and kinder mood,
He grew a man, as there he stood;
But ever went the world him by.

"Look, then—I bate the price again;
Let fame go with the rest—'tis but
The applause of them we value not,
Which lets us show them our disdain.

"A life for sale! A man's! The same
In strength and use, if older now—
Come bid, great world! To thee I bow
And ask but love—'tis all I claim.

"Oh, drear, dread world, give me but love
And take my life most freely sold."
He ceased. The world's great wheels still rolled
In silence on their iron groove.

When next he spoke, his hair was gray.
"I sell this life for what it brings,
I ask not of thy precious things,
Give me but rest—'tis all I pray."

But still the careless world went by—
The while, his gray beard on his breast,
He offered now his life for rest,
And still stood there and did not die.

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ADVENTURES AMONG BOOKS.

By Andrew Lang.

SECOND PAPER.*

EOPLE talk, in novels, about the delights of a first love. One may venture to doubt whether everybody exactly knows which was his, or her, first love, of men or women, but about our first loves in books there can be no mistake. They were, and remain, the dearest of all; after boyhood the bloom is off the literary rye. The first parcel of these garrulities ended when the author left school, at about the age of seventeen. One's literary equipment seems to have been then almost as complete as it ever will be, one's tastes definitely formed, one's favorites already chosen. As long as we live we hope to read, but we "never can recapture the first fine careless rapture." Besides, one begins to write, and that is fatal. My own first essays were composed at school—for other boys. Not long ago the gentleman who was then our English master wrote to me, informing me he was my earliest public, and that he had never credited my younger brother with the essays which that unscrupulous lad (I speak of him but brotherly) was accustomed to present for his consideration. On leaving school at seventeen I went to St. Leonard's Hall, in the University of St. Andrews. That is the oldest of Scotch universities, and was founded by a papal bull. St. Leonard's Hall was the youngest of its institutions—a kind of cross between a master's house at school and a college in the university. We had more liberty than school-boys, less than English undergraduates. In the Scotch universities the men live scattered, in lodgings, and only recently, at St. Andrews, have they begun to dine together in hall. We had a common roof, common dinners, wore scarlet gowns, possessed foot-ball and cricket clubs, and started, of course, a kind of weekly magazine. It was only a manuscript affair, and was profusely illustrated. For the only time in my life I was now an editor, under a sub-editor, who kept me up to my work, and cut out my fine passages. The editor's duty was to write most of the magazine—to write essays, reviews (of books by the professors, very severe), novels, short stories, poems, translations, also to illustrate these, and to "fag" his friends for "copy" and drawings. A deplorable flippancy seems, as far as one remembers, to have been the chief characteristic of the periodical—flippancy and an abundant use of the supernatural. These were the days of Lord Lytton's "Strange Story," which I continue to think a most satisfactory romance. Inspired by Lord Lytton, and aided by the University library, I read Cornelius Agrippa, Trithemius, Petrus de Abano, Michael Scott, and struggled with Iamblichus, and Plotinus. These are really but disappointing writers. It soon became evident enough that the devil was not to be raised by their prescriptions, that the philosopher's stone was beyond the reach of the amateur. Iamblichus is particularly obscure and tedious. To any young beginner I would recommend Petrus de Abano, as the most adequate and gruesome of the school, for "real deevilry and pleesure," while in the wilderness of Plotinus there are many beautiful passages and lofty speculations. Two winters in the Northern University, with the seamy side of school-life left behind, among the kindest of professors—Mr. Sellar, Mr. Ferrier, Mr. Shairp—in the society of the warden, Mr. Rhoades, and of many dear old friends, are the happiest time in my life. This was true literary leisure, even if it was not too well employed, and the *religio loci* should be a liberal education in itself. We had

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debating societies; I hope I am now forgiven for an attack on the character of Sir William Wallace, *latro quidam*, as the chronicler calls him, "a certain brigand." But I am forever writing about St. Andrews; writing inaccurately, too, the Scotch critics declare. "Farewell," we cried, "dear city of youth and dream," eternally dear and sacred.

Here we first made acquaintance with Mr. Browning, guided to his works by a parody which a lady wrote in our little magazine. Mr. Browning was not a popular poet in 1861. His admirers were few, a little people, but they were not then in the later mood of reverence, they did not awfully question the oracles, as in after years. They read, they admired, they applauded, on occasion they mocked, good-humoredly. The book by which Mr. Browning was best known was the two green volumes of "Men and Women." In these, I still think, is the heart of his genius beating most strenuously and with an immortal vitality. Perhaps this, for its compass, is the collection of poetry the most various and rich of modern English times, almost of any English times. But just as Mr. Fitzgerald cared little for what Lord Tennyson wrote after 1842, so I have never been able to feel quite the same enthusiasm for Mr. Browning's work after "Men and Women." He seems to have more influence, though that influence is vague, on persons who chiefly care for thought, than on those who chiefly care for poetry. I have met a lady who had read "The Ring and the Book" often, the "Lotus Eaters" not once. Among such students are Mr. Browning's disciples of the Inner Court: I dwell but in the Court of the Gentiles. While we all—all who attempt rhyme—have more or less consciously imitated the manner of Lord Tennyson, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Rossetti, such imitations of Mr. Browning are uncommonly scarce. He is lucky enough not to have had the seed of his flower stolen and sown everywhere till—

> "Once again the people
> Called it but a weed."

The other new poet of these days was Mr. Clough, who has many undergraduate qualities. But his peculiar wistful scepticism in religion had then no influence on such of us as were still happily in the ages of faith. Anything like doubt comes less of reading, perhaps, than of the sudden necessity which, in almost every life, puts belief on her trial, and cries for an examination of the creeds hitherto held upon authority, and by dint of use and wont. In a different way one can hardly care for Mr. Matthew Arnold, as a boy, till one has come under the influence of Oxford. So Mr. Browning was the only poet added to my pantheon at St. Andrews, though Macaulay then was admitted and appeared to be more the true model of a prose writer than he seems in the light of later reflection. Probably we all have a period of admiring Macaulay, and then of admiring Carlyle almost exclusively. College essays, when the essayist cares for his work, are generally based on one or the other. Then they recede into the background, and there are moments when we ungratefully turn renegades to both, as we never turn renegades to Fielding and Thackeray. As for their thought, we cannot forever remain disciples. We begin to see how much that looks like thought is really the expression of temperament, and how individual a thing temperament is, how each of us must construct his world for himself, or be content to wait for an answer and a synthesis "in that far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves." So, for one, in these high matters, I must be content as a "masterless man," swearing by no philosopher, unless he be the imperial Stoic of the hardy heart, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

Perhaps nothing in education encourages this incredulity about "masters" of thought like the history of philosophy. The professor of moral philosophy, Mr. Ferrier, was a famous metaphysician and scholar. His lectures on "The History of Greek Philosophy" were an admirable introduction to the subject, afterward pursued, in the original authorities, at Oxford. Mr. Ferrier was an exponent of other men's ideas so fair and persuasive that, in each new school, we thought we had discovered the secret. We were physicists with Thales and

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that pre Socratic "company of gallant gentlemen" for whom Sydney Smith confessed his lack of admiration. We were now Empedocleans, now believers in Heraclitus, now in Socrates, now in Plato, now in Aristotle. In each lecture our professor set up a new master, and gently disintegrated him in the next. "Amurath to Amurath succeeds," as Mr. T. H. Green used to say at Oxford. He himself became an Amurath, a sultan of thought, even before his apotheosis as the guide of that bewildered clergyman, Mr. Robert Elsmere. At Oxford, when one went there, one found Mr. Green already in the position of a leader of thought, and of young men. He was a tutor of Baliol, and lectured on Aristotle, and of him eager youth said, in the words of Omar Khayyam, "*He knows! he knows!*" What was it that Mr. Green knew? Where was the secret? To a mind already sceptical about masters, it seemed that the secret (apart from the tutor's noble simplicity and rare elevation of character) was a knack of translating St. John and Aristotle alike into a terminology which we then believed to be Hegelian. Hegel we knew, not in the original German, but in lectures, and in translations. Reasoning from these inadequate premises, it seemed to me that Hegel had invented evolution before Mr. Darwin, that his system showed, so to speak, the spirit at work in evolution, the something within the wheels. But this was only a personal impression made on a mind which knew Darwin, and physical speculations in general, merely in the vague popular way. Mr. Green's pupils could generally write in his language, more or less, and could "envisage" things, as we said them, from his point of view. To do this was believed, probably without cause, to be useful in examinations. For one, I could never take it much more seriously, never believed that "the Absolute," as the *Oxford Spectator* said, had really been "got into a corner." The Absolute has too often been apparently cornered, too often has escaped from that situation. Somewhere in an old note-book I believe I have a portrait in pencil of Mr. Green as he wrestled at lecture with Aristotle, with the Notion, with his chair and table. Perhaps he was the last of that remarkable series of men, who may have begun with Wycliffe, among whom Newman's is a famous name, that were successively accepted at Oxford as knowing something esoteric, as possessing a shrewd guess at the secret.

"None the less
I still came out no wiser than I went."

All of these masters and teachers made their mark, probably won their hold, in the first place, by dint of character, not of some peculiar views in theology and philosophy. Doubtless it was the same with Socrates, with Buddha. To be like them, not to believe with them, is the thing needful. But the younger we are, the less, perhaps, we see this clearly, and we persuade ourselves that there is some mystery in these men's possession, some piece of knowledge, some method of thinking which will lead us to certainty and to peace. Alas, their secret is incommunicable, and there is no more a philosophic than there is a royal road to the City.

This may seem a digression from talk about Adventures among Books into the Book of Human Life. But while much of education is still orally communicated by lectures and conversations, many thoughts which are to be found in books, Greek or German, reach us through the hearing. There are many pupils who can best be taught in this way; but, for one, if there be aught that is desirable in a book, I then, as now, preferred, if I could, to go to the book for it.

Yet it is odd that one remembers so little of one's undergraduate readings, apart from the constant study of the ancient classics, which might not be escaped. Of these the calm wisdom of Aristotle, in moral thought and in politics, made perhaps the deepest impression. Probably politicians are the last people who read Aristotle's "Politics." That work is, indeed, apt to disenchant one with political life. It is melancholy to see the little Greek states running the regular round—monarchy, oligarchy, tyranny, democracy in all its degrees, the "ultimate democracy" of

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plunder, lawlessness, license of women, children, and slaves, and then tyranny again, or subjection to some foreign power. In politics, too, there is no secret of success, of the happy life for all. There is no such road to the City, either democratic or royal. This is the lesson which Aristotle's "Politics" impresses on us, this and the impossibility of imposing ideal constitutions on mankind.

"Whiche'er is best administered is best." These are some of the impressions made at Oxford by the studies of the schools, the more or less inevitable "curricoolum," as the Scotch gentleman pronounced the word. But at Oxford, for most men, the regular work of the schools is only a small part of the literary education. People read, in different degrees, according to their private tastes. There are always a few men, at least, who love literary studies for their own sake, regardless of lectures and of "classes." In my own time I really believe you could know nothing which might not "pay" in the schools and prove serviceable in examinations. But a good deal depended on being able to use your knowledge by way of literary illustration. Perhaps the cleverest of my own juniors, since very well known in letters, did not use his own special vein, even when he had the chance, in writing answers to questions in examinations. Hence his academic success was much below his deserts. For my own part, I remember my tutor saying, "Don't write as if you were writing for a penny paper." Alas, it was "a prediction, cruel, smart." But, "as yet no sin was dreamed."

At my own college we had to write weekly essays, alternately in English and Latin. This might have been good literary training, but I fear the essays were not taken very seriously. The chief object was to make the late learned master bound on his chair by paradoxes. But nobody ever succeeded. He was experienced in trash. As for what may be called unacademic literature, there were not many essays in that art. There have been very literary generations, as when Corydon and Thyrsis "lived in Oxford as if it had been a great country-house;" so Corydon confessed. Probably many of the poems by Mr. Matthew Arnold and many of Mr. Swinburne's early works were undergraduate poems. A later generation produced "Love in Idleness," a very pleasing volume. But the gods had not made *us* poetical. In those days I remember picking up, in the Union Reading-room, a pretty white quarto, "Atalanta in Calydon," by A. C. Swinburne. Only once had I seen Mr. Swinburne's name before, signing a brief tale in *Once a Week*. "Atalanta" was a revelation; there was a new and original poet here, a Baliol man, too. In my own mind "Atalanta" remains the best, the most beautiful, the most musical of Mr. Swinburne's many poems. He instantly became the easily parodied model of undergraduate versifiers.

Swinburnian prize poems, even, were attempted, without success. As yet we had not seen Mr. Matthew Arnold's verses. I fell in love with them, one long vacation, and never fell out of love. He is not, and cannot be, the poet of the wide world, but his charm is all the more powerful over those whom he attracts and subdues. He is the one Oxford poet of Oxford, and his "Scholar Gypsy" is our "Lycidas." At this time he was Professor of Poetry; but, alas, he lectured just at the hour when wickets were pitched on Cowley Marsh, and I never was present at his discourses, at his humorous prophecies of England's fate, which are coming all too true. So many weary lectures had to be attended, could not be "cut," that we abstained from lectures of supererogation, so to speak. For the rest there was no "literary movement" among contemporary undergraduates. They read for the schools, and they rowed and played cricket. We had no poets, except the stroke of the Corpus boat, Mr. Bridges, and he concealed his courtship of the Muse. Corpus is a small college, but Mr. Bridges pulled its boat to the proud place of second on the river. B. N. C. was the head boat, and even B. N. C. did Corpus bump. But the triumph was brief. B. N. C. made changes in its crew, got a new ship, drank the foaming grape, and bumped Corpus back. I think they went head next year, but not that year. Thus Mr.

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Bridges, as Kingsley advises, was doing noble deeds, not dreaming them, at that moment.

There existed a periodical entirely devoted to verse, but nobody knew anybody who wrote in it. A comic journal was started; I remember the pride with which, when a freshman, I received an invitation to join its councils as an artist. I was to do the caricatures of all things. Now, methought, I shall meet the Oxford wits of whom I have read. But the wits were unutterably disappointing, and the whole thing died early and not lamented. Only one piece of academic literature obtained and deserved success. This was *The Oxford Spectator*, a most humorous little periodical, in shape and size like Addison's famous journal. The authors were Mr. Reginald Copleston, now Bishop of Columbo, Mr. Humphry Ward, and Mr. Nolan, a great athlete, who died early. There have been good periodicals since; many amusing things occur in the *Echoes from the Oxford Magazine*, but the *Spectator* was the flower of academic journals. "When I look back to my own experience," says the *Spectator*, "I find one scene, of all Oxford, most deeply engraved upon 'the mindful tablets of my soul.' And yet not a scene, but a fairy compound of smell and sound, and sight and thought. The wonderful scent of the meadow air just above Iffley, on a hot May evening, and the gay colors of twenty boats along the shore, the poles all stretched out from the bank to set the boats clear, and the sonorous cries of 'ten seconds more,' all down from the green barge to the lasher. And yet that unrivalled moment is only typical of all the term; the various elements of beauty and pleasure are concentrated there."

Unfortunately life at Oxford is not all beauty and pleasure. Things go wrong somehow. Life drops her happy mask. But this has nothing to do with books.

About books, however, I have not many more confessions that I care to make. A man's old self is so far away that he can speak about it and its adventures almost as if he were speaking about another who is dead. After taking one's degree, and beginning to write a little for publication, the topic has a tendency to become much more personal. My last undergraduate literary discoveries were of France and the Renaissance. Accidentally finding out that I could read French, I naturally betook myself to Balzac. If you read him straight on, without a dictionary, you begin to learn a good many words. The literature of France has been much more popular in England lately, but twenty years agone it was somewhat neglected. There does seem to be something in French poetry which fails to please "the German paste in our composition." Mr. Matthew Arnold, a disciple of Sainte-Beuve, never could appreciate French poetry. Mr. Lewis Morris has lately remarked that the French language is nearly incapable of poetry. We cannot argue in such matters, where all depends on the taste and the ear. Our ancestors, like the author of the "Faery Queen," translated and admired Du Bellay and Ronsard; to some critics of our own time this taste seems a modish affectation. For one, I have ever found an original charm in the lyrics of the Pleiad, and have taken great delight in Hugo's amazing variety of music, in the romance of Alfred de Musset, in the beautiful cameos of Gautier. What is poetical, if not the "Song of Roland," the only true national epic since Homer? What is frank, natural verse, if not that of the old "Pastourelles?" Where is there *naïveté* of narrative and unconscious charm, if not in "Aucassin et Nicolette?" In the long normally developed literature of France, so variously rich, we find the nearest analogy to the literature of Greece, though that of England contains greater masterpieces, and her verse falls more winningly on the ear. France has no Shakespeare and no Milton; we have no Molière and no "Song of Roland." One star differs from another in glory, but it is a fortunate moment when this planet of France swims into our ken. Many of our generations saw it first through Mr. Swinburne's telescope, heard of it in his criticisms, and are grateful to that watcher of the skies, even if we do not share all his transports. There then arose at Oxford, out of Old

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French, and old oak, and old china, a "school" or "movement." It was æsthetic, and an early purchaser of Mr. William Morris's wall-papers. It existed ten or twelve years before the public "caught on," as you say, to these delights. But, except one or two of the masters, the school were only playing at æsthetics, and laughing at their own performances. There was more fun than fashion in the cult, which was later revived, developed, and gossiped about more than enough.

To a writer now dead, and then first met, I am especially bound in gratitude — the late Mr. J. F. McLennan. Mr. McLennan had the most acute and ingenious of minds which I have encountered. His writings on early marriage and early religion were revelations which led on to others. The topic of folk-lore, and the development of customs and myths, is not generally attractive, to be sure. Only a few people seem interested in that spectacle, so full of surprises—the development of all human institutions, from fairy tales to democracy. In beholding it we learn how we owe all things, humanly speaking, to the people and to genius. The natural people, the folk, has supplied us, in its unconscious way, with the stuff of all our poetry; law, ritual, and genius has selected from the mass, has turned customs into codes, nursery tales into romance, myth into science, ballad into epic, magic mummery into gorgeous ritual. The world has been educated, but not as man would have trained and taught it. "He led us by a way we knew not," led, and is leading us, we know not whither; we follow in fear. The student of this lore can look back and see the long trodden way behind him, the winding tracks through marsh and forest and over burning sands. He sees the caves, the camps, the villages, the towns where the race has tarried, for shorter times or longer, strange paths many of them, and strangely haunted, desolate dwellings and inhospitable. But the scarce visible tracks converge at last on the beaten ways, the ways to that city whither mankind is wandering, and which it may never win. We have a foreboding of a purpose which we know not, a sense as of will, working, as we would not have worked, to a hidden end. This is the lesson, I think, of what we call folk-lore or anthropology, which to many seems trivial, to many seems dull. It may become the most attractive and serious of the sciences; certainly it is rich in strange curiosities, like those mystic stones which were fingered and arrayed by the pupils in that allegory of Novalis. I am not likely to regret the accident which brought me up on fairy tales, and the inquisitiveness which led me to examine the other fragments of antiquity. But the poetry and the significance of them are apt to be hidden by the enormous crowd of details. Only late we find the true meaning of what seems like a mass of fantastic, savage eccentricities. I very well remember the moment when it occurred to me, soon after taking my degree, that the usual ideas about some of these matters were the reverse of the truth, that the common theory had to be inverted. The notion was "in the air," it had already flashed on Mannhardt, probably, but, like the White Knight in "Alice," I claimed it for "my own invention."

These reminiscences and reflections have now been produced as far as 1872, or thereabouts, and it is not my intention for the present to pursue them further, nor to speak of any living contemporaries who have not won their way to the classical. In writing of friends and teachers at Oxford, I have not ventured to express gratitude to those who still live, still teach, still are the wisest and kindest friends of the hurrying generations. It is a silence not of thanklessness, but of respect and devotion. About others — contemporaries, or juniors by many years — who have instructed, consoled, strengthened, and amused us, we must also be silent.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

In the English estimate of Mr. Lowell's poetry there is, not unnaturally, but scant recognition of the charm it gained from its appeal to the deepest and most fervent moral sentiment of his countrymen in his earlier years—what, in the now unfamiliar phrase of that time, was described as the "Anti-slavery" feeling. For many Americans who mourn him, grief is rooted in the affection then formed. Lowell was in his twenty-sixth year when he published, in 1845, "The Present Crisis," which instantly became, and for a score of years remained, a battle hymn in the long and often doubtful struggle toward Emancipation. I suppose that it would be easy for a critical reader, in whom this poem awakens no intimate associations, to escape its spell, to find it disorderly in arrangement, irregular in development, possibly turgid in a metaphor here and there, with bare spots of commonplace in word or phrase, and to feel a distinct anti-climax in its concluding couplet. I fear that it would even be a little difficult, so crowded is the interval with engrossing events, to make most of the readers of this magazine understand how, in the dozen years before the Civil War, the poem dwelt in the heart of hearts of the reading men of that time, and fed the steadily rising fervor of a patriotism that was the love of freedom and justice. But I can myself remember how I, a rebellious child of a very conservative family, used to sing those verses to some strangely adapted tune, in my wanderings through field and wood, till the form of truth, as Lowell evoked it, passed before my young, believing eyes, and I saw

> "around her throng
> Troops of beautiful, tall angels to enshield her from all wrong."

In the stress of that trying time it was so easy for the eager soul to feel that

> "Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
> In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side."

We learned, no one with more ready mind than Lowell, that not once, nor in any one moment could that mighty decision be reached by our nation, but only slowly, painfully, with hesitations and misgivings, with many a return from the right path, with doubt and weakness, and trouble of the vision and the conscience. We learned, too, that the question put by Fate was not so simple, and that in the weary process of its solution not a little force came to the right from men of motive far from righteous, and, what was harder to see, in the men who upheld the wrong were many a noble impulse and high fidelity to a mistaken standard of duty. Perhaps if those to whom this, the most powerful of the "Anti-slavery" poems, appealed so strongly, had then seen what they were afterward to see, the conflict might have been less decisive. This, at least, is certain, that the poem kindled the spirit that made light the perils of the battle-field, and dispelled terror from the face of death. That was the

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spirit of young Shaw, buried with his negro soldiers on Folly Island:

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the Future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow keeping watch above his own."

And then, I may add, the poet was, in another sense, the seer, for in this verse there is expressed with fiery indignation the substance of the Republican platforms of 1856 and 1860, the essential principle of the Kansas-Nebraska fight, made by Sumner and Seward together, and a poetic but perfectly correct statement of the economic fact underlying the political contest:

"Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of the giant brood,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched the earth with blood,
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable prey;
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless children play?"

THE first question asked by the American public after such a disaster as that in Park Place, New York, in August is, Who was to blame? In this case a five-story building, its floors loaded with presses, paper, and other heavy matter, crumbled to the earth, crushing to death some threescore of human beings. Primarily, of course, the blame attaches to the owner, whose duty it was to see that at least those of his tenants who contributed nothing to the causes of danger were safe. But men do not always discharge difficult and costly duties simply because they ought to do so. The object of protective and preventive legislation is to compel them to do so. In this case, and it is not a rare one save in its awful extent, that object was clearly not attained. Why? Many answers are given. The powers of the Department of Buildings are insufficient. The method of their enforcement is slow and uncertain. The number of inspectors is inadequate. Their compensation is ridiculously small—it is only $1,100 a year. They are lacking in skill and character. Unfortunately all these answers are substantially true. The result is that the great city of New York, with its thousands of buildings in course of construction, has a preventive and protective system that is literally worse than none. It is not merely defective but deceptive, and inspires a confidence that is a direct source of great danger.

But this is an old story. It has been true of New York for at least a third of a century, and is true of nearly every large city throughout the United States. If we may judge by official reports, it is to a less extent true of some of the English cities that have been "growing" rapidly in the present generation. In a sense the better the system, if it falls short in some vital respect, the worse it is, because the greater the confidence felt in it, and the less the vigilance of private citizens. To me it seems clear that the essential lack in all these contrivances, for they all proceed on the same general idea, is that they do not call into action any motive sufficiently constant and strong to be effective. There is but one such motive available, the personal interest of those whose safety and property are threatened. The problem in legislation is to give to that motive adequate means of attaining its object. The present system undertakes to guard the safety and property of the citizen for him. I think the aim should be to make it easy for him to guard them himself. The instrumentality by which it is now sought to do this for him is hopelessly unequal to the task. At every step in the process, of which all the steps are indispensable, its efficiency is interfered with by human incapacity or human frailty, and throughout the whole the force on which its efficiency depends is largely artificial, and is always irregular and insufficient.

Now it would be relatively easy to secure from a board of trained architects an explicit statement of the conditions of safety in the various classes of buildings. Let these conditions be formulated and declared by law to be an essential part of any contract for the sale or renting of any building, and make it obligatory for an owner to prove affirmatively compliance with them in order to enforce collection of purchase-money or rental. Let the question be tried before an expert jury to be named by a proper court, and to avoid vexatious suits let a judgment for the

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owner carry with it reasonable damages to be paid by the purchaser or tenant. If the judgment were against the owner, it might properly involve an obligation to post the terms thereof in a conspicuous place at the entrance of the building until he had complied with the conditions fixed by law, that fact to be attested by the expert jury sitting in the case. This is a mere outline of what I venture to think is a workable and rational procedure. If it have any merit it is that it would awaken to direct and practical activity the only motive power that is adequate to the work required. It would leave the responsibility for bad building with the only persons who can absolutely avoid bad building, and it would make it an object for these to do what they ought to do, and especially it would destroy that blind and utterly delusive trust in the "government" which the feeble and futile system now in existence tends to foster.

THERE is no device better calculated to promote conversation than an attempt to fix by comparison the final place in literature of some popular author. A company, naturally as dull as Wordsworth's famous "party in a parlor," will quicken in no time if its conflicting opinions on such a point be artfully elicited. We all know, when we stop to think, that the best among these opinions are, from the nature of things, all but valueless. We cannot bequeath our likes and dislikes, our loves and hates, as we do houses and lands. The next age will form its own fine enthusiasms to set aside ours, even if they have not returned with us to the original dust. Yet still we go on trying to sift the wheat from the chaff, as others did before us, as others, no doubt, will do, indifferent to the thought that a contrary puff from the modern winnowing-machine may whisk the two heaps into one again at a moment's notice. Our self-imposed task has no end and no beginning; nevertheless, as tasks go, it is so light and agreeable that we are often led to disregard the proofs of its futility by which we are surrounded. Look, for example, at Poe's critical portraits of his contemporaries, numbering nearly a hundred, all celebrities in their day. With scarce a dozen exceptions their very names are names no more—it is like strolling among the headstones of some obscure foreign cemetery to read them; and his bitterest censure of their work moves us less to pity than his warmest praise.

Turning over the pages of "Marmion," the other day, for its memorable battle-scene, to which Mr. Lang sent back so many of us by a line in "Essays in Little," I came upon a startling reference to one of Scott's coevals. The passage, in the introduction to Canto Third, is too long to quote at length, but it concerns a female poet, thereby deliberately assigned a place in English literature second to none. She has snatched up the harp long silent, and swept it fearlessly:

> "Till Avon's swans while rung the grove
> With Monfort's hate and Basil's love,
> Awakening at the inspired strain,
> Deemed their own Shakespeare lived again."

Here is "commendation from Sir Hubert" with a vengeance; and here, too, is an instance of the rashness of contemporary criticism more striking than any in Poe's "Miscellanies." No age has outdone our own in reverence for Shakespeare; but not one in ten readers of this paragraph will know the name of the "bold Enchantress" to whom Avon's swans listened with such ravishment; not one in fifty, it is safe to say, has read either her "Basil" or her "Monfort," and of these few, none, probably, has ever given her a second reading. Yet she was a fashion of her time, and only eight decades have passed since Kean struggled with her animated puppets, which are shreds and patches now. O mouth-honor! O breath! O vapor! it almost seems as if our Pantheon of great men had room for but one imperishable name; as if, in another eighty years, all the rest will be a phantom harlequinade of "Basils" and "Monforts" and "Vatheks" and "Velascos," while, through the throng of huddling shapes "our poet," as the care-takers at Stratford affectionately call him, walks serene and solid, like the Commander's statue at Don Juan's feast, with lustre all undimmed. Pause and reflect then, good prophets of the dinner-table, before putting further alms for oblivion into Time's wallet. Our long day wanes, and there will be feasting and junketing in the twentieth century, but not for us. "Our poet" is the one guest for

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whom you may safely predict honor and glory to the world's end.

Is fighting irredeemably wicked? Is there no legitimate human necessity that is satisfied by it? Is it absolutely carnal, suited only to be cast into the fire and done for like the unfruitful fig-tree?

There are many sorts of wasted opportunities that men lament. This present penitent counts on a good deal of sympathy when he confesses that for very few lost chances has he grieved with such an exasperating remorse as for some unimproved opportunities of resistance to a fellow-man.

For example: This penitent was walking one morning in the street of a town where he had lately taken up his abode. He carried a shabby little bag, with a coat in it that he was taking to a tailor. A man who stood on a corner stopped him as he passed and said: "Isn't your name so-and-so?" "No," replied he, "it isn't." "Well," said the inquirer, "suppose you come up to the police-station and we'll see about it." Another man suddenly appeared, and between them, without violence or the laying on of hands, these two detectives edged this penitent a block along the street to the police-station, while he was thinking whether he should go along like a man of sense or refuse like a man of spirit.

At the police-station it took about ten minutes to demonstrate that he was himself, and not a Canadian thief with a bag full of plunder. The victim was suffered then to go, without apologies, as a suspicious-looking person who had taken up the valuable time of officers who had other matters to attend to. His detention, short as it was, had made him miss an engagement to see a traveller off on a morning train. That vexed him a little. The more he thought about it at his leisure the more vexed he grew. The next day he was angry; the next he seethed with ineffectual wrath. Not any good deed that this penitent ever left undone has cost him such reiterated and stinging regret for weeks and months as that one failure to assert himself when his cause was reasonably good. What restrained him at the time was the reflection that it was a stupid thing to risk a street row with officers who were merely trying to catch a thief.

That reflection still has an element of solace about it, but it is inadequately comforting. Probably the motive for yielding was faulty. We are told in Scripture that if a man invites us to go a mile with him we are to go with him twain. Why? Not for fear of him, certainly; but perhaps because that is the wisest way in the long run. If we run against a post we don't beat it, however much it may have hurt us; but if a man runs up against us it makes us angry. The principle of resistance comes forcibly into our minds. The impact of man against post is merely a case of matter opposed to matter; but when it is man against man the opposition is of spirit to spirit. Children will kick the post that they have run against. Savages find matter for blows in incidents which civilized people pass easily over. Refined people of good sense and good manners dodge with a bow and smile possibilities of difference in which their neighbors of a less perfect philosophy find occasion for squabbling. The tendency of progress is all in the direction of peace. Perhaps, after all, that remorse that follows unimproved chances of self-assertion is merely one of the throes of a savage instinct that dies hard.

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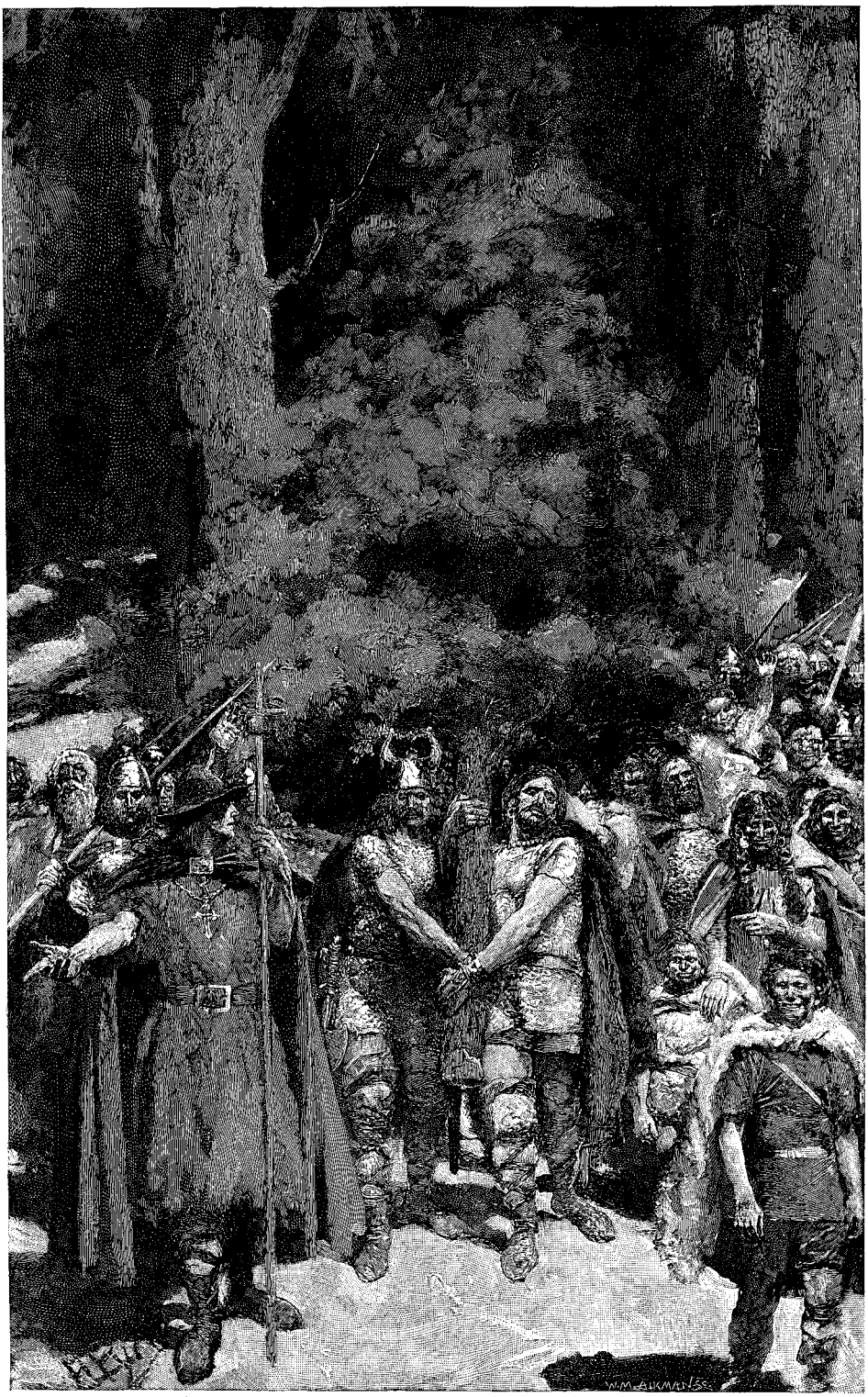

DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE. ENGRAVED BY W. M. AIKMAN.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE.

—*The Oak of Geismar*, page 686.

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